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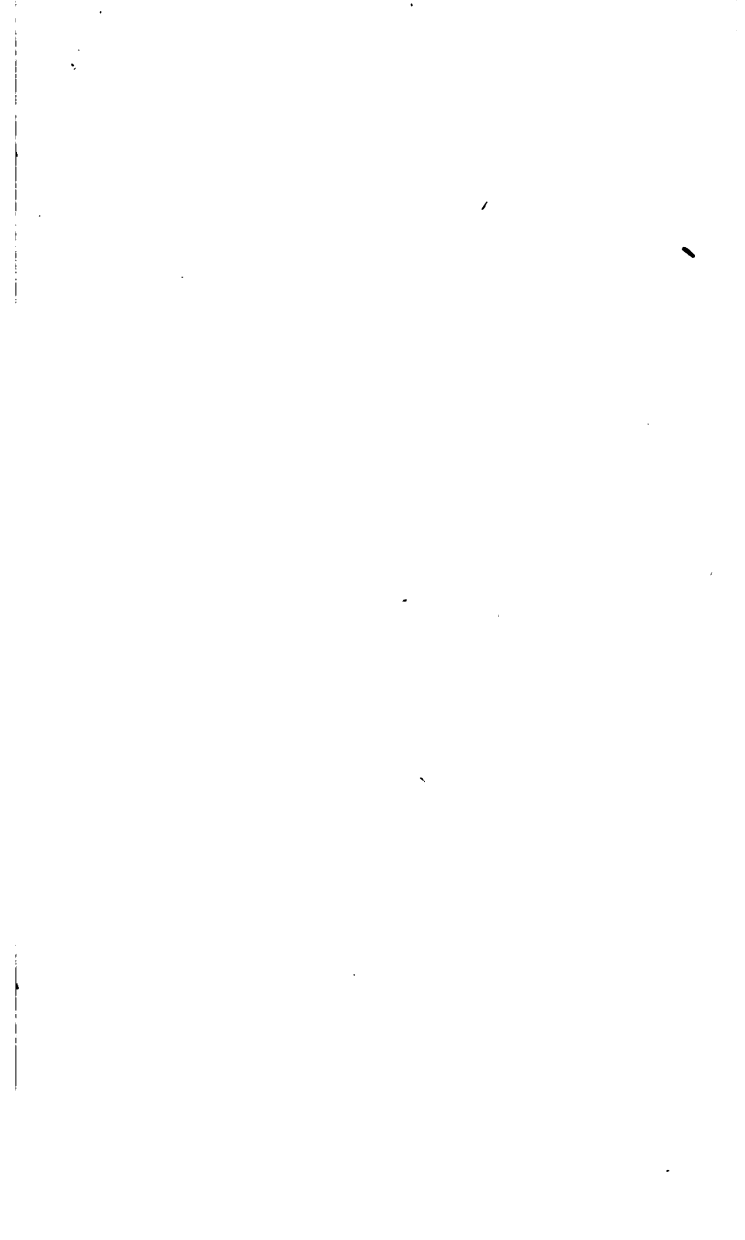


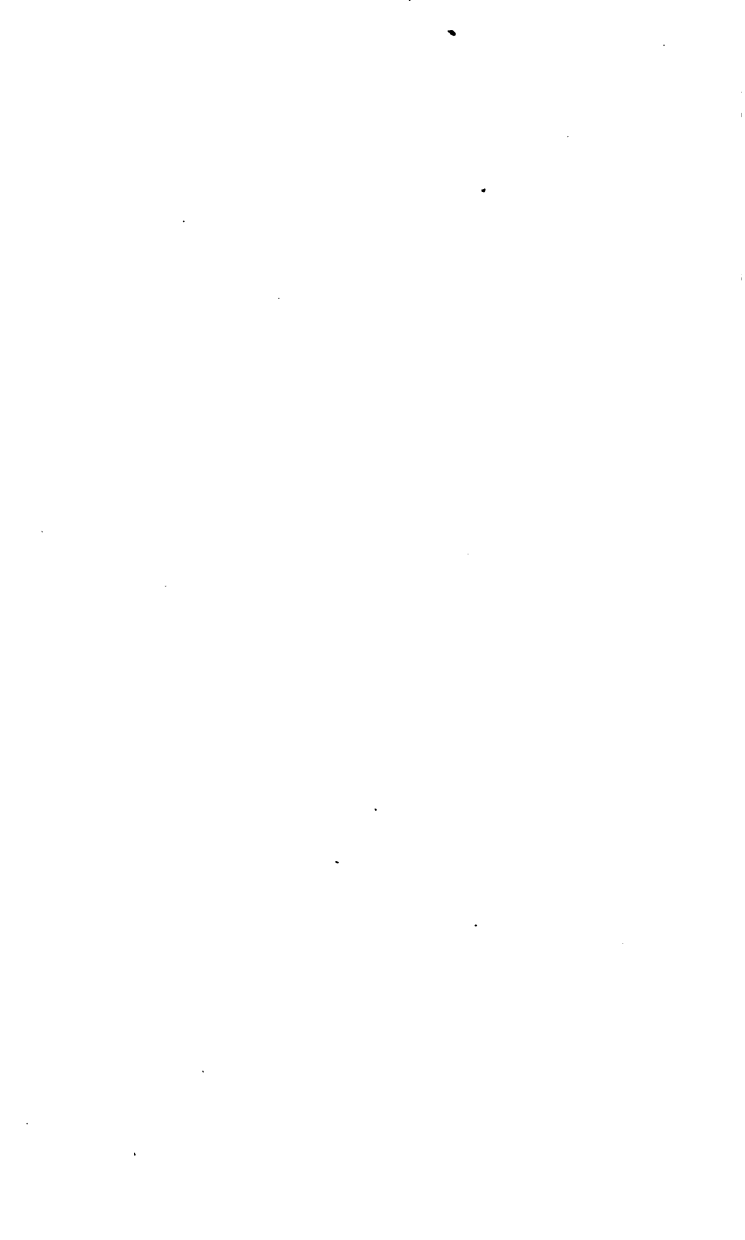


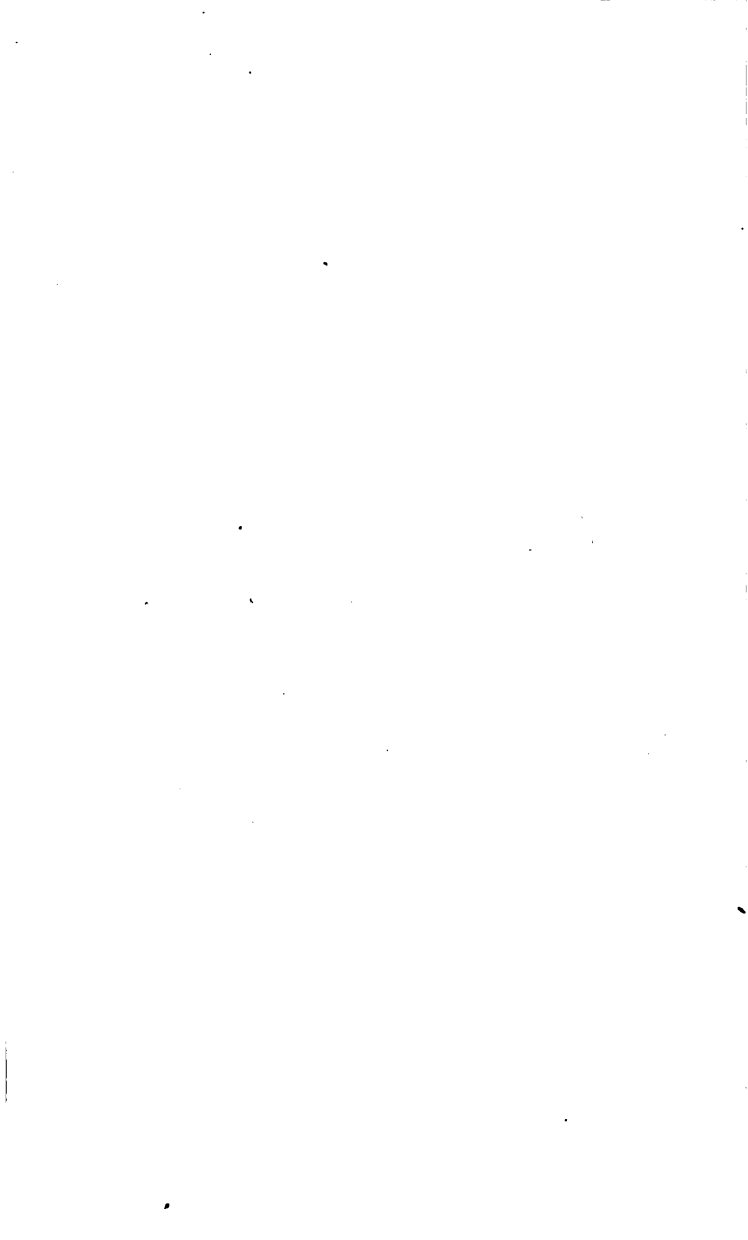
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BOLOGNA.

THE
VILLAGE MAGAZINE;

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, FINE ARTS, AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE,

With many Illustrations.

Fair is thy level landscape, England, fair
As ever nature form'd! Away it sweeps,
A wide, a smiling prospect, gay with flowers,
And waving grass, and trees of amplest growth,
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow
Through all the smooth immense. Upon the eye
Arise the village and the village spire,
The clustering hamlet, and the peaceful cot.

CARRINGTON.



LONDON:

ROBERT TYAS, 50, CHEAPSIDE.

1839.

CLARKE, Printers, Silver Street, Falcon Square.

P R E F A C E.

THE object of the projectors of the "VILLAGE MAGAZINE" was to provide a medium which should aid in propelling the intellect in the knowledge, and the heart in the love of the beautiful and most attractive objects which the goodness of a gracious God has every where so plentifully scattered around us. They hoped by a gradual and unexaggerated, but forcible, developement of those beauties to awaken some of that earnest yet latent affection for the silent evidences of Almighty Power, which uprear their bright and 'gladdened faces in the sunshine, and bend their gentle heads in the evening breeze, that ever exists in the hearts of the unsophisticated and the innocent ; and, by thus making the pure enjoyments of nature more generally

known, and causing them to be more deeply loved, they trusted to counteract, as far as their feeble efforts could influence, that overweening estimate of science which exhibits its morbid consequence in the almost invariable tendency to artificial life by which the present day is distinguished. They felt how incompetent to this duty they were, and how unworthy of the high task which they had voluntarily undertaken; but they looked forward to the co-operation of many who thought and felt as they did. Nor have they been disappointed; for they can point with pride and pleasure to a majority of the contributions which enrich the following pages. Whether they have mistaken the means by which their object was to be effected, or were not fitted for using them aright is not for them to determine.

Of the defects which their brochure exhibits they are fully conscious, though the opinion of their endeavours which has been *universally* expressed by the critical press of the country, is such as fully to exonerate them from the charge of presumptuous misconception. They are indeed

grateful for the eulogy by which this little book has been greeted, for perhaps few works have been so generally or warmly commended. For this kindness their earnest thanks are due, and they are heartily given.

Experience has proved, however, that the plan of their work, if not wrong in its features, was too limited in its extent for the object they had in view. Its projectors have therefore determined to abandon their design for a time, rather than continue it in an insufficient manner; and they will accordingly defer the publication of the next number until a fit opportunity occurs of ensuring its comprehensive success.

To those who have rendered their valuable aid in the course of this little work, the Editor desires to express his deep acknowledgments;—they will find the best reward of their exertions in the good they have effected. He regrets that he is unable to ascribe those articles to the right authors which have no name attached,—they were sent anonymously.

For his own few worthless pieces, he trusts

both they and his readers will accept his apology ; they were all written in haste, when there was little opportunity for correction, and while he was under the pressure of various and urgent duties. Hereafter, however, he hopes to have again around him the aid which he has already so valuably experienced, and to turn it, both for the public and his friends, to more pleasing and more lasting account.

THE
VILLAGE MAGAZINE.

THE RENEWAL.*

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

VIRGIL.

HERE again comes the Village Maga!—the realization of the fabled phoenix, that sprung in freshness and vigour from the yet warm ashes of its former self,—the accomplishment of the poetic vision, in which the cold and bloodless statue was transformed to living and breathing beauty! Here again comes the Village Maga!—not in solemn and ominous silence, as when she first rose to “light, and life, and fame;” but ushered in with sounds of rural revelry and rustic enjoyments—with shouts and *feux-de-joie*; for—it is the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER! Who that spends his years of feverish existence amidst the perpetual crowd—the ceaseless tumult—the noise, and hurry, and bustle of the Metropolis—where interest concentrates and condenses every feeling of the soul into selfishness, and where the springs of life are worn down by the unchanging and unrelieved monotony of excite-

* It may be necessary to inform many of our readers, who are unacquainted with the fact of which this article apprises them, that a little work under the title of “The Village Magazine” was some few years ago established and conducted through three volumes with very considerable spirit and success, at the pleasant village of Wath-upon-Deerne, and that it only ceased in consequence of the inconvenience of managing an affair of this nature in so retired a place. It was chiefly at the instigation of many of the parties connected with the previous publication, that “The Village Magazine” has been recommenced where it can have every advantage of literary assistance, with, at the same time, a probability of greater utility and more extensive circulation.

Vill. Mag. Sept. 1838.

B

ment, can form a just, or even feeble, conception of the joyous buoyancy of spirit and eager ardour of anticipation which these magic words enkindle in the bosoms of thousands? The cares of state and the weal of nations, the calls of humanity and justice, and the toils of business, are alike unheeded or forgotten, when the First of September summons statesmen and legislators, professionals and merchants, to the exhilarating sports of the field. On every side are heard

“ — the rude clamour of the sportsman’s joy ;
The gun fast thundering.”

On this day, and thus auspiciously introduced, comes forth the Village Maga, redolent with rural feeling and rural imagery — fresh and fragrant as the dewy landscape — transferring into the very bosom of the densely-peopled metropolis verdure more refreshing, and foliage of brighter hues than is furnished by her palace-girded shrubberies, and generating a purer atmosphere than is breathed even in her own beautiful parks : while, in return, it will bear into the peaceful retreats and secluded recesses of the country some portion of the elements of intellectual and commercial activity and greatness, in such incessant and wonderful operation in the noblest of modern cities, and the first capital in the world.

Perhaps, indeed, nothing is more surprising than the general ignorance of the metropolitan — or, in accredited and authorized parlance, of the cockney — on almost every subject connected with rural economy and rural occupations, except it be the difficulty, or impossibility, which residents in the country, who have never enjoyed the distinction of a “ visit to town,” usually experience in forming an adequate conception of the giant size and mighty movements of the great Metropolis. To diffuse reciprocal information, therefore, on these important matters — to bring the town and country into closer contact, and more intimate communion — will in some measure accomplish in a lite-

rary, and scientific, and intellectual point of view, what railways and steamers effect in reference to business and commerce. Such a purpose the Village Magazine seems admirably calculated to answer, and, therefore, at once establishes a strong and extensive claim on public patronage, by such a reciprocity of benefits.

The writer of this rambling article — for whose thoughts and feelings would not wander with the boundless freedom of a glorious landscape unfolded and spread before him — cherishes a vivid recollection of the deep and singular interest excited throughout the village of *Wath-upon-Dearne* and its vicinage, when the day dawned on which that “Curiosity of Literature,” the VILLAGE MAGAZINE, first issued from its local press, and won for it the proud cognomen of “Queen of Villages.” How would the great Metropolitan bibliopoles — the Longmans and the Murrays — have smiled at the novel circumstance and novel mode of village publication ! How would the contributors to Blackwood, Fraser, and Tait, have smiled at the motley table of contents, placing in intimate juxtaposition the sober moral essay and the laughable effusions of bashful modesty, the monody on departed worth and ludicrous specimen of the Yorkshire dialect ; thus turning with the most pliant facility

“From grave to gay — from lively to severe.”

How, too, would the champions of elegant typography — the presiding genii of the Chiswick or the Aldine press — have smiled at the magnanimous contempt of regularity and uniformity which every page displayed, by its beautiful *variety* of type, and by an admirable arrangement of the lines in graceful undulations.

Yet was it, as a first attempt, in spite of all defects, most laudable and most creditable ; displaying, even in its embryo form, a susceptibility of improvement of which its conductors were not slow to avail themselves, and ultimately attaining a degree and an extent of reputation

seldom secured by periodicals of higher pretensions, and more aspiring character. And, "if the Village Magazine did nothing more," observes one of the worthies of "classic Sheffield," "it did, I believe, at least serve as a pleasing bond of union amongst several intelligent individuals in the neighbourhood; and when, on my visits to the banks of the Dearne, I have seen these three indigenous volumes neatly bound and labelled, standing on the bookshelf beside works of far more pretension, I have thought, that should the owner even feel any little self-complacency in the consciousness that some article of his was now contained in those pages, how harmless the vanity,—yea, how praiseworthy the record, compared with those village memorials which, were they to be written at all, the indolence, the ignorance, or the intemperance of but too many even of those who would deem themselves *respectable*, would compel truth to exhibit."*

True it is—strange would it have been if otherwise—that the Village Magazine was occasionally assailed by the ridicule of the ignorant and the opposition of the prejudiced; yet it terminated its brief but honourable career of three years amidst the unfeigned regret of the intellectual and intelligent. That under such circumstances it should have fallen at all, affords of itself sufficient matter for regret:—

O sua si bona norint!

Yet it died not. The "Phœnix spirit still burned within;" and it has again sprung up, under other auspices, and with higher aims and objects, to diffuse information and communicate pleasure, not in a limited locality, but throughout the length and breadth of this mighty empire.

* Tour of the Don. Two admirable volumes.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—YANOUN, *the Conflagration*.

[BEFORE proceeding with this sketch, the author wishes to be on a good understanding with the reader; it is not proposed to enter into any historical detail, neither is it intended to imitate the example of those who would represent the City of the Sultan as one of gorgeous splendour; what he describes is the result of long residence and patient observation! The middle classes in Turkey have been hitherto unrepresented in this country. The opportunities of the writer were especially favourable for observing them; and should this rough sketch meet the approbation of the readers of the "Village Magazine," it will be followed by others, in which we shall "begin at the beginning," and initiate the reader into the mysteries of a voyage by a merchant vessel, before entering on Turkish ground and submitting the result of longer experience.]

I WAS sitting at tea, and chatting with a young Maltese surgeon, when a well-known sound came pealing through the air—it was the watchman's signal, and the cry of "Fire!" Doors and windows flew open as by a magic touch, and ours among the rest; it proved to be a fire in the City of Constantinople, near the Seraglio. From our terrace roof a view of the Golden Horn was gained; it was a starlight evening (for it was only seven o'clock), and striking indeed was the spectacle of the lanterns dancing about like *ignes fatui*, and the bawling for boats by those friends of the sufferers who dwelt in the European suburb, and who hastened with alacrity to render their unavailing assistance. Heathens could not exhibit more callous indifference than do all those people whose persons and property are in no danger. The few pedestrians who had halted to ascertain the *locale* of the fire resume their course—in our dwelling the guitar again is struck, and the melody from a sweet and unfaltering tongue again breaks forth—conversation is resumed—the laugh and the joke go round—and even one person is heard ridiculing another for having shown some (now) groundless alarm—

* * * *

'Tis midnight—hushed is "the busy hum of men"—the last ember in our *mangal** has been long extinct, and

* A copper vase for heated charcoal.

the floating light burns dim. Aroused, I knew not how, from my first heavy sleep, that mournful sound once more rings in my ears, and makes the heart's blood run cold ! "Fire in Pera" was an alarm not a moment to be neglected. I aroused Mr. R., and, on opening the blinds, the reflection was awfully vivid in the heavens, although half a mile distant. Even with such a space between us and danger, families commenced packing up their clothes and jewels, and made preparations against the worst.

The fire was just outside the wall of Galata, and had its origin in a small wooden shop. In Turkey no step can be taken in these cases till either the commandant of the district, or the Seraskier* pacha, is on the spot, and according as his palace is distant or near, from half an hour to an hour is thrown away.

Well, at last he arrives, and the guards are ranged on each side the street, and the engines begin to play. Unfortunately these are not much larger than a garden engine, the reservoir not containing more than two or three buckets full. A fountain, it is true, is seldom far distant, but the only means of portage is the leathern vessels of the *sakas*, water carriers, not holding more than two gallons each ; and though all these men are forced by the officers to labour for nothing, at the risk of the bastinado should they exhibit symptoms of obstinacy, yet, there never being more than two taps to a fountain, all these exertions do but add fuel to the flame. There is certainly *noise* enough, and the firemen are stripped to their drawers ; pushing and swearing go on for some time, and house after house comes tumbling about your ears, and by the vivid flame the half-frantic inmates of the nearest dwellings may be descried, pouring water on the roofs, or hanging large mats, well saturated, before the fragile windows, in hopes the element may waste its fury on them.

At last some rich Turk, or Greek, or Armenian, less

† Commander-in-chief—literally, "*Heart of the Army.*"

phlegmatic than the rest, offers a reward for the preservation of his house. In a moment the grappling hooks are applied to any poor wretch's home which intervenes—prayers, entreaties, remonstrances are in vain—gold prevails. By this means probably a quarter of the city or suburb, as the case may be, is spared; but for this shocking selfishness at least forty houses might have been saved.

The apathy and indifference exhibited by the Turks under these trying circumstances have been the subject of universal remark by travellers; it has not been overrated. Mr. R. entered a fire-proof house (in fact one of the towers of the wall), in the very heart of the conflagration, on the terrace of which the proprietor sat calmly smoking his *tchibouk*, neither rendering assistance, nor expecting such a favour should his turn come next. His women and his valuables had been removed; and for the rest, he quiets himself with the main dogma of Islamism—what is to be will be.

During the fire, owing to wanton mismanagement, two or three women and as many children were buried in the ruins. The fire occurred at midnight of Saturday, and on Sunday I picked my way amidst the yet smouldering embers. The owners of most of the ruined dwellings were present, and seeing two or three persons actively engaged in turning over the rubbish, a gentleman humanely enquired if the bodies had been found? One of them turned his face towards us, and in a tone of indifference that made one shudder, replied, "I have lost my pipe mouthpiece!"

A plentiful shower of rain quieted all latent fears of a fresh outbreak, and on Monday the voices of the muleteers were heard urging on the poor animals with loads of timber and tiles for another set of dwellings, perhaps in a year to follow their predecessors.

An unextinguished pipe is supposed to have caused the catastrophe, and yet, such is the force of habit, that it is more than probable the greatest sufferer would retire

to a friend's house, and there knock out the ashes from his *tchibouk*, and leave it in such a situation as might in an hour leave that friend houseless ! The knowledge of this unconquerable habit steels the heart in some measure to trying scenes, for on this occasion several poor females were observed sitting on low stools, weeping bitterly, but utterly neglected by the men.

A word as to the rapid proclamation of these conflagrations to the inhabitants. From the tower of Galata, and from another pillar in Stamboul, signals are made by watchmen, who are under orders to keep a look out day and night ; the regular patrol, on ascertaining the situation of the fire, hastens rapidly through his district, at intervals striking his iron-shod staff on the pavement, and announcing in a singular, but, when once heard, never-to-be-forgotten tone, " Yangun var," " there is a fire," adding the situation. On these occasions, desperadoes are not wanting who venture into the flames in hope of plunder ; but the Seraskier pacha proves himself an uncompromising magistrate ; for, at a fire at which I was present, and where some of these demons were detected, his Highness unhesitatingly ordered them to be forced back into the flames at the point of the bayonet !

THE PEELED OAK.

BUT late I saw thee stand, the forest's pride,
Lifting beneath the sky thy stately head ;
Thy strength the winter whirlwind's scorn defied,
And o'er thee Spring again her beauty shed.
In vain — thy goodly branches, stretching wide,
Lopp'd by the woodman's arm, now strew the ground,
Torn from thy trunk the bark with crackling sound,
And naked midst the grove dost thou abide.
So have I seen a happy mother stand,
Her children clust'ring round in beauty's glow ;
So have I seen that mother's changed brow
When death had snatched away her lovely band.
Fled is her glory, and she asks but now
That death would lay her with her lov'd ones low. S.



CONISBROUGH VILLAGE AND CASTLE.

PERHAPS among the thousands of villages which are scattered throughout our highly favoured land, not one possesses greater attractions to the stranger than Conisbrough. Sir Walter Scott, than whom it may be asserted none were better qualified to judge, has observed that "there are few more beautiful and striking scenes in England than are presented in the vicinity of this Saxon fortress," whose ruined tower rises on the summit of that eminence on which the village stands. Viewed from the point whence our illustration was sketched, it is surrounded by objects of a truly picturesque character, but its appearance has been so well described by an amiable and talented friend, that we shall use his own words. "Just before crossing the ferry, in the foreground, we have the bold, frowning, time-rent summit of the keep overtopping the trees which surround it; the pretty church tower, conspicuous on the adjacent hill-side, and

the still prettier cottages, and other details of the upper part of the village intervening, and together entering with good effect into what constitutes a satisfactory picture to the eye on the spot;" and, we think, we may add a very pleasing subject when transferred to paper by the magic skill of the artist's pencil and the engraver's burin.

The general aspect of the village as you enter it from Rotherham is very picturesque; the neatness of the cottages and the superior character of the residences of the more opulent inhabitants, scattered about half way up the sloping ground which rises gradually from the road, surrounded as they are by well filled and neatly decorated gardens, imparts an air of comfort to the scene, heightened by the rude appearance of the ruined pile which just rears its head above the thickly clustered trees on the right.

Approaching the castle we cross over the fosse at the eastern extremity of the outer walls, which is distinctly traceable, but nearly filled with earth and rubbish accumulated from above. Almost immediately the whole of the castle area is displayed before us, with the keep standing at its furthest extremity. The wall, in which there appears to have been several round towers, is broken down in various places, and on the north or river side the remains of more extensive apartments are evident; but excepting in the keep there would seem to have been but little accommodation for numerous residents. The castle must, however, have been a place of great strength. The keep is a round tower upheld by six square buttresses on the outside, which divide it into equal compartments, breaking its circular form into abrupt projections. From about one-third of their height the walls gradually become broader towards the base, serving to give a warlike strength to the lower part of the building. The entrance to this principal tower is by a steep and narrow flight of steps to a doorway at a considerable distance from the ground. Mr. Rhodes considers these

steps were not originally the mode of entering the keep, but a modern contrivance, though the author of *Ivanhoe* regards their erection as coeval with that of the tower itself, observing that they are very peculiar and partake of the rude simplicity of the early times in which they were erected.

Within the memory of man the ruins have undergone no change. The floors which separated the keep into apartments have disappeared, and no obstacle now prevents the dews and rain of heaven from descending to the lowest dungeon where once the wretched inmate pined in darkness unto death.

We shall not readily forget our feelings when first we saw the magnificent spectacle from Conisbrough cliff.

Few things tend more to elicit the feelings and excite the spirits than the chase. On one of those mornings most favourable to the sport the hounds of a neighbouring nobleman met at Crookhill common, an uncultivated waste lying about a quarter of a mile to the right of the road from Conisbrough to Doncaster.

After discussing a hearty breakfast we sallied forth to see the field assemble. Our shortest way was through Wadworth Wood, the stately inhabitants of which at that season were stripped of their leaves, and presented nothing to view but a mass of apparently lifeless skeletons. Oh! how often have we seen them thickly clad with the green leaf in summer, and marked their ever changing and many coloured hues as autumn approached! and, sheltered there from the heat of a meridian sun, we have felt that

“ It is sweet
To find at noon a moorland bank—
To press its luxury of moss, and bid
The hours fleet by on burning wing.”

On reaching that corner of the common which adjoins Edlington, we observed the hounds entering at the opposite extremity, and we soon came up with them.

For a quarter of an hour after this there was a continual but slow augmentation of sportsmen; red coats and green coats, and some with coats of no colour at all, the party not being deficient even of the *beau sexe*. Having beaten the coppice close by, the excitement gradually increased—all eyes anxiously looking for the game. Anon, away he goes towards Clifton, but the mass of the sportsmen were not in a hurry to follow; they calculated, and it proved truly, that the gentleman would not continue his present course long. In a few minutes he returned, and made away towards Conisbrough over the common; and now the hounds are in full cry. Being on foot we soon found ourselves in the rear, though not the last of the pedestrians, and in a few minutes we were on the high road. Clearing the railings that bounded the road, the most magnificent scene that we ever beheld burst upon our view. The fox, and the hounds, and the sportsmen, were alike forgotten, and our whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene that lay before us. We stood on the top of the cliff which descended precipitously to within thirty or forty yards of the brink of the Don; this cliff formed a semicircular amphitheatre extending on our left, whose sides were clad with brushwood, above which peered the ruined tower of the castle from amid the stately trees which conceal its base from sight. Below lay a vessel sleepily on the smooth waters of the Don, and beyond was a view, the extent of which was bounded only by the limitation of sight, perhaps somewhat reduced by a slight mist which the sun had scarcely obtained power to dispel.

The romance of this scene was perhaps enhanced by the appearance of the fox running along the verdant slope below, verging towards the river, followed by the hounds and the huntsman; while on the right the horsemen were assembled on a cliff considerably higher than that on which we stood. While we were gazing rapturously on the gorgeous prospect before us, fox, hounds,

and sportsmen crossed the river; and when we awoke from our reverie they were out of sight. We returned alone, but neither vexed that we had for once joined in the chase, nor regretting that we were unable to follow it.

HARVEST SONNETS.

PROVIDENCE.

'MIDST all that Britain boasts, when Plenty's horn
 Is pour'd out richliest on the various year,
 There's nought so fair, as when in ripen'd ear
 Field after field outspreads with yellow corn.
 'Tis scenes like this that most our earth adorn;
 'Tis scenes like this God's providence attest;
 'Tis scenes like this that glad the opening morn;
 'Tis scenes like this should kindle in the breast
 A grateful flame, a joy by time unworn,
 For that from year to year, such scenes are spread;
 And though with sweating brow man eats his bread,
 In this the original curse how lightly borne,
 Were but each blessing which religion yields
 His, who, oh, lot of peace! toils in the quiet fields.

THE RIPENING WHEAT FIELD.

Great London, the world's marvel, hath its scenes
 Of art, and brilliancy, and all that man
 In his strong, million-minded union can
 Build up from wealth's illimitable means;
 And towns and cities of less glorious name
 Have their attractions, and are wondrous all;
 And from their multitudinous din may rise the call
 To fortune, honour, fashion, place, or fame.
 So let it be: but oh, in glittering streets,
 'Midst all that Love can wish, or Hope can claim,
 Spreads aught so bright as those rich scenes which greet
 The eye with waving corn! Oh, 'twere a shame
 Could man, beholding these, urge on his feet,
 And smother Piety's enkindling flame.

THE REAPERS.

'Tis Harvest time—up with the early sun,
 The Hamlet population, young and old,
 This way and that, by rural lane and fold,
 Wend forth in groups, or pairs, or one by one—
 But fieldward all: there the strong reaper train
 Drive their keen sickles through the ripen'd crop;
 And see, how fast the gather'd handfuls drop
 Into the burly sheaf: soon will the grain,
 In tufted stooks be piled o'er all the field.
 Hark, with the ripe straw's rustle glad words blend;
 And words, perchance, which tell of Love's sweet birth—
 Mirth, rural mirth, is rural Labour's friend.
 Long may old England's harvest seasons yield
 Such plenteous crops, such shearers, and such field.

HARVEST HOME.

Sweet bards have sung, and village greybeards told
 Of England's Harvest Home, in days of yore,
 Its feasting and its pranks,—how young and old,
 Master and servant—the ingathering o'er—
 Gave one glad night to mirth. I half deplore
 That to such custom hearts have long grown cold.
 But times have changed; and if such mirth no more
 Must harvest folk nor harvest moon behold,
 'Tis not, perchance, that less to swains is given
 Meet recompense for stern Autumnal toil:—
 'Tis not, perchance, that less ascend to heaven
 Thanks for the product of the fruitful soil;
 Oh, such blessings still should joy impart,
 And make a Harvest Home in every grateful heart.

THE CORONATION.

THOUGH the Coronation of a young and amiable Queen
 may be among those wondrous events remembered for the
 very limited period of nine days, we do not think it would

beseem us, loyal subjects as we are, to omit recording it in our pages. Long may she live! and may her example be such that every honest heart may wish every British female to be like her!

This important event, important in itself as the sealing of a solemn compact between Sovereign and people—rendered, if not more important, still more imposing by the youth and the sex of the monarch, was celebrated on the 28th of June, 1838. It is admitted by all who saw former Coronations, that never was excitement so intense as on this occasion, and never were the preparations for beholding it and doing honour to it more extensive.

I and my friend, alas! two authors, and therefore unable to hire a half-crown seat to see the gorgeous procession as it moved onwards to the Abbey, sallied forth with the determination to see all we could, making the best of our way to the neighbourhood of that magnificent specimen of early ecclesiastical architecture, Westminster Abbey. We obtained a most excellent situation, opposite the Queen's Gallery, as it was called by way of distinction, within a few yards of the Royal Entrance to the Abbey. Shortly the cavalcade and *carrosseade* began to move. We shall not attempt to particularise, but we may observe that the Duchess of Kent seemed to be much more elated than her daughter, the Queen; on the brow of the latter there was a touch of anxiety, as though she felt the solemnity of the approaching ceremony. And so we would have it! May she be ever sensible of the duties of her lofty station, and act under the influence of those high and holy principles which she has been taught!

So soon as the Queen had passed, we proceeded along the line of procession, westward, to view the galleries and decorations; and such an assemblage of fair faces as their occupants presented we never saw before. In the afternoon we obtained a front rank among those who stood on *terra firma* to witness the procession on its return. The Queen seemed cast down—she had evidently shed tears—could

it be otherwise? The solemn oaths she had taken that day must have weighed heavily on her mind. May HE "by whom Kings" and *Queens* "rule," and "by whom Princes decree justice," raise up for her holy and wise counsellors, and impart to her strength and wisdom to resist the evil counsel of every Ahithophel who shall be permitted to approach her!

The sight of our youthful sovereign's eyes, "red with weeping," brought to our recollection those beautiful lines of Miss Barrett's, "She wept to wear a crown!" They were published in the *Athenæum* shortly after her accession to the throne, and as our readers have probably never seen them, we shall insert them here—

"O MAIDEN, heir of kings,
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
The maiden wept;
She wept, to wear a crown.

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town:
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep!
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes:
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!

And while the heralds played their part
For million shouts to drown—
“God save the Queen,” from hill to mart—
She heard, through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept.
She wept, to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties;
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine;
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels wept to see.
Thou wilt not *weep*,
To wear that heavenly crown.

RURAL LIFE.

THOUGH doomed to toil amid the din and bustle of the first city in the world, we are not unconscious or insensible of the pleasures of a rural life, or of the beauties of nature, as displayed in the verdant valleys of our native land, or on the mountain side, or in the woodland wild. Perhaps the very circumstance of our only occasionally inhaling the pure air of the country, and looking with our own eyes upon the gentle undulation of hill and dale which, almost at every point throughout the length and breadth of the land, greets the beholder, renders our perception of its beauties keener—imparts a zest to our

enjoyment of whatever may be brought under observation, which continual residents among such scenes can rarely experience.

There are some highly favoured spots which Nature has moulded into the most picturesque forms in which earth and water may be combined—upon which she has lavished an abundance of all her treasures—the most luxuriant soil, clad here with the rich green herbage or fragrant clover; there with golden corn, the elegant peas and lucern—on the one hand enlivened by a rich assemblage of gaily tinted flowers, whose odoriferous perfume fills the air with sweets; on the other hid by the forest, where the sturdy oak, the stately elm, and the silvery birch, whose delicate pensile branches hang gently vibrating in the lambent air, stand stiffly enduring for centuries, while man, to whose service they are continually and daily applied, springs up and disappears, like the grass which forms the carpeting of their wide domain, that flourishes for a brief space—is cut down—and withers.

Even spots like these lose their interest after a time. Unless engaged in the cultivation of the soil, there must be something beyond the mere *looking upon nature* to render a rural life agreeable. And is there any difficulty in this? Oh, no! There is for the sportsman, the chase, shooting, angling, and other pursuits of an exciting nature. But the being in whose breast there glows an ardent love of nature—one who “looks through nature up to nature’s God,” who, not content with the superficial inspection of the earth and what it contains, searches into the operations of nature, and seeks to make himself acquainted with her hidden beauties; this is the man best fitted for a rural life—this is the man who can join in the invocation of the prophet, “Sing, O heavens! and be joyful, O earth! and break forth into singing, O mountains!”

But we have not room in this article to enter at length into any of the occupations which enhance the pleasures of a country life; we know that

“ There’s many a green and lovely spot
 Embosom’d in the silent hills,
And many a woodbine trellis’d cot
 By which the wild bird sweetly trills,
Where quiet sleeps, and care is calm,
And all the air is breathing balm.”

Our feelings respecting the country, as we are bustling about in the crowded streets of the metropolis in the dog days, cannot be better described than in the words of Miller, whose “ Beauties of the Country ” we would commend to our rural friends who wish to have pointed out to them the many pleasures within their reach, and the wonders by which they are surrounded. He says—

“ There are scarcely any in-dwellers of cities, having spent a portion of their lives in the country, or by any other means made themselves acquainted with the beauties of English scenery, whose minds do not wander thither when the sunshine is sleeping upon the sultry streets. What thousands in summer sigh for the shade of green trees, the breezy banks of rivers, valleys waving with their armies of flowers, and still lanes where the lazy wind is filled with the perfume of hawthorns ! There is many a green glen where the violet sleeps, buried in its own fragrance ; and many a broad meadow, white with daisies ; and many a stream over which the flowers bend to kiss the murmuring waters, which bring greater pleasure to the heart than all the sights and sounds of cities.”

Yes, rural brethren, we do yearn to look upon the green fields, when well nigh borne down by the toil and fatigue of a summer’s day, and would gladly give a day’s existence to bask but for an hour upon the cool bank of a bubbling brook.

THE LARGEST OAK IN ENGLAND.

THE most magnificent Oak ever known to have grown in England was probably that dug out of Hatfield Bog ; it was a hundred and twenty feet in length, twelve in diameter at the base, ten in the middle, and six at the smaller end, where broken off, so that the butt for sixty feet squared, seven feet of timber, and four its entire length. Twenty pounds were offered for this tree.



METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

LONDON.

It being our intention in the course of this work to give a series of articles, under the title of "Metropolitan Sketches," descriptive of this our Great City—sometimes grave, sometimes gay; sometimes narrative, sometimes fictitious, and sometimes historical; but all well calculated to make the reader rightly acquainted with the several subjects and places of which they treat,—we shall in the present instance simply confine ourselves to a statement of what London, as a whole is, and the difference between living there and in the country, or in a provincial town, which by the Metropolitans is usually called the country.

Few people entertain a correct notion of what London is, and still fewer possess the capability of conveying such a notion to any body else. Nothing is more common for those living remote from the Metropolis, than to make earnest and curious enquiries respecting it of those who have lately returned from it, and few conversations

have been found more interesting than those to which such enquiries have led.

To understand the nature of London life, it is requisite to be acquainted with the extent of the place, and we cannot do anything better to introduce this series of articles to our readers, than by giving an account of this, than by contrasting it, in some instances, with that of other cities. Though inferior in point of population to some capitals at present in existence, and said to be inferior to two which have already passed from the face of nations, London is unquestionably at this time the first city of the earth. It contains between 1,600,000 and 1,700,000 of inhabitants and indeed, with its dependencies can be said to be little short of 2,000,000. The population of Paris is about 750,000, of Edinburgh something short of 200,000, of Dublin about 230,000, of Rome about 75,000, of Madrid about 120,000, the most extensive of the Belgian and Dutch Cities from 90,000 to 120,000.

Within the walls it contains 102 parishes, and the whole of the City of London and its precincts cannot comprise much less than 200 parishes. The number of coaches, vans, and waggons, trading to London is stated at not less than 40,000. The number of vessels belonging to the port approaches to, if it does not exceed 3,000. The number of vessels trading with the port of London, including both home and foreign bottoms little less than 20,000, and the amount of merchandize annually transferred by means of the Metropolitan business, is said to be above £120,000,000 a most enormous sum. Ten years ago the consumption of provisions in London amounted during twelve months to 466,118 sacks of flour 250,973 quarters of wheat 158,920 cows and oxen 1,485,080 sheep 770,000 lambs, 250,00 calves, 200,000 pigs, and 1,700,000 barrels of ale and porter, besides poultry, grain, vegetables, butter, cheese, and all those other things which comprise the necessities of life.

For the accommodation of such an immense multitude as are here gathered together, there are 300,000 buildings, forming more than 11,000 streets and squares. The distance from the northern to the southern extremity of the Metropolis exceeds thirteen if not fourteen miles, whilst its length from east to west, if we are to include all that extent of building which reaches without any material interruption, and this we ought to do, is not less than twenty : the circumference of London may be fairly stated at upwards of fifty, and approaching even to the enormous length of sixty miles.

MY COTTAGE.

Call not my dwelling place, a house,
 My own, my country cot!
 No state is there,
 No costly fare,
 Yet happy is my lot.

Green ivy clings about the walls,
 And roses scent the air;
 The sweet woodbine
 And creepers twine;
 The Lily, too, is there.

The Swallow twitters 'neath the caves,
 The Robin's notes I hear;
 With pleasant sounds,
 My cot abounds—
 The bubbling brook is near.

Of high estate, of court and fame,
 Of riches tell me not;
 I pass them by,
 Without a sigh,
 My own, my country cot!

Birmingham.

FUMUS.

RECORDS OF A RAMBLER.

CHAPTER I.

Difficulties by the way.

It was in the midst of summer—the morning had, as usual, been awakened from its slumbers by the sweet sounds of lark and linnet, and all the most touching melodies of vocal Nature herself. She had come forth too, as summer mornings often do, arrayed in her gorgeous apparel of ethereal blue, seeming fully conscious that her balmy zephyrs had the power of inviting both old and young to walk abroad and inhale the fragrance of the dew.

I was one among the number of youthful buoyant spirits who, in spite of persuasive admonitions, longed to trip across the lawn, and take a salubrious draught from some of life's pleasant waters. Once, at this period of the year, I indulged my long-cherished passion for a ramble towards the remains of an old ruined fabric which, notwithstanding its present molested condition, had borne the ravages of warring elements for ages before without the slightest tremble; yet, now, the vast pile lay in solitude, surrounded by a profusion of bright flowers, in the midst of waving trees, the real cheerfulness of which served but to make the forsaken halls of the departed look more desolate and lonely.

There is something so noble in the appearance of scenes like these, united as they are with the faded grandeur of the past, and the animated beauty of the present; that no eye can rest for a moment, nor the heart reflect on the picture before it, without feeling ideas arise which represent such joys or sorrows as were the companions of those, whose lightsome feet *once* trod the marble chambers, where the wolf now hides by day, and the screech-owl hoots by night.

But I need not dwell on the outward devastation of

these things, since there is sufficient in every heart for a far more exalted reflection, when a glimpse is taken of the cares and perplexities which lead us from youth to manhood, and abide with us from manhood until old age. I wandered from the ruins of this ancient edifice towards the brow of a high hill, which overlooked a wide and most beautiful valley; from the summit, the traveller might discover a gentle descent to the several neighbouring hamlets, where a number of small cottages, each surrounded by its well-cultivated garden plot, and looking around upon its own snug little domain; perchance situated near the border of some peaceful lake, or skirted by a low murmuring brook, which well harmonized with the native simplicity which dwelt around, and more so with the ideas of Gray, when he says that beneath his *own* village trees,—

“ His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.”

Far in the distance, the grey hills of the valley's boundary showed themselves, closing in the picture with that bold effect which the painter, not less than the poet, might have mused upon with rapture. I now bent my steps through several pleasant fields of corn, and passed many a simple flower which grew near the foot-path, and drew my attention towards them. Hours passed in this way, and I returned home fatigued; but, with the sun's decline, I could not resist the desire of again seeking the hill top, where I stood in the morning; for I had already felt a love for the prospect it afforded. Thither, then, I hastened, and beheld the glorious orb of heaven once more sink into repose. But, oh! the scene was more lovely than before, and every object illumined, as it were, by the golden beams of an immortal land, awakened in *my* bosom a holy fervour which it had scarcely felt before, While thus musing, my eyes fell upon a somewhat rude stone, near me, which was shadowed over by a small

cluster of trees; and on which I discovered an inscription, nearly obliterated. I approached and read the following—

* * * * *

DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
JULY, 1780.
HIS DAYS WERE SPENT IN SORROW,
HIS END WAS PEACE.

Immediately I remembered the words of our great Redeemer when on earth, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." My whole attention was rivetted upon this humble monument, for perhaps, methought, *here* rested the bones of some loved and forsaken one, whose name, though never handed down to posterity, might perchance have been the topic of conversation for many years among the honest hearts in whose society he was wont to shine; or, perhaps, had the poor a voice to proclaim it, they would speak of him as their secret benefactor and friend. A thousand thoughts like these flow rapidly, reader, when called upon by such a spectator as I felt myself then; and none need wonder that every sensation of my bosom was absorbed on meeting with that lone memorial, overgrown with moss as it was, and seemingly forgotten by all.

I at length prepared to return home, for the sun had thrown its last glowing tinge upon the tree-tops, when a peasant accosted me.

"You have read that stone, Sir?" said he, inquiringly. I answered in the affirmative.

"Ah! it was a sad day when young Orington died, but the Lord doeth all things well!"

This sentence, couched as it was in such frank terms, yet with great warmth, considerably heightened the speaker in my estimation; and, seeing he was journeying onwards, I accompanied him.

"Who was Orington?" I asked, "I have certainly

read yonder monument with interest—Is it of the dead you speak?”

“Yes,” said my companion, “The Scriptures say the grave is ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,’ and though not so many clouds had shaded my brow then as I could number *now*, yet I felt as deeply for his case, when Major K——’s decision was known, as any friend Albert could have had; for, you must know, we were boys together; yet, the Almighty be praised, for, as yon stone tells, *he died in peace.*”

There was in my conductor’s language that smoothness of manner that is often met with among English peasantry; added to which, he possessed a becoming demeanour, that the force of habit only could bestow. His stature was about the middle size, and although humbly attired, his free open countenance possessed an unusually mild expression, yet was indicative of penetration and firmness, which, kindling with the brightness of his quick eye, bore marks of his intellectual superiority. It was therefore, with a heart full of sympathy that I inquired the cause, if he could explain it, of Orington’s decease.

“Difficulties by the way,” replied the stranger, “but come, Sir,” added he, with friendly emotion, “my cottage is close at hand, and by the threatening of the sky, I see you will soon want a shelter, which—pardon my proposal—which if you please, my humble thatch shall afford.”

There was, indeed, appearance in the heavens that indicated the coming tempest, and prompted partly by my curiosity to know something respecting Orington, I quickened my pace; and, being guided by Andrews, (for that was his name) we shortly reached his habitation together; during which time my thoughts were wholly engaged with the solemn import my host’s words had conveyed to me, nor could I help thinking of “*Difficulties by the way!*”

To be continued.

REVIEWS, &c.

Gleanings in Natural History; by Edward Jesse, Esq. F.L.S. A new edition, 2 vols. London, Murray.

To those who delight to wander through the green fields and shady lanes of merry England, we would recommend this "right pleasaunt booke." The first volume may be put in one pocket and the second in another by way of equipoise, and whatever object in Natural History may attract their notice, on that some information will be found in one or other of the two. Mr. Jesse is a warm admirer of nature, and almost entirely confines himself to the narration of facts ascertained by his own observation, or such as, recorded by others, he has himself verified. If we wanted any *written* evidence of the "Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the creation," we should prefer these *Gleanings* to any elaborate treatise now in existence, though written with that express design. The following extract will shew how far they may be viewed as such:—

Animals which prowl, or move about much in the dark, are furnished with projecting hairs or whiskers from the upper lips, which guide them in their passage through runs in hedges, or holes. These hairs serve as *feelers*, and are exactly of such a length, that the body of the animal will pass through any opening which these projecting hairs do not touch on either side. They are very sensitive, and if they are ever so slightly touched while the animal sleeps, it is instantly aware of it. Hares very often make their runs or mews between two strong upright sticks in a hedge, which will just allow them to pass through, without being sufficiently large to admit the passage of a dog, should it be in pursuit. This is a very extraordinary instinct, and shows a great foresight of danger. In passing through this passage at night, these *feelers* must be of great service to the animal, who without them would probably run against objects which might injure it. Horses have these strong hairs both on the upper and lower lips, but they are probably designed for another use—that of keeping flies and insects from annoying them by getting into their nostrils

while they are grazing. They are sufficiently close together for that purpose, and, moving as they do, while the horse is feeding, serve to brush away anything offensive. Some animals are not furnished in this way, but then they are provided with something which protects them equally well from a similar annoyance. The elephant, for instance, has a sort of valve placed at the extremity of his proboscis, which he carefully closes when he is not using it, to prevent anything getting up his trunk which might injure him. His eyes are small: but if they were in proportion to his size, he could not, with his peculiar formation, protect them so readily from injury in countries where insects are very formidable. He is, however, furnished with long pendent ears, which serve him as *flappers* in protecting his head from flies. Indeed, there are few, if any animals, which are not provided with sufficient means to guard themselves from injuries from those creatures who may annoy, but do not prey upon them. They have also some instinctive or actual properties, which enable them in some degree to secure themselves against the attacks of stronger animals, who, however, must have food, and generally obtain it only by great exertion or watchfulness. We see this in every gradation in the animal world, and it is a striking instance of that order in nature which serves to keep up a due proportion of each created thing, without suffering any one species to be exterminated. This would be the case if too much facility were afforded to predatory animals of securing the weaker ones whenever they pleased. A lion or a tiger has to wait long in ambush, and to exert much patience and watchfulness before it can find an opportunity of springing upon its prey. This is the case with the cat, fox, and some other animals, and occurs also among amphibia, and even insects. What is wanting in swiftness is made up in cunning; so that, in some cases, even a semblance of death is put on for the purpose of securing food more readily.

I have entered into these remarks, because I have always considered the subject worthy of attention. How much would our actual enjoyment and comforts in this world be diminished if any one of the various species of quadrupeds, birds, or insects, which we see about us, were suffered to increase in too great a proportion! We can hardly form a calculation of the greatness of the evil either to ourselves or to the different created objects. At present, however, everything is most beautifully ordered and arranged, and no one species predominates too much over another. Those which are most useful to man multiply in a much greater proportion than others which are noxious. The latter, however, have their appointed use, and are made instruments in the hands of a superintending Deity for good. To a

contemplative mind it is often a fearful consideration to reflect on the various modes of existence, and the different bodies wherein it has pleased God to cause life to dwell: many of which are subjected to great sufferings, and especially from one part of the creation preying upon another. What, however, many have brought forward as an argument of the want of mercy and justice in Almighty God, is, on the contrary, a proof of his goodness and benevolence.

It has been justly remarked that there is nothing done by men worthy of commendation, but God has imprinted some imitation of it even in brutes and insects: we see this in various instances. Beavers are not only an example of great industry, but the manner in which they perform their operations in making their dams or embankments according to existing circumstances, in a way which one would have thought mere instinct could not have taught them, proves them to be possessed of a faculty which might be considered as only belonging to man. If we want instances of fidelity, attachment, and sagacity, we have them in the dog; and all that we know of the elephant proves him to be capable of imitating some of the best faculties which are found in rational beings. His trunk serves him instead of a hand, and with that member, added to the great share of sense and docility with which he is endowed, he is capable of performing various actions, which man, in a state of ignorance and barbarism, would not have attempted. If we want to see beautiful architecture, we should watch the operations of the bee and other insects; and the weaver might take a lesson from the web of a spider. The persevering industry of the ant has been held up to us for imitation, not only by Solomon, but by the ancient poets.

‘ Magni formica laboris,
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.’

Pope has beautifully expressed these thoughts in his *Essay on Man*,—

‘ Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake—
Go, from the creatures thy instruction take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.’

Here for the present we must leave these delightful volumes, we shall however take an early opportunity of giving them a further notice.

The Beauty of Holiness and other Poems, by George B. Scott. Darton and Harvey, foolscap 8vo. p. 157.

The object of the chief poem of this little volume is to illustrate the progress of the Christian Sabbath, or rather the feelings which actuate an individual of religious principle during the several portions of the holy day. Its author is evidently a man who has long enjoyed an acquaintance with spiritual things, and his views are proportionably true and beautiful, though we are compelled to say that he has not done himself justice in his present publication, or attained nearly to that degree of completeness in the poetical art to which he is intellectually competent. Occasional inappropriateness of expression strikes the eye, and here and there obscurity mars the thought, but upon the whole these are trifling blemishes when compared with the real excellence of the book. It is calculated to be of considerable service, and is well worthy the notice of those who have any moral or mental association with subjects, that after the vanity of the world and the emptiness of sense have been gone through and appreciated, will alone be found to confer even the semblance of lasting happiness. The shorter poems and sonnets have much of sweet conception about them, and are pleasingly versified, and were it not for the little defects we have noticed above, would take a high stand among the lyrics of the day. The selection of the subjects evinces much elegance of mind. The following lines on the death of a friend who suddenly changed time for eternity are particularly worthy of notice, and evince a depth of pathos creditable to the writer and in keeping with his subject.

THE beams of the sun in the western sky,
With the beauties of earth are blending;
But a gust from the east sends its hollow sigh
'Mong the flakes of white snow descending;

And loud on the breeze the cathedral bell,
 Sounds the hour of the evening—seven!—
 Oh! listen my soul, 'tis the funeral knell
 Of a spirit departing to Heaven!

He went forth alone! But no visions of death
 Rack'd his brain—or the throbbings of sorrow:—
 He felt not the tomb's devouring breath,
 Nor thought of the woe of to-morrow;
 Till suddenly called from his kindred dear—
 Though *none* in that moment bent o'er him—
 'Twas then, he beheld the last enemy near,
 And eternity all before him!

O still was that hour, and known but to few
 That a mortal this land was leaving;
 Swift—swiftly from all its frail pleasures he flew,
 From bosoms in bitterness grieving;
 For long had he lived with the wife of his youth;
 While their children, mingling around them,
 Had crown'd with the hues of affection and truth,
 The ties that had hitherto bound them.

How sweet then those bonds, and if upwards they soar,
 For a home that hath glories and splendour;
 How blissful to know they are broken *no more*!
 Though *here*, they are fleeting and tender:—
 Loud—loud on the breeze the cathedral bell,
 Sounds the hour of the evening—seven!—
 Oh! listen my soul, 'tis the funeral knell
 Of a spirit departing to Heaven!

He wenth forth alone! from his home and his joys,
 Yet still a kind guardian was near him;
 And though he heard not an inviting voice,
 In the dark dreary way to cheer him,
 Yet, there was the *hand*, that unfelt and unseen,
 Could guide him o'er Jordan's dread billow;—
 And there was a *power*, that could brighten the scene,
 And soften his lonely pillow!

'Twas HE who is mighty, and willing to save
 Our weak souls from utterly falling—
 To snatch from the brink of the yawning grave
All who on his mercy are calling!

Then let us live ever abiding on God,
 Who's near, while black tempests are sweeping
 Us on to the goal which our forefathers trod,
 To the place where they are *all* sleeping !

In triumph we'll welcome our deadliest foe,
 Though our days should be speedily number'd ;
 And then, when the archangel's trumpet shall blow,
 Awake, from the bed where we've slumber'd !—
 But—loud on the breeze the cathedral bell,
 Sounds the hour of the evening—seven !—
 Oh ! listen my soul, 'tis the funeral knell
 Of a spirit departing to Heaven !

The book is very prettily got up, and will we trust, be a source of much gratification to many of our readers.

The following may be placed in apposition with the lines by Miss Barrett on the same subject, cited in a previous portion of our pages, and will not suffer from contrast with the production of that clever authoress.

While o'er her royal brow a star
 Shone like the beam of hope from far,
 Around we stood with joyful gaze,
 To mark that star's refulgent blaze ;
 And with the moments rich in thought,
 Saw what a sovereign's death had brought :
 When—meeting greatness with surprise,—
 Warm tears bedew'd her beauteous eyes :—
 She wept to wear a Crown !

No rays which gild this lower sky,
 No breeze that wafts its fragrance by,
 No lovely flower from Nature's hand,
 No ancient temple of our land,
 No gem which decks a diadem—
 Not e'en the frosted ocean's hem—
 E'er swayed our senses with such power,
 As when in that remember'd hour,
 She wept to wear a Crown !

Go, queen of England's favour'd isle !
 Let nations bow beneath thy smile—
 And they, the needy on our shore—
 Bask in the riches of thy store ;

Then shall thy throne established be,
Within the hearts of bond and free;
And he who once a captive lay,
To tell thy mercy, thus shall say,
“ She wept to wear a Crown !”

And when from earth thy happy wings,
Shall spread to dwell with heavenly things ;
When all the splendours now thine own
Are with their seeming glories flown,
VICTORIA'S name on high shall roll,
And cheer the Briton's drooping soul :
Like seraph's tones of joy shall rise
These words, 'till echoes reach the skies,
“ She wept to wear a Crown !”

The Experimental Philosopher, by W. Mullingar Higgins, author of the “ Earth,” &c. and formerly Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy at Guy's Hospital, and Honorary Member of several Institutions. London, Whittaker and Co. foolscap 8vo. pp. 488.

The object of this work is to convey a general knowledge of its subject. Its author has treated the matter under his hand in such a way as being divested of technicality cannot but render it familiar to an upprofessional reader. His writings are at all times clear, forcible, and to the point. For many years Mr. Higgins has been well known as a lecturer on Natural Philosophy, and though by profession an architect, few men have been more successful as teachers. At the early age of twenty-five he occupied the chair of lecturer on this his favourite subject, at Guy's Hospital, and since then his several works have been gradually bringing him an accumulation of fame, and, we hope, of profit. His present work is one much required, and he has very efficiently supplied the desideratum. He has divided the subject into its several great heads of heat, electricity, pneumatics, hydrostatics,

&c., giving with each, in the first place, a clear explanation of the title and exposition of that portion of science, and has then generally improved his deductions by illustrations. His opening is especially perspicuous, and comprises a very well digested statement of science in general; he says—

Man, in every period of his existence, and in every state of society, receives his sensations from external phenomena. Inanimate as well as animated objects are constantly presenting appearances which have a mysterious influence on the sentient powers of man. The majority of mankind receive the impressions produced by these phenomena, without inquiring into the agency by which they are regulated; it is the business of the natural philosopher to ascertain the nature and influence of their causes.

Ultimate causes are beyond our powers of analysis; we may approximate to a knowledge of them, but we cannot ascertain their nature, or the actual extent of their influence. Nearly all the appearances in nature may be resolved into the production of motion; and we are capable of ascertaining its laws, but cannot discover its origin. We may, indeed, resolve all causes into the will of a self-existent, eternal, Being; but there is a link between the will of this Being and the laws of Nature, which our researches fail to supply.

If we examine, on the other hand, the influence of these appearances on ourselves, we are led to the same result. The sun shines, and it occasions in us sensations which are called light and heat. Now the action of a solar ray may be traced from one effect to another, until we have ascertained that it impinges upon a small fibre of the eye, called the optic nerve. By this nerve an effect is carried to the brain, and a sensation is produced; but we can neither determine how the nerve can conduct an impression to the brain, or how the brain can act upon those parts of the human frame which are the seats of sensation.

The following extract is one of the illustrations adduced by Mr. Higgins on hydrostatics, and will well explain to our readers in what way science is made applicable to the purposes of life. Exclusive of its interest as a scientific argument, it will, we trust, afford an interesting account of a very singular and important concern. To

those whose residence among green fields in England renders water too common a blessing for its value to be appreciated, it will afford some insight into the way in which the affairs of great cities are managed, and how the wants of their inhabitants are supplied.

The city of Edinburgh being chiefly erected on eminences, many of its inhabitants formerly experienced great difficulties in obtaining a plenty of good water for common domestic use, and hence originated an attempt, in 1681, to procure a supply that should be adequate to their wants. The method adopted for this purpose consisted of a train of leaden pipes, three inches in diameter, and 13,520 feet in length, to convey it from the village of Comiston to a reservoir constructed on Heriot's ridge. As these pipes eventually proved too small for their object, the defect occasioned the laying down of another train, in 1722, having a diameter of four inches; but during the subsequent fifty years, the population progressively increased, and consequently required a proportionate addition to the supply, which induced the magistrates, in 1787, to adopt a main of iron pipes, five inches in diameter. Though this measure had the effect of augmenting the quantity of water; nevertheless the introduction of various improvements, and the erection of buildings, rendered it necessary to have recourse to some other springs at a greater distance from the city. In 1790 an additional main of iron pipes, seven inches in diameter, was therefore laid down, to convey water from Green Graig to the Castle Hill, at an expense of 20,000*l.*; and this source furnished about 80,640 cubic feet in the course of every twenty-four hours.

In the year 1810 it was found that the supply of water was not sufficient to satisfy the wants of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and a committee was formed to consider what means could be adopted to provide the quantity required. After an accurate examination of the surrounding country it was determined that water must be brought from the Crawley Springs, on the south side of the Pentland Hills, seven miles distant from the city; and that, to secure a sufficient quantity of water, under all circumstances, it was desirable to collect that issuing from some springs on the north side of the Pentlands by lateral conduits. The spring head is 360 feet higher than the highest street in Edinburgh. The cistern at Crawley Springs is forty-five feet long, fifteen wide, and six deep. Connected with this are various reservoirs for the supply of different parts of the town; one of them is on Heriot's Green, having a circular form, and containing a basin thirty feet in diameter, with a depth of

ten feet. It is about 270 feet below the fountain head. Another reservoir, constructed on the Castle Hill, has a length of forty-three feet, by a width of twenty-eight feet, with a depth of seven feet six inches; the site of this is about 230 feet below the fountain head, and its altitude forty feet above the other. It supplies the Northern districts of Edinburgh.

From this account it may be gathered that the work is but an application of the principle, liquids will always rise to the level of their sources. Give water a liberty of motion through a pipe which is always at a level beneath the bottom of the reservoir in which it is contained, and it will flow away; but if the pipe rises to the same height as the top of the reservoir, the water will rise in the pipe to the same level as it has at that time in the reservoir, although the bulk at one terminus may be much greater than at the other. So in the conveyance of water from any place for the supply of a town, it is only necessary that the source should be at an equal or slightly greater elevation than the highest place to be supplied.

We shall now close our remarks upon that law which causes liquids to maintain their levels, by extracting a passage from the book already quoted, which may be useful to those who have occasion to apply the principle in the construction of water-works.

The water is conveyed from its source by a train of strong iron pipes, which vary in their capacity, diminishing as they approach Edinburgh, from twenty to fifteen inches in diameter. At the fountain head, those of twenty inches commence the series, and continue for a considerable space, when pipes of eighteen inches diameter are introduced to the end of the first 18,300 feet; of which the descent is about sixty-five feet. For the remaining part of the main, pipes of fifteen inches are employed, and the fall of this space is 286 feet, in the length of 27,900 feet. In some parts they have an undulating course, and ascend and descend twenty or thirty feet. The main passes through two tunnels,—one of them excavated in the solid rock of the Castle Hill, for a length of 1740 feet, and 120 feet below the reservoir;—the other being conducted under Heriot's Green, seventy or eighty feet below its surface, and having a length of 2160 feet. The reservoir on Castle Hill communicates with that on Heriot's Green, and large pipes branch off from both, for the plentiful supply of the city, in every direction. The strength of the pipes is adapted to sustain a pressure equal to a column of water 800 feet high.

The book would form a very pleasing addition to any

table, and is illustrated by a great number of judicious wood-cuts.

The Clockmaker ; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Second Series. London : Bentley.
American Broad Grins. Edited by RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, Gent., with humorous Illustrations. London : Tyas.

WE class these two volumes together ; because, though the *Clockmaker* is avowedly an original work, while the latter is professedly a collection of the sayings and doings of various countrymen of Mr. Samuel Slick, as humorous, if not as philosophical, they produce pretty much the same effect upon the risible propensities of our kind. Brother Jonathan is as shrewd as the inhabitants of our own "*pays de sapience*,"* but makes use of peculiar and novel phrases to express his sentiments. In giving a few specimens of the style of Mr. Slick's conversation, we shall select such passages as we conceive will be most apprehensible by our readers ; and we may here remark, that to enjoy a joke or a comic story fully, it is essentially requisite that we should be thoroughly acquainted with the subject jocularised. The following will be understood by every reader :—

Feelin' a hand on my arm, I turns round, and who should I see but Marm Green. Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick? I've been lookin' all about for you for ever so long.—How do you do?—I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, Marm, says I, tho' not quite so strong, and a great deal heartier for a seein' of you.—How be you? Reasonable well, and stirrin', says she ; I try to keep amovin' ; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Arabella : have you seen her yet? No, says I, I havn't had the pleasure since her return ; but I hear folks say she is a'most splendid fine gall. Well, come, then, said she, atakin' my arm, let me introduce you to her. She is a

* This is an idiomatic expression used by the French in alluding to Normandy and Yorkshire, meaning that the inhabitants of those provinces are "people proverbially known for wisdom and shrewdness."—*Meadows*.

fine gall, Mr. Slick, that's a fact; and tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gall too. There is no touch to her in these parts: minister's daughter that was all one winter to St. John can't hold a candle to her. Can't she, tho'? said I. No, said she, that she can't, the conceited minx, tho' she does carry her head so high. One of the gentlemen that played at the show of the wild beasts said to me, says he, I'll tell you what it is, Marm Green, said he, your darter has a beautiful touch—that's a fact; most galls can play a little, but your's does the thing complete. And so she ought, says she, takin' her five quarters into view. Five quarters! said I; well, if that don't beat all! well, I never heerd tell of a gall havin' five quarters afore since I was raised! The skin, said I, I must say, is a most beautiful one; but as for the tallow, who ever heerd of a gall's tallow?

"The fifth quarter!—Oh Lor! said I, marm, you'll kill me,—and I haw-hawed right out. Why, Mr. Slick, said she, ain't you ashamed? do, for gracious sake, behave yourself; I meant five quarters' schoolin': what a droll man you be. Oh! five quarters' schoolin'! says I; now I understand. And, said she, if she don't paint it's a pity? Paint! said I; why, you don't say so! I thought that are beautiful colour was all nateral. Well, I never could kiss a gall that painted. Mother used to say it was sailin' under false colours—I 'most wonder you could allow her to paint, for I'm sure there ain't the least morsel of occasion for it in the world: you may say *that*—it is a pity! Get out, said she, you impurance: you know'd better nor that; I meant her pictures. Oh! her pictures, said I; now I see;—does she, tho'? Well, that *is* an accomplishment you don't often see, I tell you.

I take some credit, Mr. Slick, for that; she's throwed away here; but I was detarmined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dalhousie and Shanbrooke: you have combined schools in the States, hav'n't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have said I; boys and girls combined; I was to one on 'em. when I was considerable well grown up: Lor, what fun we had! It's a grand place to larn the multiplication table at, ain't it? I recollect once—Oh fie! Mr. Slick, I mean a siminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they larn Latin and English combined. Oh latten! said I; they larn latten there, do they?—Well, come, there is some sense in that; I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten; father sent me clean away to New York to learn it. You mix

up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another; and then there is another kind o' latten workin' tin over iron,—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been of great service to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the *genuine* metals—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you atalkin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I; I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heerd tell of any.—What is it? Why, it's a — it's a —. Oh, you know well enough, said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, you've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I'll be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it anything in the silk factory line, or the straw plait, or the cotton warp way? Your head, said she, considerable miffy, is always a runnin' on a factory. Latin is a —. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin, says he,—why, Latin is,—ahem, it's—what they teach at the Combined School. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wisehead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is,—am-o, I love: am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is love and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion,—and I got up, and slipt my hand into her's—you hadn't no occasion to go to the Combined School to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a—and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are asaying of? Talkin' Latin, says I,—awinkin' to Arabella;—ain't we miss? Oh yes, said she,—returnin' the squeeze of my hand and larfin';—oh yes, mother, arter all he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the eend of the room, and left us a—*talking Latin*.

The story of the Quaker and his insurance is adinirably told. How often are characters like the Quaker met with in this strange world; and, unfortunately, there is no law by which men guilty of such acts of absolute dishonesty can be punished.

You recollect the story of the quaker and his insurance, don't you? He had a vessel to sea that he hadn't heard of for a considerable time, and he was most plaguily afeerd she had gone

for it; so he sent an order to his broker to insure her. Well, next day he larnt for sartain that she was lost, so what does he do but writes to his broker as if he meant to save the premium by recallin' the order: If thee hast not insured, thee need'st not do it, esteemed friend, for I have heerd of the vessel. The broker thinkin' it would be all clear gain, falls right into the trap; tells him his letter came too late, for he had effected the insurance half an hour afore it arrived. Verily, I am sorry for thee, friend, said the quaker, if that be the case, for a heavy loss will fall on thee; of a sartainty I have heerd of the vessel, but she is lost. Now that was what I call handsom'; it showed great talents that, and a knowledge of human natur' and soft sawder."

There is a fund of information, in the Clockmaker, about America, her politics, and her laws, but as we wish to avoid Conservatism, Whiggism, Radicalism, and all other political *isms* in our Maga, we shall give no opinion thereupon.

Broad Grins, indeed! as Sam Slick would say, they would "make a feller grin like a crocodile, from ear to ear, all mouth and teeth." Some of them excite laughter from their very absurdity. There is an instance of Absence of Mind, recorded in the pages, which however preposterous it seems, has its parallel in fact, "a waggoner going to market, lifted his horse into the waggon, and yoked himself in the shafts." Now *we* have seen a very worthy gentleman looking for his barnacles, when he had them on; *we* have known another, seeking and asking for his hat, when it was on his head; yet, we can scarcely give credit to the following, "A gentleman addicted to taking snuff, let fall his handkerchief, stooping to pick it up, he seized hold of a lady's dress, wiped his nose with it, and then commenced stuffing it in his coat pocket, he did not discover his mistake till a somewhat irascible gentleman kicked him out of the house."

We are sorry that want of room will not allow us to extract more freely from these amusing volumes, we must therefore leave them. They contain enough fun, to "keep the table in a roar" for twelve months.

ONOMATOLOGY.

"Well, Daniel," said Guy, "thou hast studied the dictionary to some purpose."—THE DOCTOR.

It might be presumed that neither Scaliger nor Casaubon could find much reason, in modern times, to mourn over the decline of Greek literature, or, at least, to repine at any especial neglect of the noble language of Greece; if we might venture to form a judgment from the fact of its present universal application in the important science of nomenclature. Every surprising invention—if, indeed, any thing now *be* surprising—every discovery in the arts of refinement and luxury—every fresh nostrum of science or empiricism is heralded under a Grecian cognomen, and acquires value or potency from a Greek appellative; until Greek terms, in some compounded form, have become as familiar as household words. A glance at the columns of a newspaper or the cover of a magazine would almost lead us to suppose that the vast erudition of Hudibras, which enabled him

" — to speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak,"

and which was remarkable, at that period, from its singularity and rarity, is now an every-day accomplishment. It would perhaps, however, be going too far to infer, from these general premises, that the compounder of the *Hygeian pill*, the manufacturer of *Euporeutic perukes*—or the inventor of the invaluable *Eukeirogenion* or *Rypophagon*, for shaving, troubles himself much about the Eolic digamma or the Greek quantities, or allows his learned anxiety for the elucidation of the Pindaric metres or the composition of the Homeric poems to drive sleep from his pillow and slumber from his eyelids. Yet, still, it is manifest that the schoolmaster has been widely abroad; and so great and manifold are the wonders he has wrought, that, to ensure the success of even a charlatan specific, a significant Greek compound, in its most thundering form,

seems to have become indispensably necessary, and appears, moreover, to be readily furnished, either from the erudite stores of the pedagogue himself, or by the unwonted aptitude of pupils in these days of Hamiltonian systems and railway expedition. Happy must be the wight who, in his zealous researches amidst the splendid and inexhaustible treasures of classic lore, thus stumbles on an epithet that, in connection with some philanthropic discovery—some precious panacea for “the thousand ills that flesh and blood are heirs to”—shall crown his name with honour—fill his horn with plenty—and hand down his fame and merits to ages yet unborn. What complacency of feeling and inward satisfaction must he, too, enjoy, who has not only benefited mankind by the introduction of the *Odontophukazon* or *Rheumalexema*, or delighted them by the invention of the *Æolophon* or *Glycibaritono*; but who has been thus fortunate in the composition of a name that, for years to come,

“Shall pose the unlearned and make the learned smile,”

and that shall never be forgotten so long as it can retain its place in the memory.

But to notice, in something like order, the results of this pleasing combination of science and literature—first of all as including the whole external man, so well worthy, according to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, of the most elaborate adornment—comes the *man-measurer*—the potent *Andrometer* of Mr. Doudney, whose name, in conjunction with a most salutary measure of reform, is known to the ends of the land—why not say—thanks to the Penny Magazines—to the ends of the earth? Dr. Watts, whose corporeal frame was not in accordance with the nicest proportions of *ideal beauty*, wished, in happy ignorance, to make “the mind the standard of the man,” and, insignificant as he was in material substance, to “be measured by his *soul*.” But Mr. Doudney, who lives in an age when there are giants on the earth, has, by a fortunate effort of inventive skill, introduced another *meter*,

adapted not only to those who, like Zaccheus and Dr. Watts, are "short of stature," but to the most gigantic of the modern sons of Anak. The "Andrometer," accommodating itself with scientific precision to the minutest indentations of the human form, enables Mr. Doudney to array the upper and nether man in vestments which, but for their general hue, might, from their exquisite adaptation, be mistaken for an additional cutaneous integument—an integral portion of the man himself—and hence this noble instrument at once establishes itself as the real, because universal, standard of the man—the undoubted test of all that is correct in taste and fascinating in elegance; if not, by ultimate consequence, as some might be disposed to contend, even of the powers of the mind and the capacity of the intellect.

But Mr. Doudney's care extends only to *mankind*, The fair sex he leaves to the great bestowers and patrons of female beauty—Nature and Mr. Rowland.

"Nature gives all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hostile harms :
Jaws, the lion to defend,
Horrid jaws that wide distend !
Horns, the bull, resistless force !
Solid hoofs, the vig'rous horse ;
Nimble feet, the fearful hare ;
Wings to fly, the birds of air ;
Fins to swim, the watery kind ;
Man, the bold undaunted mind.
NATURE, lavishing her store,
What for woman had she more ?
Helpless woman ! to be fair :
BEAUTY fell to woman's share."

And *Kalydor* itself, the "giver of beauty," either in support or rivalry of nature, confirms the precious boon. In rivalry surely it must be ; for nature, by scorching suns or pinching frosts, or rude unmannerly north-easters, frequently seems—strange to tell—anxious to spoil her own handywork, to withdraw and retract the boon she has conferred. Not so the *Kalydor* of Rowland.

Protected by this gentle panoply, the "matchless beauties of our isle" may, alike, set at defiance the chilling blasts of hyperborean winters and the parching winds of March; nor yet fear to be brought, by the embrowning influence of a summer's sun, into perilous rivalry of complexion with the soft sultanas of the East. To complete the yet imperfect gift, the *Odonto* of the same illustrious *artiste* imparts to the teeth the glittering whiteness of pearls, and to the breath the balmy sweetness of the rose: whilst *Hedyosmia*, or the "Persian essence," regales the olfactory nerves with richer, purer fragrance than is borne on the breeze from

"the spicy shores
Of Araby the blest."

Whilst the complexions of the fair are thus tenderly guarded, let it not be supposed that either the comfort and convenience, or the sterner beauty of heroic man are altogether forgotten in this age of Greek domination and more than Roman luxury. The beard—that token of manly vigour and lofty intellect—that peculiar and characteristic feature of the "lords of creation," which, in primitive times the young most carefully cherished, and of which the aged were most justly proud, has received an especial portion of attention; not, indeed, as in earlier ages, to nourish and preserve it, but to remove, with the *ne plus ultra* of ease and facility, what, in modern days, is regarded, in evident opposition to nature, as an unsightly appendage—a useless incumbrance. Hence, science and philanthropy have furnished us with "*Super-essential Shaving Soap*," in classic language ycleped *Rypophagon*—the still more grandiloquent *Eukeirogenion*, and the little appreciated, because little known, *Oxycoptic*, whose "sharp-cutting" name is thus cleverly "slurred beneath well-sounding Greek." Any of these, it is manifest, even from their scientific aspect, with the help, not of the plain "*Old English*," but rather with the more classical "*Congruent*" Razor, will render the operation of shaving, usually considered so troublesome, and on their exemption from which

the ladies so often felicitate themselves, a pleasure and a luxury ;—thus surpassing even the brightest achievements of the “ magic paste ” of Mechi. Yet even these yield to the *Axyrite*, or “ Patent Metallic Shaving Stone for removing the Beard without the aid of Razor, Soap, or Water,” which has no parallel in the history of useful inventions, except in the celebrated preparation of the Italian, that professed to remove the beard on the same conditions, but performed its office so effectually as, unfortunately, to remove along with it—the skin !

HOPS.

ACCORDING to the experiments of Chevallier and Payen on the hops of England, Flanders, the Netherlands, and the department of Vosges, those of the county of Kent afford the largest cones, and were most productive in useful secreted and soluble matters. Next to them were the hops of Alost.

The best-flavoured and palest hops are packed in sacks of fine canvas, which are called pockets, and weigh about an hundred weight and a half each. These are bought by the ale brewer. The stronger flavoured and darker coloured hops are packed in bags of a very coarse texture, like door mats, called hop bags. These generally contain about three hundred weight, and are sold to the porter and beer brewer. After the end of a year or two hops are reckoned to have lost much of their marketable value, and are then sold to the second-rate porter brewer, under the name of old hops. The finest hops are grown in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, but those of Worcestershire have an agreeable mildness of flavour greatly admired by many ale drinkers.—*Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures.*

THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

Hark ! 'tis October's stormy reign,
 Chill Winter hastens on amain.
 Beneath that black and stormy sky
 The hasty scud is driven on high ;
 Diamond ice-drops gem the lawn
 That sparkles at each gelid dawn,
 The stiffened grass crisps 'neath the feet,
 And early songs the wanderer greet
 As slowly fall the shades of night,
 And darkness yields to breaking light—
 Songs that welcome opening day—
 The throstle's trill—the linnet's lay.
 While as grey twilight dimly glows,
 And into broadest daylight grows,
 Every glade and hillock gleams
 Beneath the sun's refulgent beams,
 And every break and rising crest
 In glorious hues of gold is drest.
 More and more loud the warblers raise
 Their grateful songs of early praise,
 Till musical is every grove
 With hymns of joy, and peace, and love.
 Now gracefully beneath the breeze
 Bend the russet robed trees.
 The varied lands with many a hue
 Of bright tinged autumn meet the view.
 Here the meadow's brightest green,
 There the well-shorn stubble's seen,
 While yonder lies the fallow field
 Ready a future crop to yield,
 Fit emblem of the vacant mind,
 As bare, it spreads to sun and wind.
 Farther still, in sparkling streams
 The river winds, like beauteous dreams ;
 Meand'ring through the laughing vale
 Just ruffled by the morning gale ;
 Its ripples raised in mimic strife,
 Or chasing play, like things of life.
 There the deep river onward glides
 To its ocean bed, where mingling tides

Shall chafe and swell—one moment roar,
And then the stream be seen no more.

The chequered vest of sun and shade
Is widely cast o'er hill and glade,
And now the fervid sun-god gains
The highest heaven, where he reigns—
Sole monarch of the earth and sky
Enthroned,—on sapphire seated high.
Now from afar the smart rebound
Of sportsman's gun is echoed round ;
A fluttering one moment's heard,
Then downward falls the wounded bird
While every warbler terrified,
Seeks deep beneath the break to hide.
Once more, the deadly barrel raised,
Soft silence flees, in fright amazed ;
And smart, again, and yet more near
The crackling shock breaks on the ear ;—
A rushing flight of many wings,
And then his prey the pointer brings.
Still'd for a while, the flail's fell stock
Refrains to sift the wheaten shock.
The rustic pauses from his toil
To look upon the sportsman's spoil ;
A hearty hasty greeting given,
And then th' acquaintance brief is riven.
The equal flail resumes its stroke,
And winds again the wagon's spoke.
Again is heard the creaking wain,
As wheel to wheel gives plain for plain.
Far, by the clump the ploughers speed—
No more the cheering sport they heed,
But onward till the slanting ray
Gives notice of departing day,
And lengthening shadows, cast before,
Tell that the hours of toil are o'er,
Their blessing,—yea, their curse,—enjoy,
That curse which gave their hands employ.
Thus God in graciousness has sent
Joy with sorrow closely blent.
Sorrow from sin profusely flows,
Yet joy from love as richly grows ;
Sorrow from sin hath ne'er been sown
But joy therewith hath quickly grown.

No snare is set—no guile is sped,
But freedom's given, or balm is shed.

But now the cheerful day hath past,
And chilly evening falleth fast ;
One glorious heap of molten gold
Far in the west's together roll'd ;
A ball of fire,—red, huge, and vast,—
Across the vale his beam hath cast,
The lurid, passing, darkling ray,
Ere sinks the sun's bright globe away.
A rose's light o'er earth is thrown—
With richest hues the heavens are strewn,
Peak piled on peak, and hill on hill,
And towers above them, higher still,
The horizon's wide expanse enshroud.
Each airy, beauteous, glowing cloud
Is tinged with carmine, purple, blue,
And every tint and rainbow hue.
Now sinking fast from castled height,
And lofty peak, and turret bright,
The fading hues of daylight haste,
Till not a line or form is traced
On the deep concave's cinctured bound,
But spotless is the vast profound.
Yet twinkling through the ether far
Comes yon gentle evening star,
Casting with modest trembling light,
Joy on the darkling face of night,
Then one by one the shining train
Sparkle in their wide domain.

Long since the village din has ceased,
Long since has toil his slaves released,
The gleaming taper sheds abroad
Its light across the darkened road.
Even the wayside inn is closed
Where weariness and care reposed ;
Hushed is every sound, and night
Hath shut each object from the sight ;
How calm,—But yet one moment, hark !—
'Tis but the watchdog's distant bark ;
And o'er the earth, in air, and sky,
Silence doth dwell most tranquilly.



THE BIRCH TREE.

THIS elegant tree has been not inaptly styled “the lady of the woods.” It belongs, however, more especially to a variety of the white birch, which has been called by some the Lady Birch, and by others the Weeping Birch. Its spray is more slender and of greater length than the common kind, and forms an elegant pensile foliage, similar to that of the weeping willow, and like that interesting tree, put in motion by the gentlest breeze. It is a great ornament in a landscape, and will well supply the place of the willow wherever such an object may be required for picturesque effect, and when agitated is well

adapted to characterise a storm. Wilson pleasantly describes its appearance at such a time in his *Isle of Palms* :

“ — on the green slope
Of a romantic glade we sat us down
Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom,
While o'er our heads the weeping birch tree streamed,
Its branches arching like a fountain-shower.”

The timber of this tree is of very little value ; though where pine is not to be had in the Highlands, the inhabitants use it for all purposes. The rafters of their cabins they form from its stem ; the walls and the door are made of the wattles of the bough, and even the chests and boxes are of this rude basket-work.

It is recorded that the Britons in days of yore made light and strong canoes of birch timber, as did also the inhabitants of other parts of Europe. In Lancashire great quantities of besoms are made from the slender twigs for exportation. In ancient days the inner white cuticle and silken bark were used as writing paper. Coleridge mentions

“ A curious picture with a master's haste
Stretched on a strip of pinky silver skin,
Peel'd from the birchen bark.”

The birch is raised from roots and suckers, which being planted at the distance of from four to five feet from each other in small twigs, will soon rise to trees, provided the soil suits them, and that cannot well be too barren or spongy ; for it will thrive in dry or wet, sandy or stony soil, in marshes or bogs. Its leaves are of an oval shape, tapering to a point, and serrated.

In the spring the birch tree yields a plentiful supply of juice, which runs freely from the stem when pierced, and which the rustic housewife makes into a wholesome and agreeable wine ;

“ And though she boasts no charm divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.”

RECORDS OF A RAMBLER.

CHAPTER II.

A storm and a calm.

"Alas! thou wilt mourn when the cold wind's moan
 Shall pass like a storm through the woods alone;
 When the thunder shall come with a terrible sound,
 And the lightnings shall wander the wastes around;
 And the tiger shall rise with affrighted ken,
 And howl from the depths of his lonely den."—*ERMON.*

THERE was a delightful fragrance issuing from the low flowers before the cottager's door, and from the wide-spreading jasmine that surrounded its porch, for among

"The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars "

a few bees were busily employed in collecting their last evening load of honeyed store.

After passing the threshold of this rural domicile, I found myself in a small apartment, evidently the chief one the dwelling afforded; and before I could seat myself was introduced by Andrews to his daughter in the homely style of the cottager himself.

"This is my daughter, Sir," and then addressing the maiden; "This gentleman, Rebecca, will take shelter with us this evening," and he placed me a chair, "for I fear yon stormy clouds, which now darken the sky, will spread sad destruction among our corn-fields and cattle; so, if you will assist our guest to some refreshment, I will go, my love, and tend our small stock of poultry, and so forth, and return to you both as speedily as possible."

He spoke with great haste, and withdrew. I perceived that neither the words of her father nor the abruptness of my entrance caused any unusual embarrassment on the part of Rebecca; there was but a slight tinge of crimson on her cheeks at the presence of a stranger,—a tender smile towards her seemingly only parent, and her cheerful feet became ready to do his pleasure, without betraying the slightest timidity or confusion.

I observed there was a heavy gloom shed around the apartment, and every moment the sound of pattering rain against the window might be heard. Night was coming on apace, and darkness increased the gloom. By the blazing fire upon the hearth, I could distinguish clearly every object. There was nothing beyond mere utility, yet every part was adorned with the most careful display of cleanliness. The chief ornament of the cottage was the daughter of my worthy host, who, having lost no time in placing before me a homely meal, occupied her usual seat unceremoniously, and in a gentle manner invited me to partake of such refreshments as the table afforded. To refuse so generous an offer would have been unjust, and a disdain which persons even in this humble sphere would have felt most acutely. The beauty, the manner, and the grace of the person before me demanded my fullest attention; but my thoughts ran too much on the aspect of the heavens without to indulge in undisturbed reflection beyond a single moment.

Shortly the rumbling of distant thunder convinced us of its nearer approach; and there were frequently visible anxieties in the countenance of Rebecca, regarding the safety of her father. Gradually the whole atmosphere assumed one aspect of threatening storm. The forked arrows of the electric fluid became painful to look upon, nor might human eyes rest in any place for a moment where its searching influence could not reach. The earth itself shook amidst the convulsive peals which ever and anon followed, having in their tone the essence of that almighty strength which alone can vibrate the steady nerve of boasting man, and cause the stoutest heart to tremble.

What eloquence has the voice of thunder! Its portentous sound issues the eternal fiat of Jehovah; while the vivid shock, which is conveyed by means of the terrible lightning, demonstrates the immutability of His sovereign decrees. What sublimity, what grandeur is there! and how ought good men to love, fearful souls to trust, and the wicked to dread that God, the language of

whose power can sway in one instant the whole destiny of their lives,—can alike “whet his glittering sword” and frustrate the machinations of evil-doers,—defend the cause of the needy or the oppressed, and him that hath no helper.

While these solemn reflections filled my mind, I was surprised by the entrance of Andrews with serious alarm portrayed in his countenance. Rebecca, whose uneasiness I observed during the raging of the tempest, felt, on the appearance of her father, so wild in his aspect, her gentler powers forsake her, and all the stirring passions of inquiry take possession of her bosom.

“Where have you been, dear father?—see, your clothes are wet and torn. Oh! what danger have you so *providentially* escaped?”

“Yes, that omniscient One has once more remembered me, Rebecca!—But will you confer a favour, Sir,” he asked, turning to me, “and, if you fear not the storm, will you hasten with me the distance of a few yards?—there is a life worth preserving.”

In such an emergency there was no time to be lost; therefore I followed his hurried footsteps to a neighbouring field, where lay extended on some new-mown hay the inanimate body of a child, apparently six years of age. I soon ascertained he had been rescued from the bosom of an adjacent stream by the intrepidity of the good cottager, who at imminent peril had saved him from the brink of a dangerous rapid, down which, in another moment, death would have hurled his victim, never more to rise!

To convey him to the cottage, and, assisted by the tender-hearted Rebecca, to place him in a bed, was but the work of a few minutes; and after applying a number of warm stimulants, to increase perspiration, it was our unspeakable delight, at the end of a few hours, to find life still retained those functions, which were for a time suspended, and which had indeed at first appeared lost to us for ever.

During the time of watching the boy, as I continued to do during the remainder of the night, I had an opportunity

of noticing the effect it produced upon the mind of my host's fair daughter, who also, during some portion of the time, kept hovering over the pale one's couch, like the spirit of some guardian angel; occasionally with her warm palms endeavouring to convey reanimation to his cold hands and brow. I perceived also that the individual of tender age, about whom she became so solicitous, was in some degree closely allied to herself, but in what way I was not then enabled to judge; yet the whole tenor of her affectionate disposition towards him bore me a stronger proof than many words could have done, that her soul was susceptible of a sympathy not less pure than the falling tear which sometimes shone upon her cheek.

With regard to Andrews, he had taken before morning about two hours repose; and, conscious that an Almighty power had made him the happy instrument of the child's preservation, regarded now the consequences of the danger attending the action as trifling indeed compared with the object that had been achieved. A great mind has its own resources, and while a thousand terrors are abroad, and scattering fury on the right hand and on the left, there is with some a calmness within that defies the commotions caused by the greatest conflict. And thus, when alarms begin, when danger is at its height, or when the bitterest trial is overcome; we see them in a state of tranquillity and self-possession, which evinces no common government of the intellectual passions.

As soon as morning dawned, and while Rebecca was busily employed in preparing our early repast—for the sun had scarcely arisen—I was drawn aside by my worthy host a short distance from the cottage. I had seen that beautiful orb sink the evening before, yet under very different circumstances. Then it was with nature in her quietest repose, and serenity reigning on every hand. Now, how altered the scene! true the aerial elements had subsided from their rage, and the boisterous winds had become calm; but oh! the devastation caused by the storm, no human language could picture; for abroad in some of the fields lay the dead bodies of cattle, which had

fallen beneath that awful weapon the thunderbolt ; and here and there the bravest oak might be seen scattered like the broken brands of a burning !

" And now, will you oblige me," I asked of the cottager, " with a recital of this child's history, whom you have so miraculously rescued from a watery grave ?"

" Yes, you shall know soon," replied Andrews, with a deep sigh, " for in this cottage close by live those who have fostered this infant for four years ; and have had, no doubt, painful anxieties about his safety during this sad night.

While he spoke, we approached a small house on the borders of a large wood, which was entirely hid from our view until we became close enough to hear voices within. I preferred remaining without, that Andrews might impart alone to those who were its inmates, the gladful tidings of the child's rescue ; nor was it many moments before, having done so, he joined me again, wearing on his brow a smile of cheerfulness, although a silent tear betrayed that his heart had overflowed at the sight of their joy ; and perhaps, had not my presence prevented him, he would readily have given vent to those feelings with which I well knew his bosom throbbed.

" They will soon hasten to see the dear little fellow," he exclaimed, " and by the time we can return to breakfast I expect Widow Reid and her son will be there."

" But, my friend, you have not related to me what befel the unfortunate Orlington of whom we were conversing last evening : did you not promise me you would ?" and I brightened my interrogation with a forced smile.

" True, I have not," replied he, " but I will do so ; and perhaps you will think it altogether a strange circumstance, but *this* child—*this very child*——but see, Widow Reid and Frank are just before us, and are entering our house,"—and with this he caught my arm, so that in a brief space of time, I found myself in their company, where sorrows and joys were alternately expressed, while the new-found child, whom they called Henry, occupied the midst, reclining on his pillow.

RAIN.

MANY of the most common appearances of nature are partially understood by all persons, and with this modicum of information, they are so well satisfied, that it appears to them altogether unnecessary to make farther enquiries. When we become satisfied with our knowledge upon any subject, curiosity ceases, and every motive for thought and investigation is lost. The most illiterate man, he who thinks least of the phenomena of nature, believes himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the origin of rain, snow, dew, and many other common appearances, but if he were questioned by one who had devoted himself to the study of philosophy, he would be found to have a very inaccurate notion of the subject which he believes himself to understand. Selecting the phenomenon of rain, we will endeavour to show the truth of the remarks we have ventured to make.

Rain, we are told, is produced by the condensation of vapour. The heat of the sun's rays causes the water on the surface of the earth to take the form of a vapour, and as it is lighter than the atmospheric air, it rises. In this state it remains, forming clouds, until condensed by cold, when it falls in drops of water to the earth again. This is the only explanation of the phenomenon of rain which would generally be given, by the many persons who are satisfied they thoroughly understand the subject. But we might ask them, why does it not always rain? for there is always vapour in the air, and it is always colder at a great height above the surface of the earth than on the surface itself. Why does it sometimes rain on one field, and not on any other round about it? or, in other words, why does rain fall from one cloud and not from another? These, and many other questions, cannot be answered by an individual whose information is limited to the facts we have just stated. It is, indeed, a subject of great difficulty, and one upon which philosophers themselves are by no means unanimous.

Dr. Hutton's theory of the formation of rain is that most commonly adopted. According to this eminent philosopher, rain is occasioned by the mingling of distinct masses or strata of air, containing vapour, and having different temperatures. How this can cause the condensation of vapour, and the fall of rain, is not self-evident, but will require some illustrations.

Atmospheric air may be charged with humidity, but there is a limit to its capacity, it cannot be made to receive more than a certain quantity; it may in fact be saturated in the same manner as water will continue to take up salt to a certain quantity, but at last cannot be made to dissolve any more. It has however been discovered that the point of saturation depends on the temperature of the air. All persons are aware that, in cooling, air will frequently part with some of its humidity, from which circumstance it may be supposed that cold air cannot retain so much humidity as hot air. In connection with these facts, the reader must bear in mind, that the capacity for humidity does not increase in the same proportion. Thus, for instance, if two masses of air, having different temperatures, should mingle, they will necessarily have a mean temperature, the temperature of the one will be raised, of the other diminished. Now if the capacity for humidity changed in the same proportion as the temperature, all the water would be retained; but this is not the case, there will be some excess, and that must fall. Rain, then, is caused by the mingling of currents of atmospheric air charged with humidity: and the reader will be surprised, at the easy explanation the theory gives to every variety of appearance attending this common but curious phenomenon.

The clouds often look dark and threatening, and we expect an immediate shower, but they float over the heavens and no rain falls. They are perhaps nearly saturated with humidity, yet are at such a temperature as to enable them to retain it. Presently, however, they meet with a

cloud also saturated, but having a much lower temperature; they instantly intermix, a mean temperature is the result, and a portion of the humidity falls to the earth as rain.

Another case may be supposed. Two clouds having different temperatures may mingle, but neither of them being highly charged with vapour, saturation is not produced even when the temperatures are made equal, and consequently no rain falls.

When we come to consider the peculiar condition of the atmosphere at different parts of the earth's surface, we are struck with the capability of this theory, in accounting for the regularity in the fall of rain in one place, its irregularity in another, and its entire absence in a third. In our own country rain falls at all times of the year, though more commonly at some periods than others. The atmosphere is in a constant state of change, from the rapid alteration of temperature, and at the same time always more or less humid, so that rain is of very common occurrence. In those regions where the state of the atmosphere is more uniform, and its changes periodical, rain falls only at certain periods of the year. The heavy rains which fall in India always descend at the shifting of the monsoons, when the atmosphere is constantly varying. Rain seldom or ever falls during the trade winds, in those places over which they pass. These winds are occasioned by the constant motion of heated air from the equator to the poles, and there is no intermixture with other currents having a different temperature; but beyond the limits of the trades, the air is rapidly cooled, and mingling with other masses, rain is common and very heavy.

Many curious facts concerning the fall of rain at different places, and the appearances attending it, might be mentioned did our space permit. We have had, however, but one object in view, and that is the explanation of the origin of rain, as a general phenomenon, without reference to any local peculiarity.

RURAL LIFE.—No. II.

THE inmate of the palace, whose billet-doux is scented with the richest perfume, and conveyed by the gorgeous lacquey, may despise homely love. The purse-proud may laugh at the idea of a peasant pleading for a smile, and wooing favours, that, in the pride of pounds, shillings, and pence, he considers worthless; but we tell them it is Nature—Nature, pure and unsullied—Nature, seldom seen in the saloon, or amidst lawyers and parchments, portions and pin-money—Nature, as seldom to be met with in the murky atmosphere of the city. Nature it is, such as may only be looked for in Nature's province—the country—the haunts of rural life, undisturbed by the ravings of the disaffected, and uninhabited by the demon of dissatisfaction: where the sun comes forth from his chamber smiling and unclouded—where every dewy globe reflects his bright beams o'er the spangled plain—where the lark of active wing carols forth a welcome to the morn, and the feathered songsters of a humbler flight leave the friendly thicket, and pour forth in melodious medley their song of joy; where the animals of the field, in joyful energy, bound o'er the plain, scattering the crystal dew; and the flowers, clothed in the variegated liveries of Nature, expand their beauties to the bright luminary of day; and where man, uncorrupted by vice, uncrossed by the world, and unmixed in political jarrings, refreshed by the light slumbers of conscious rectitude, rises to his duties radiant with health, elastic in nerve, and buoyant in spirit; and who, as he contemplates the beauty and harmony of nature, pays his tribute of gratitude to his Creator, and welcomes the genial morn with the unsophisticated emotions of the heart.

Here, then, it is where the Nature exists that “grandeur hears with a disdainful smile,” and world-concentrated minds despise. Here, “when the cares of the day

are gone past, when the grey-haired father and the jocund husband enjoy the social pipe before their low-roofed cot, and while away the evening hour in discussing the past, the present, and the future, and the aged matron or the young wife prepare the evening meal, it is that the young ramble along the shady lanes, the flowery valleys, and the verdant hills. Yes! now it is that kindred hearts commune; now it is that the youth, unacquainted with deceit, tells "the tale of his love," pleads for a glance of that eye that never conquered to betray; that eye that, untutored in the fashionable hypocrisy of the heart, lures no victim within its wiles to sport with their weakness; yes, *pleads for a smile*, that, better than "parchment promises," ensures him happiness, and that in a manner, that, were his sentiments but clothed in a more polished garb, would strike proud scorners mute: but his *eloquence is that of the heart, and his poetry that of Nature*.

THE COTTAGER'S SONG.

My home is as humble as humble can be,
 But affection has hallow'd its beauty to me;
 A mother kneels there,
 And the truth of her prayer
 Is the heart of her child may from sorrow be free.

My home it is humble, but round it the flowers
 Spring to life bright and fresh as in wealthier bowers.
 A fond father's voice
 Bids my young heart rejoice,
 And welcome with sunshine the fast flying hours.

My home it is humble, but there's One above
 To the poor as the rich gives the wealth of His love.
 His mercy has blest
 The poor peasant's breast,
 And his toils he forgets in the home of his love.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK.—No. II.

THE VOYAGE.

ON the morning of Thursday, Oct. 8, 183—, sailed from Liverpool, on board the brig "Eagle," Capt. Barnes. At six, A.M., on leaving dock, scarce a breath of air was perceptible, and a thick fog supervening, we ran foul of a steamer, which only escaped serious injury by slipping her cable. The excitement naturally attendant on our critical position had considerable influence in modifying those poignant sensations of regret which are almost invariably felt on parting from friends, and bidding a long adieu to one's native shore.

Probably many of my readers have crossed the Channel, or passed from port to port in Great Britain, in some one of the splendid steamers which swarm on our coasts, bringing distant points within a few hours' sail. Reclining on a sofa or an ottoman in a gorgeously-furnished saloon, the eye ranges from right to left (scanning with listlessness or eager curiosity, according as the situation is novel or otherwise), and is met by nothing but floods of light thrown from numerous mirrors, landscapes, or highly-polished panels of rose or satin-wood. Gliding over the clear expanse, with scarcely an opposing swell or musical ripple of tiny waves, how little do such know of the limited accommodations of a Levant trader, bound to a port to which not more than ten or a dozen passengers are conveyed in a twelvemonth!

Descend our "companion," nearly as steep as the side of a house, and what a contrast does it present to the grand spiral staircase of a packet! Enter our cabin, and in place of a vista of some twenty yards, lined on each side with all the accessories to comfort or luxury, you find yourself in an apartment some twelve feet by seven or eight, three-fourths of which is monopolized by a table, firmly lashed to the floor. Round the stern-post

runs a seat which serves for a locker, in which is stowed a perfect *olla podrida*, or *omnium gatherum*; the rest of the floating paraphernalia may be epitomized as two elm chairs. On one side are four berths, on the other, two and a closet; every berth but mine being packed with sails, cordage, and some small bales of merchandize. The Captain occupies what even in so small a vessel is called a *state room*, which is under the stairs, and the side next the door is filled with a neat polished brass stove.

Scarcely had I reconnoitred my new quarters, and imbibed some of those savoury steams which are common to every vessel, when the visitation to which almost every landsman is doomed came upon me. Nothing remained but to "turn in," and such was the effect, that for several days I was scarcely ever able to "turn out." On the third day we were off the Irish coast, and whilst at least forty miles from the nearest point of land, a fine bullfinch fell exhausted on deck; as soon as our visitor recovered strength he was liberated, and commenced a retrograde movement to the land of potatoes.

The Bay of Biscay was true to its general character; our tight little brig began to roll about as if it were a wash-tub, and for three days nothing would stop on my stomach for more than a few minutes; the chairs were thrown down, and the table driven from its lashings. At dinner the steward stretched rolls of canvas across the table, against which the dishes rested, but notwithstanding all his care and generalship, a mess of Irish stew was capsized, scalding hot, into the mate's lap, and a tumbler of grog made acquaintance with the melted butter; the second mate in despair betook himself to the floor, and wedged the plate between his knees. After four days of beating against a tempest in our teeth, during which it rained incessantly, and split our main staysail to ribbons, the wind veered, and our captain got some rest, for the first time in three days.

On Saturday, during the hour of tea, the order was given to "square the yards," and it would have done good to a person sicker than myself, to see the alacrity of the crew in making trim ship to the first fair wind since leaving port. Numerous ships, and the steamer from Portugal, homeward bound, have been passed.—Health returning, I began to enjoy myself, but more particularly on deck at evening, and indeed till midnight. No one who has not experienced it can conceive the pleasure, when all is still, and the watch set, of looking over the vessel's side, with a full harvest moon refulgent in the heavens, and watching with intensity of gaze the turbulent little waves endeavouring to outstrip our rapid course. How beautiful are the scintillations which sparkle in the bubbling spray—some dazzling enough for gems in Undine's diadem, others emitting a fainter, yet more entrancing light, like the subdued emotion which beams in the eyes of a fair maid whose affection is requited. In such moments, and under such circumstances, dear friends and home faces were flitting before my mental vision.

But to return from the "pleasures of memory" to the "pleasures of sense." The provisions are every thing that can be desired, except fresh bread and milk; the means of preserving the latter for long voyages not being then generally known. For breakfast—coffee, ham, and poached eggs; dinner—four days a week, a duck or fowl for *the passenger*, and salt beef for the rest; Sunday, plum-pudding. Spirits and wine abundant, and ale and porter if required. Puddings being awkward things on board ship, we substitute boiled rice or macaroni; and for dessert, crackers and butter, with a glass of grog.

In a vessel of such limited burthen, half the comfort of captain and passengers depends on the crew; ours turned out excellent, not one, except the steward, being habitually a swearer. The latter was an American, and early convinced me of the absence of all moral principle in his mind, by broadly asserting that it was neither a sin nor a

fault to shoot the poor savages on the South Sea Islands ! On this, the eve of our first sabbath at sea, the captain made his toilet on Saturday ; and in good time on Sunday all were on deck, neat and clean ; and the weather being fine, and the wind fair, each seaman was engaged on a tract, a supply of which the captain had received from the agent at Liverpool. The cabin was furnished also with a small, but well-selected library, and Barnes is a sensible, well-informed man, so that I ran but little risk of being at a loss for rational recreation.

THE DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

WHEN, after the Restoration, Argyll was arrested in London and brought back into Scotland to be there tried on an impeachment for high treason, he was accused of participation in the death of the King, and of a formal and active adhesion to Cromwell's government. The proof appeared insufficient, and the party which longed to ruin him was afraid of losing its victim. The Scottish parliament was assembled to pronounce judgment, and on the point of proceeding in the debate when a rude knock at the door announced some important measures. It was an express from London, charged with a packet for the Parliament. By the hurry of the messenger who chanced to be one of the clan Campbell, he was supposed to bring a pardon or a reprieve ; but on opening the packet, it was found to contain some letters from Argyll to Monk,—an evidence of the insufficiency of human prudence. Monk, pressed to resign them, had desired to wait till they appeared absolutely necessary : and “ having been informed,” as he said, “ of the want of proofs,” he had hastened to transmit them to the Parliament. They removed all hesitation. Argyll was condemned next day, and Monk no doubt received, with his usual humility, the thanks and gratifications of the court.



ROSLIN CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

“WELL, my gallant knights, what say ye, shall we proceed to-night to take up our position during the darkness, and then wait till morning gives us an opportunity of making our proposal in form?” Such was the accost of a man of noble bearing, clad in a half suit of armour, with a cloak of dark cloth streaming from his shoulders, and whose age might be some thirty or more, to a party of four individuals of similar rank and bearing to himself, but who evidently were in attendance upon him. A few horsemen, also of military cast, followed at a short distance, though from their attire it would at first have been difficult to say whether they were on a peaceful or warlike expedition. The speaker reined in his horse, and turned inquiringly to his companions as the last words left his lips. Bright gleams of sunshine broke from between the dark masses of clouds that covered the sky and the moun-

tain tops which formed the horizon, throwing their gladdening rays down the rugged sides of the lower hills, which were thickly sprinkled with dwarf trees, in many places clothed with bracken and fern, bringing out the objects that lay to their left into strong relief, before the mass of stormy vapour by which the whole of the eastern heaven was enveloped. The day had been one of fitful storm; wind and rain alternately prevailing during the morning, when the gusts which had been during the previous part of the day only intermittent, though invariably violent, about noon, became one continuous tempest, obliging the party to whom we have introduced the reader to seek shelter beneath the covert of an overhanging rock, which projected so as almost to form a cave.

A number of young larch trees crowned the summit, above their heads, and were scattered thickly around intermingled here and there with a birch or pine, while an extensive wood of the latter stretched at a little distance from them for miles over the undulating country far as the eye could reach. Before them, louring dimly through the mist of rain and vapour, in sullen blackness, rose the hill of which we have spoken. With some little difficulty they were enabled to conceal their horses also beneath the foliage of a tangled burn that sank to an impervious depth beside the road. After sundry English anathemas on the climate of "bonnie Scotland," commensurate in depth and earnestness with the amount of patience with which they were severally stocked, the soldiers hailed with a cry of delight the broad bright gleam of the glorious sun, as he threw the splendour of his setting disc over the shaking leaves of the bracken; and the trees, which shone with the brilliancy of ten thousand diamonds, sprang at once into the full development of all their latent beauty, as his golden light streamed from behind the clouds over the wide spread landscape.

Hastily mounting their steeds, they prepared once more to resume their route. Turning abruptly to the left from the shelter of the friendly covert, the coun-

try stretched down by a long and continuous descent into a wide and cultivated valley. Again the upland rose bleak and abrupt, concealing, by a thick grown forest of pines with which it was covered, the deep and formidable glen in which, on an almost isolated and inaccessible rock, the Castle of Roslin stood. Above it, nearly at the summit of the rugged steep, rose the lonely watch tower; embosomed in ancient woods, that extended on both sides, far as the enclosing hills would permit; its white walls being now conspicuous in the evening sunlight, with here and there a window gleaming like molten silver, and reflecting with scattered rays the brightness it received. Beyond, the distant mountains were barely distinguishable in their rugged outline from the hazy sky by which they were overhung.

The party were about immediately to proceed, when the accost of their leader, as he reined in his charger, brought them suddenly to a stand still, and he was obliged to repeat his question, his face beaming with the freshness of the air, and lighted up with the animation of his spirit, "What say you, my friends?" All for a moment hesitated. till one younger than the rest in years, but apparently esteemed among his companions, replied, "We are ready, as indeed we are bound to do, my lord, to follow your guidance, but if you would consult our wishes in preference to the dictates of your own prudence, we should say by all means let us get under the walls of the castle speedily as possible."

"Mayhap you may not so very easily find the way," grumbled out one of their attendants in an undertone, who, with his buff jerkin, completely saturated, and with the rain dripping from every part of his person, appeared to find his temper by no means amended by the lavation of something more than a Scotch mist.

"What's that you say, you old grumbler?" exclaimed one of the principals of the party.

"Why, I say," returned the soldier, somewhat abashed at having been overheard, "that mayhap it will be rather

troublesome to find the road, without the help of that creature, who talks the barbarish lingo that my lord likes so much, and who seems to be helping his legs over that dyke in very handsome style."

"Old Smithers is right, as I live. You grumbling old curmudgeon," exclaimed his officer, "could you not say so sooner." "See, my lord, our Scotch guide is favouring us with his absence;" and he pointed towards the spot where, with seemingly slow, but really hasty strides, a short thick set Lowlander was making the best of his way over the fern, every now and then taking advantage of the trees which could interrupt the sight of those from whom he was endeavouring to escape.

"It's not my business," muttered old Smithers, sulkily, "when I told you of the marsh on Kenwick flat, you warnt best pleased."

"As I live, he will escape, and in this defile, death if not dishonour must befall us," cried their leader. "Michael, send one of your feathered messengers after him."

A tall broad built hard featured man, with more celerity than might have been expected from his figure, drew a bow from beneath his cloak, and without speaking a word, fitted an arrow to the string, lifted it to his eye, and drawing the shaft home to his ear, it sped through the air. True to its mark, it grazed by the trunk of a tree behind which the fugitive endeavoured to hide, and piercing his bonnet threw him to the ground.

"Well done, Mick, that'll beat Yorkshire, any how," exclaimed a fellow soldier elated with the skill his companion had displayed, and alluding to a contest in which the archer who was from the neighbourhood of Mansfield had been engaged, "that has touched his head piece."

"And given him a bloody cockscombe, I warrant me," responded one of his companions.

"Well done, Michael," said the person who had spoken second, "but see, he is still endeavouring to escape. Give him another."

Michael, with the same deliberation as before, drew

the arrow to its head, and almost with the same success, for the shaft evidently pierced the plaid of the Scotchman as he threw his cumbrous attire from him to facilitate his flight. He instantly fell, as if dead, but the feint was perceived, and on the order being reiterated for a third arrow, and on its being drawn upon the bow, he immediately rose, and gathering his plaid together, came with a dogged and sullen air towards his captors.

"Oblige him with a little strap oil," cried one of the party.

"Silence, my good fellow," reiterated their leader. "Do you Smithers take the gentleman under your charge, and mark you do not ill-use him."

"Aye, aye, your honour," answered Smithers, "I'll be as tender over him as a young beagle," and he proceeded to keep his word, by passing a strap round the waist of their enforced guide, while he lashed the other end, at about the length of six feet, through his saddle girth, excusing himself for the sundry rough intimations of his pleasure by the reflection that he did not understand the heathenish language of his prisoner; who, in his turn seemed for the present content with inward threats of future vengeance.

Smithers had hardly adjusted the strap to his liking ere he found that the party had got some little distance a-head, and very unceremoniously, and not very gently informing his protégé that they must proceed, put his horse into a trot, and thereby obliged his foot companion to keep on an active run till he rejoined his comrades.

They made way quickly down the descent, but ere they had crossed the narrow and brawling stream which flowed at the bottom of the valley, the sun had altogether sunk, and the last sober remains of twilight were giving place to the deepest shades of night; and before they had cleared the little green pasture-land that bordered the rivulet, and began to ascend the higher ground, the twinkling of the stars alone afforded a tremulous and uncertain light to guide their footsteps over the rugged road, rendered still more obscure by the many hazels

which grew near it. At length, all objects, but the very nearest, faded from their sight, and Lord Aylmer, dressing his little band into close and compact order, exhorted them to subdue their voices, and remember that they were in an enemy's country. The men as well as their officers were too well acquainted with the danger they incurred, lightly to disobey his injunctions, and reducing their voices almost to a whisper, proceeded quickly but silently along.

They had thus ridden for an hour or more at a rapid pace, when the sense of security began to overcome their caution. Lord Aylmer, ever unwilling to abridge the innocent pleasures of those attending upon him, had only restrained their subdued though rather boisterous mirth by a gentle reproof, when his attention and curiosity were excited by the sudden gleaming of a light across the sky, and shortly after, a stream of seemingly martial music, though by what instruments it was made, could hardly be told, came faintly upon the ear, and almost immediately ceased. The party halted for a moment, in wonder, if not with a shade of alarm, in expectation of a repetition of the circumstance, but in vain. Their guide, who appeared to have lost all resentment at his capture, refused or was unable to give any account of it. They resumed their journey, but with more precaution than before.

The light again gleamed across the sky, and even lit up the helmets of the chiefs for a moment with its glare. Again it faded, and the music was not then resumed; but as the increasing thickness of the trees intimated their approach to the castle, it awoke again upon their ears, and as they wound through the glen and entered the wood which stood above the keep, it grew faintly, but distinctly, on the night, adding with its melancholy wail to the gloominess of shade, and the sorrowful sighing of the boughs as they waved in the evening breeze. Again it died away, and Lord Aylmer closing his little body of brave fellows, halted them beneath the deep shade of a huge sycamore, which threw its giant and thick

leaved arms far around, above the sward; and then advancing into a little glade, he searchingly reconnoitred the neighbourhood of his standing place. The result was a conviction that they stood beneath the mound on which the loftiest tower of the keep was built, and he therefore perceived the consequent necessity of stationing his troops where they could be best concealed, with the least inconvenience, until the hour for action arrived. The guide had served his purpose, but it was not deemed prudent to dismiss him. As silently as possible the troopers and their horses were removed to the distance of about a bow-shot from the castle walls, while two trusty men were left to keep guard beneath the sycamore; the trunk of which was of sufficient girth to conceal their figures with facility, should even any one chance to pass that way. The broken nature of the ground offered sufficient opportunity for concealment during the night, and to men long accustomed to hardship a bivouac in a wood, with the addition of a good supper, was neither a novelty nor a hardship.

Having made all his dispositions, and taken an accurate survey of the ground, their leader set a second trusty watch; and then with his officers Lord Aylmer consigned himself, with a cloak for his covering and a bough for his pillow, to sound and much needed repose.

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Hark! there is music on the breeze,
Sweet harmonies;
Now rich and clear, now faintly dim,
As though the hymn
Of seraphs round th' eternal throne
Gushed forth in that unearthly tone.

How beautiful! The rapt soul springs,
On eager wings,

Away from earth, and pines to dwell
 Where that deep swell
 Of mingled harmony and love
 Comes wafted from the choir above.

'Tis changed—there is a voice of wail
 Borne on the gale,
 As though some angel form were left
 Of plumes bereft,
 Exiled from bliss to dwell below,
 And breathe our atmosphere of woe.

Now pealing clear, a burst of song
 Sweeps full and strong
 In rich triumphant melody,
 So soft yet free,
 That Jubal's self might feel the spell,
 And wake in rivalry his shell.

As a sick sunbeam through the rain
 Burst forth that strain,
 So wildly beautiful it touched the ear,
 That feeling's tear
 Sprang from its cell and gemmed the eye,
 Entranced with such sweet melody.

Faint, fainter still, it floats around,
 The ghost of sound,
 The cadence of its dying fall
 So musical,
 Scarce stirs the air—and now 'tis gone,
 With all its dream-like wealth of tone.

'Tis silent—Hark! it wakes, hush, hush,
 That liquid gush,
 That mild, yet sad impassioned strain
 Has burst the chain
 Of music's prisoned melodies,
 And loosed them laughing to the breeze.

Enchanted harp, from whose rich strings
 The night-wind flings
 Ethereal sounds, which fill the air
 With treasures rare;
 Thou art Euterpe's self, appealing
 To all the mystic depths of feeling.

REVIEWS, &c.

Aristomenes, a Grecian Tale. With illustrations by E. Corbould. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Tyas.

If our space would allow a long criticism, this work would give us an opportunity of introducing an essay upon works of imagination; the variety in their styles, and their probable effect upon the reader. The foolish love tales with which the press has been so long burdened, still please a certain class of readers, and, as long as the demand exists, authors will be found willing to indulge it. It is, however, pleasing to meet with works which, blending fiction with history, yet adhering so closely to truth as to maintain the leading incidents of the tale in accordance with historic accuracy, present to our view the habits and opinions of past ages. Such works, when executed with a master's hand, and with a regard to moral feelings of the highest order, must be appreciated by all classes of readers.

Aristomenes is a tale of this kind, and must be read with interest. The story is well sustained throughout, and the characters are sketched with boldness. The hero is an undaunted patriot and warrior, possessing the noblest virtues of a heathen; the heroine, Nausicaa, is a delightful picture of woman in her sweetest and noblest moods—a creature to be loved and admired.

The book is one which must find its way into the hands of all who delight in the play of a chastened imagination. It has, however, faults, like all other human compositions, and, among the greatest, we may mention, that the scenes are too rapid and various. The author is peculiarly happy in his descriptions, one of which we will extract as a specimen of the work.

It was about mid-day when Aristomenes and his attendant launched their boat upon the gulf. The sky was unclouded, the waters gently laved the sandy beach, and all creatures seemed to

be exhausted by the heat of a vertical sun. Gorgus, who had never before seen the ocean, felt an intense delight as the little bark gently pressed her way through the opening water. It was such a feeling, as when we dream that by a thought we can transport ourselves through the air, and, without exertion, direct our motion as we will. First, he admired the broad and fathomless waters, then he observed its finny tenants sailing in playfulness, or searching for food through the pathless element; then he gazed on the resplendent surface, till his eye ached with the intensity of the glare; but that which most delighted him, was the easy motion of the bark in which he was floating over, as it appeared to him, an ocean of delight. After continuing for some time to follow the Messenian coast, Aristomenes turned the boat's head towards the opposite shore. The sun had far descended from his proud altitude, and the softer shades of evening were just becoming visible, throwing a garb of exquisite beauty over the always lovely scene. A gentle breeze sprung up, and the surface of the water was slightly ruffled, giving the boat an undulatory motion. Dashing the water from its sides, it proudly threw itself over the waves, and Gorgus was still more delighted than when it was merely floated along by the current, and the sun was pouring upon the waters a flood of his scorching rays. The sun at last sunk to rest, and the full-orbed moon, with her attendant stars, started from their spheres to lighten the scene, which was now more magical than any the youth had before beheld. Far beneath the waves other stars and another moon seemed to shine, and with such brilliancy, he felt as if he were between two heavens, and could not tell which was the fairer. But a dark cloud arose, and expanding as it ascended the steep ethereal, at last nearly covered the heavens, hiding the bright orbs, and extinguishing the glories of the heaven beneath. The wind rose, and in wild gushes swept over the ocean, ploughing up the waves, and tossing the little bark upwards and downwards, threatening to overwhelm it. Then the bright flash darted from the thick and threatening cloud, and the deep roll of the thunder burst on the ear. The sight was terrific, and almost banished from the mind of the youth the scenes of beauty he had before witnessed. But the clouds were soon dispersed, and the boat at last entered Eurotas. For some distance up this river Aristomenes continued the voyage, though his progress was considerably impeded by the tall reeds with which it abounds, and which the Spartans were accustomed to use for their arrows. As the boat glided along, the swans, startled from the islands on which they brooded, plunged into the water, and with a stately motion floated over the surface."

Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, by a Member of the Church of England. London, Low, Lamb's Conduit-street, 12mo. pp. 59.

On first taking up this little manual, we thought of dismissing it in a single sentence, but never were we more agreeably surprised than by an examination of its contents. To specify the heads would be almost to enumerate the matter of every page, for so far has the art of condensation been carried, that it is impossible to state what the book contains without doing so. It appears to have been compiled by a lady, and is equally creditable to her piety, her knowledge, her devotion, and her experience. The chief object she has had in view, was in the first place to render the Prayer Book familiar in its purpose as well as its details to its numerous readers, and few objects could we think have been more generally or more permanently useful. Persons in communion with the Church of England have hitherto been so accustomed to rely upon the excellence of the formularies of the Establishment, that they have troubled themselves little as to either their origin or use, further than as they were necessary for public service. Their application to private devotion, their assistance as a means of personal advancement in the "beauty of holiness," has been almost altogether overlooked, and we would venture to affirm, that there are very few individuals, even in the better informed circles of society, acquainted with so much as the *history* of the Book of Common Prayer, much less critically and experimentally with its contents. A careful perusal of the above little work will make any one better informed on this matter in an hour, than any other work would in a day. It contains, together with a notice of the subjects of the Collects alphabetically arranged, a detail of the several portions of Scripture used in the Epistles and Gospels, citing every passage. To this is added a list of the Psalms, with their subjects, com-

posers, occasions, and uses. This is followed by the Church Catechism, every sentence of which has the passage of Holy Writ appended, which proves its doctrinal soundness.

We have too few of such books as this. Were there more, we should save an immensity of paper, patience and spirit. We should, perhaps, have less profession, but we should have more principle, less talk, and more truth.

We would earnestly recommend it to our readers, who will find a fund of assistance in it on which they could little calculate.

Questions on the Collects of the Church of England, with a Key containing suitable Answers, and Scripture Proofs for the use of young persons. London, Hatchard, 18mo. pp. 114.

Though all connected with the Church of England, cannot but be acquainted with the brief but comprehensive prayers termed Collects, called so because "they embody in the form of a petition the sentiments *collected* out of the Epistle and Gospel," few are acquainted with their origin, their authors, or the scriptural authority on which they are compiled. They were composed or arranged by Gregory the Great, Gelasius, and St. Ambrose, all men distinguished in the church—the first especially for his intellectual power, the second for his wisdom and learning, and the third for his devotion and zeal. Most of these prayers have been in use in the Western Church for above a thousand years, and all are very old. The purpose of this little book is to make young people acquainted with their meaning, and with the texts of Scripture which they illustrate. This is done by ques-

tions appended to every collect, the last of which enquires, what text of Scripture is illustrated. We give an instance selected at random. It is the collect for the fifth Sunday after Easter.

“ Oh Lord, from whom all good things do come, grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

QUESTIONS ON THE COLLECT.

1. What proceeds from God ?
2. What is the character here given of God's people ?
3. By what are we led to think the things that be good ?
4. What is inspiration ?
5. By what are we led to perform these good things ?
6. Through whom are we enabled to do them ?
7. What texts are here illustrated ?

Answer, James i. 17. Phil. iv. 13.

As a commentary on the above, we give the texts cited to show their degree of applicability.

“ Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.”

And again,

“ I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.”

We can cordially recommend this little book as well adapted either for private tuition or scholastic instruction.

The Flowers of Hope. By W. J. Brock. London, J. Paul, 18mo. pp. 71.

A little volume, neatly got up. There is a good deal of pleasing thought about it, though we cannot say much for our author's poetical abilities. Their motive is at

least creditable, and here and there a passage occurs worth transcription. We have selected one of the best in the book as a sample of its contents.

Oh Bethlehem ! at thy hallowed name
What pleasing thoughts arise,
Swift as the blazing meteors gleam
Along the vaulted skies :
Of thee the holy prophets sung
In sweetest melody ;
The harp of Judah, yet unstrung,
Awoke to worship thee.

The patriarchal saint of yore
Beheld thy plains with gloom,
When, in a dark and mournful hour,
He wept o'er Rachel's tomb :
But viewing through his falling tears,
He saw a form arise,
Long through the lapse of untold years,
To travel to the skies.

High o'er thy walls the angel host
Proclaimed good-will to man,
When, lo ! a star in glory burst
O'er mountain, hill, and plain.
Directed by that stranger-star,
The eastern magi came,
Presenting frankincense and myrrh,
They bow'd at Jesus' name.

Oh 'twas a scene of joy—a night
By various ties endear'd,
When the eternal Prince of Light
In human form appear'd ;
When the breeze blew soft o'er Bethlehem,
And the star its progress staid,
As if to light by its glittering beam
The place where HE was laid.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES. No. II.

THE INHABITANTS.

IN a place like London, where so many transactions of the utmost importance are daily taking place, it is natural that there should be a great influx of population, and many residents who are not permanent abiders. Being the metropolis of the country and the seat of royalty, the aristocracy and wealthy gentry of the country are frequently drawn hither, and being the seat of government, many of them are compelled, for a portion at least of every year, to take up their abode. From its magnitude, and the immense number of objects of interest or beauty, or of philosophical value, as well as for the reasons just adduced, many are attracted by curiosity or the desire of intellectual improvement; and as it is the centre of all business operations, and the first trading port in the world, an enormous amount of the commerce of the country is of course transacted here, bringing a multitude of individuals, not only from all parts of the country but from all parts of the world, to seek those things which are required by the fancy or necessity of their several customers. Added to this, the opportunities for exertion and advancement being more numerous and various than elsewhere, not a few are attracted and retained here in search of employment.

Through these several causes a much greater population is invariably present in London than in fact belongs to it. The extent of this increase is different at the several seasons, but we think we shall not far err from the truth in stating it to be from two to three hundred thousand individuals. Thus the inhabitants of London may be especially divided into the three classes of permanent, occasional, and temporary residents; and it is necessary to look upon them under these three denominations, because their modes of living, their pursuits, and the places in which they are to be found, are so dissimilar, that they cannot without confusion be considered together.

London is peculiarly a sphere for exertion. Idleness has no place within its domain, and physical or mental labour is an indispensable adjunct to its precincts. To those who may presume on this representation, that the inhabitants of the metropolis are inferior to many who take their grade in different parts of the country, we would commend a notice of the enormous wealth every day strewn in the windows of the shops of those innumerable streets which extend in uninterrupted lines for miles; to those almost countless dwellings of comfortable, of respectable, genteel, and noble appearance, which constitute the streets and squares, that form the more quiet though not retired parts of the north, the south, and the west end of the town, and which require the units of tens of thousands to number them. We would refer them to those fabrics of costly manufacture, to those articles exhibiting exquisite skill in their construction, to those numberless combinations requiring the exercise of profound thought to plan, ceaseless energy to carry out, and an union of the powers of mind and body to effect, which is no where else to be met with, and which produce results alike astonishing and immense. We would point to the pouring forth of spirit evidenced in the array of literary talent and deep learning that has raised our periodical literature—yea, even those evanescent vehicles of the soul, the daily papers, things taken up to be forgotten the next hour—to such a height, that none but genius, and that of a noble order, can possibly with any chance of success be engaged in its conduct. We would but hint at the far-searching extent, and the indefatigable exertions of those labours, and the reach of mind, and the value of thought which has rendered the higher class of professional practitioners in the learned faculties, the admiration of all similarly engaged in every country of the world. We would point to those splendid efforts of art, the united results of mental power and manual skill, which embellish, enrich, and dignify the mansions of the nobility and gentry of the land.

If there be one thing that more than another would strike an observant stranger during his intercourse in London, it would be the circumstance, that, go where he might, a superfluity of ability would meet him. Generally a mixture with society produces an impression that men of superior talent are the exceptions to the rule of average mind, but such is not the case in the metropolis. Indeed we may truly say, that the converse of the position will most decidedly hold. Not that the inhabitants of this receptacle of restless and ambitious spirits are individually, or even generally, distinguished for that sort of superiority which is obtained by book-learning; probably, with the exception of the more educated classes, the contrary is the case; but we will venture to assert that few persons will be met with who have long been resident in the metropolis, but will evidence a more perfect acquaintance with their particular calling or profession, and a higher ingenuity than is elsewhere generally met with, in either obviating the obstacles which present themselves in the course of its prosecution, or a greater earnestness, perseverance, and skill, in following it in its ordinary course, and a more general acquaintance with men and things, a greater facility in penetrating into character, and turning the knowledge thereby acquired to account.

Those whose abilities and connections have placed them in a position to mix with the higher circles of metropolitan society, and who practise in the leading grades of law, medicine, and the fine arts, have evinced an eminence of mental power, which has decidedly placed them in the very highest range of the aristocracy of mind. Nor are these alone peculiarly gifted; nor is the possession of high intellectual attainment confined to the principals of commercial establishments. The very nature of business in this busy resort of commerce is such that none but those whose energy was commensurate with the activity of its movements, and whose capacity was equal in amount, and sufficient in effect, to apprehend and carry out its

details with the necessary correctness and rapidity, could attain to or be retained in important positions, and there is consequently among those who fill the subordinate offices of metropolitan establishments an immensity of talent known only to those whose immediate contiguity gives them an opportunity of observing it. To those, therefore, who have had an opportunity of perceiving this substratum of ability, it appears by no means wonderful that so many instances have occurred of men rising from obscurity to official and dignified stations who have had nothing to depend upon, humanly speaking, but the internal spring of unassisted mind. A shrewd observer, indeed, of the world, has observed, that most of the great fortunes which have been accumulated in London have been reared on borrowed capital. Certainly, there are instances sufficiently striking to impress us fully with the conviction, that Bacon's apothegm, that "knowledge is power," holds as truly in business as in every other department of human interest. A more noted example could not have been given than that furnished by the celebrated house of Baring Brothers, one of whom now fills a highly respected position in the aristocracy of the country, and the son of the other is one of the most influential of our baronets. The founders of this, perhaps the most eminent mercantile house in the world, were two fortuneless but respectable young men, natives of Exeter, who on entering into commercial life were so far assisted as to be forwarded in their worldly career by the friendship of an uncle, who held such a position in America as secured, through the friendship of Franklin and Jefferson, the agency of the United States to his nephews. This no doubt was of material service to them, but their success must have been chiefly owing to the qualities they evinced. The house is now believed to realise more than one hundred thousand pounds a year by mercantile transactions. It is said, and we believe on good authority, that, during the late crisis, as much as £700,000 was in one day ad-

vanted for the use of the concern by one of the firm. Another instance may be adduced in the declaration of a sheriff of late years, who affirmed at a public dinner, while filling one of the chief offices of the city, that he received the whole of his scholastic education at a Sunday school, and entered London with only half a crown in his pocket.

Thirty or forty years ago, a joint haberdashery and millinery shop was kept, in Fore Street, in the City, by a respectable and industrious couple of the name of Todd. Business thrived and their energy increased. Their customers were pleased, and required a more extensive assortment and a larger stock of goods to satisfy their demands. From retail the shopkeepers became at length wholesale dealers; and the insignificant concern of a little draper has developed itself into gigantic dealings, and under the present appellation of James Morrison and Co., is known, not throughout England and Ireland alone, but through the continent and the world, as one of the most enormous establishments in existence.

Another instance, the details of which will probably be recognised by many engaged in the leading commercial houses, affords a striking proof how mind and integrity serve in the place of position and capital. The friends of a youth who were engaged in a small way of business in a country town a few miles from London, succeeded after some effort in placing him as a boy for general use, when about the age of fourteen or fifteen, in a house of considerable importance in the city. From less to more he was advanced in the course of some years servitude to a post of interest and responsibility; and at length promoted to a still higher grade, where opportunity was afforded for the display of the really excellent ability which he possessed, rendered still more valuable as it was by the acquisition of much experience during his six or seven years service. In this great mart of valuables of all kinds, there is a ceaseless struggle going on for ascendancy and wealth, in which the competitors are ever striving to surpass each

other, and in the contest display a wonderful aptitude at discovering the means by which their views can be promoted. Among them the most prominent, and effective, of course, is the superior ability of instruments by which the business is to be conducted. The reputation of the party of whom we have just spoken had, as is commonly the case in London, been widely and quickly spread, and many did not hesitate to ascribe much of the prosperity of the house in which he was engaged to his ability and zeal.

From the remuneration of a mere boy, useful for little else than to carry parcels, he had by the time he was nineteen, been advanced to the salary of a hundred pounds per annum, which two years later was increased to five hundred, and again within a very few years that was made eight hundred. This, it might have been supposed, was a very handsome attainment for a youth originally without a sixpence of his own, and such as one of far higher pretension might have been well content with. But his good fortune did not end here. Shortly after the period to which we have last referred, the advanced assistant stepped one morning into the counting house and requested a few moments conversation with the elder of the two brothers who were the principals of the house; a request with which the gentleman addressed readily complied.

"Certainly, Mr. W——," was the answer immediately given; and closing the door, he drew a couple of chairs to the fire, and continued, "Certainly, Mr. W——, upon what subject did you wish to speak?"

"Why, Sir, I trust, in what I am about to say, that you will not suppose I am at all forgetful of the benefits which I have experienced in consequence of my being in your establishment."

"Certainly not, certainly not," rejoined Mr. L., "we are satisfied, perfectly so, of the feelings by which you have ever been actuated during the years you have been with us, and I trust neither my brother nor myself have shown that we are insensible of the value of your services."

"On the contrary, it is the way in which those services

have been acknowledged which renders me diffident in speaking on the present occasion ; but you are aware that we are all bound to look to our own interest."

"Undoubtedly we are," returned his principal. "Do you think your salary insufficient?"

"I am not inclined to find fault with it, but I have had a better offer, which however I would rather reject than accept." Then with a little effort Mr. W. continued: "The offer I speak of is of such a nature as to induce me to ask whether you, Gentlemen, are inclined to give me any portion of your concern?"

Mr. L. moved about upon his chair, took up the poker, laid it down again, considered how many tens of thousands were engaged in that concern, reflected upon the ability, and generously too, upon the benefit his house had enjoyed from Mr. W.'s exertions, and at last frankly acknowledged them, but took time to consult with his brother before he decided upon such an important topic. A fortnight was agreed upon as the period for consideration.

At the end of that fortnight Mr. W. again presented himself before his excellent and noble spirited principal, and after the friendly accost of the morning, enquired—

"Have you consulted upon the subject of our conversation?"

"Yes, we have Mr. W., and we have decided that it is out of our power to take you into partnership, but I tell you what we have determined. We will give you *two thousand a year*."

"I am obliged for your consideration, Sir," returned Mr. W., much moved, "but that will not suit my purpose, and am compelled to say that within a couple of months I must leave you."

"Deeply do I regret it," said Mr. L., "and sincerely wish you well."

"I thank you, Sir, for this, and all your kindness, and trust the concern will not suffer from my absence. Good morning."

"You are welcome, Mr. W., good morning."

Within two months, Mr. W. was received as the second partner of the first house in his own line in the world : a house whose transactions are said to amount to as much as a million and a half to two millions per annum ; and though perhaps not immediately receiving *two thousand a year*, yet ranking as one of the first merchants of the metropolis, and in the way to receive much more, perhaps ten times more than that amount.

Such are some of the modes in which wealth, station, and very often rank, are achieved in the commercial circles of London ; and such are oftentimes, we may call them, the daring steps by which the ladder of greatness is mounted. It is true that such things may and do occur, but generally we may say in a modified degree, in every department of the mercantile world. Yet comparatively frequent as they are, we cannot but be greatly struck with them when the evidence is brought before us of the superior ability, correct calculation, aptness of thought, and extent of foresight, which must have been displayed before an individual, such as we have here faintly pictured, could have fortune thus poured into his hands, and before he could be received as a worthy and participant adjunct in affairs of so much importance as must be carried on every twelve months in houses of the character to which we have referred.

Instances equally striking, and much more interesting, might be adduced from other walks in life, did our limits permit ; for London is the grand arena on which eminent talent, if accompanied by integrity and moral worth—and if unaided by those indispensable guarantees of its utility, no where will it be sooner disregarded or more commonly despised—will most certainly, though that reward may for a time be deferred, reap its reward of profit and renown.

The details of the progress of many of our first rate artists and professional men, would furnish scenes of pathetic and exciting interest equal to the most highly wrought passages of romance, but we must for the present defer these ; opportunities enough will occur in the course

of these sketches, when treating of particular localities, to bring them forward for the edification, and, we hope, for the amusement of our readers. In the meantime we must be content with a bare enumeration and classification of the inhabitants of this great city, in order that we may not be detained longer than we can possibly avoid from our practical descriptions of London life.

Whether it has arisen from the early division of the people into clans or tribes, or from their separation into trades or guilds, for the purposes of mutual assistance in their operations of handicraft, of mutual defence in times when the sword too often wrote the law in the desolations of illegal rapine, or of mutual support in the sustenance and attainment of political rights, might, perhaps, be difficult to tell, but certain it is, that in all great communities, we find men clustering together in brotherhoods or callings. Followers of certain trades or professions are found living chiefly in the immediate neighbourhood of each other. In London this is especially the case, and the business of the place could hardly have been carried on to its present extent had any other arrangement prevailed. Throughout the large squares, and the principal streets leading out of them at the west end of the town, the sites are occupied by the mansions and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry of the land; the majority of which are partially or entirely closed during the autumnal and winter months of the year. Here and there the residence of a first rate merchant, who has no place in the country, may be met with among them, but they are few and far between. The smaller streets, and the leading street thoroughfares surrounding them, such as Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and almost the whole of Pall Mall, are inhabited by those whose business it is to minister to the wants of their wealthier neighbours, and in them are consequently found the most splendidly decorated and most magnificently furnished shops, or rather we should say repositories of all that is luxurious, elegant, and refined; and it is through the fre-

quent visits of the higher classes to London, and the extent and variety of these stores, that every part of even the remote and retired districts of the country are quickly made acquainted and filled with the most recherché productions of modern art. Who can tell how influential such a means may be in the diffusion of civilizing and elevating ideas among the rude and uncultivated inhabitants of remote districts !

In this portion of the Metropolis the most fashionable hotels are to be met with. Places which are furnished with the costliness and variety of a nobleman's mansion, and which often serve for the sojourn of such members of the *Haut-ton* as do not keep up Town establishments of their own. Mivart's and Coulson's are in Brook Street leading from Bond Street to Grosvenor Square. The equally fashionable and perhaps more expensive "Clarendon" is in Bond Street; Long's is in the same fashionable promenade. "The Albany" is in Piccadilly; and numbers of others, of almost equal note, are thickly scattered about in the same quarter. Some of the leading artists, painters and sculptors, whose names and works are known throughout the regions of modern refinement, are domiciled in several of the more quiet, though not less respectable streets, of the neighbourhood, though the greatest portion of them have the good sense to choose a more distant but more salubrious portion of modern Babylon, and are to be frequently met with in Pimlico, and the northern streets above Oxford Street, and Kensington, but especially in the last. The same places may be assigned as the residence of many men who have adopted literature as a profession, and whose works have been very greatly instrumental in procuring the intellectual position by which this country is distinguished.

Bedford Square, Russell Square, Euston, Tavistock, Woburn and Brunswick Squares, and the streets adjoining to them, especially the two first, have been selected for the residence of a great number of the principal individuals in

the legal and medical professions; some of the most eminent physicians and barristers being found in that neighbourhood. Bedford Row has long been noted for the offices of first-rate solicitors which it contains. Gray's Inn and its precincts are similarly inhabited.

Paternoster Row, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, and their neighbourhoods, have, from the very introduction of the art of printing, been particularly marked for the number of booksellers, publishers, and printers who are to be found there. In the neighbourhood of the second, Wynkyn de Worde established his office very shortly after Caxton had made the principle known in England.

The long lines of streets including Oxford Street, Holborn, the Strand, &c., extending from Hyde Park to Aldgate, contain that immense number of shops to which private purchasers resort from every part of the civilized world.

Cheapside especially, and the streets leading at right angles to it, are chiefly occupied by the agents of the large cotton and silk manufacturers, whose mechanical operations are carried on at hundreds of miles from the metropolis, and who are many of them in the possession of concerns, comprising an extent, and employing a number of individuals, equal to the population of towns.

Lombard Street is literally filled with bankers, who are daily employed in the transference of wealth of almost untold amount; the street in which their establishments are found being the centre of an area of about a quarter of a mile in diameter, undoubtedly the richest in the world, and including within its range the enormous concern of the Bank of England, where generally so many as upwards of eleven hundred clerks are employed.

Cornhill is noted for its shops of silversmiths, watch and chronometer dealers, and jewellers; while Broad Street and its district, situated a little behind, is now exclusively devoted to the offices of merchants, who there, in their counting houses, with a stroke of the pen, complete

transactions which have fortunes for their amounts and property in the Indies, or in settlements almost equally distant, for their objects.

Fenchurch Street, and the streets leading from it to the water side, are chiefly occupied by houses who deal largely in tea, sugars, spices, and grocery, while Upper Thames Street partakes much of the same character, though that street as well as Lower Thames Street are more engaged in general merchandize. In the latter the Custom House is situated.

High Street, Southwark, commonly called the Borough, is almost exclusively the mart for an article of great commercial dealing, hops; and in its neighbourhood there is also a great market for hay.

Down the River Thames on both sides, throughout an extent of several miles, the banks are lined with wharfs and warehouses for merchandize, of a rough, but hardly less valuable kind. Beyond, on every side, extending far into the country, lie the suburban dependencies, each comprising a population equal to the masses who inhabit first-rate towns; while again, around, clustered in every direction, and studding the variable ground which rises and swells around this mighty metropolis stand the villas of the merchants, bankers, manufacturers and tradesmen, exhibiting almost every style of architecture, and replete with every thing that can conduce to comfort, luxury, and elegance.

Thus have we given fully as our necessarily confined limits would allow a summary of the inhabitants of this, the first city of the world, and a slight reference to their characters, interests, and pursuits. We had hoped to have included within the present paper an account of the modes of living of at least some portion, but it has already far exceeded the prescribed range, and we are reluctantly compelled to defer that portion of our subject to the next number.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.—A SKETCH.

"And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone."—ROGERS.

ONE of the greatest drawbacks to living in a healthy country village near a populous town is, meeting so very often with the pale and worn-out sufferer in our frequent rambles. And yet, too, it is sometimes beneficial in calling us from this beautiful world and its attractions, to reflect how soon, by the power of One of whom we too seldom think of, we may become as low and as feeble. With these beings passing away before our eyes ought we not to be humble!

The village of Mornside and its beautiful surrounding country, situated in a valley, and sheltered from all noxious winds, seemed a second Montpellier; but, alas! it is too frequently only a last resource. The anxious and alarmed friends hasten with the energy of a dying hope to take lodgings in our village. Our cottage, though not immediately in Mornside, is yet so near as to give us many opportunities both of seeing and becoming acquainted with these invalids. The first whom I happened to know was Helen Arnay, a young lady about eighteen. Her parents had taken apartments in Mornside. She was in the last stage of a deep decline, that self-deceiving disease which buoys up with hope one day, and the next sinks its victim in the deepest despair. Many a time on one of her brighter days would she, leaning on the arm of her affectionate sister, Maria, saunter forth among the beautiful fields, and not unfrequently come to visit us, and rest from her short, but, to her, fatiguing walk.

The summer passed on, and I am almost sure she had not an idea that her illness would terminate so fatally. Towards the end of autumn she returned to town, no better, and as I happened to be on a visit in England, I did not hear much of her during the winter, excepting that she was gradually fading away. On my return I hastened

to Mornside, when one of my first enquiries was after the fair invalid. Though almost obtrusive in the intensity of interest which we severally entertained for her, not one amongst us could repress his feelings, for there was about Helen an airiness, grace, and lightness of deportment, that, even in the fading of her beauty, rendered her most fascinatingly attractive. Her health had caused the roses on her cheeks to fade, and the almost uninterrupted, though not melancholy depression of spirits which almost invariably accompanies the decay, and precedes the dissolution, of the holy, and the good, was evinced in her in the mildest gentleness. Her figure was attenuated by illness, but never lost its roundness or symmetry, and when in the clear calm evenings of that July, she might be seen supported by her mother and brother across the little green that lay before the cottage where she dwelt, calmly contemplating the glories of the setting sun, the beauteous depiction of her sweet and softened spirit was shed over her glowing and lovely countenance. Her light brown hair was braided across her ivory brow, through which the pellucid veins wandered in slightly tinged and azure streaks, which served to render whiter by their contrast the alabaster forehead through which they strayed. Her countenance had assumed a beautiful oval instead of the cheerful round by which it had been distinguished, and the half defined colouring of faded carnation, by which her cheeks were tinged, only just showed what the brightness of its glow had been. Her slightly sunken eye almost more than her sweetly moulded lips, as they curved in an involuntary smile, answered the greetings of the attached and respectful villagers as they passed her from their daily toil, and touched their hats and courteseyed their duty, as they called it, to Helen and her friends, while their flitting shadows hastened across the golden sward.

But the fresh and fragrant air that breathed upon her face brought not health upon the breeze. The summer declined not so fast as sunk her gentle frame, and soon her

graceful form was only seen occasionally at the door. Then the village gossips said that poor Miss Helen could not long survive, and to the repeated enquiries of the members of our circle, the answer given was only a sigh and a shaking of the head.

I was wandering later than usual one evening towards the end of August, when the sun had set, and the gathering clouds were accumulating in stormy masses in the sky, while the wind in fitful sighs gave notice of approaching autumn. I had just made a fruitless enquiry after the lady at the cottage, of a rustic, who was passing over the style near which I stood, when a little object flitting in the air attracted my attention, and after careering for a few minutes, fell nearly at my feet. It was a yellow leaf, the first sad precursor of the desolation of vegetable death. Hardly had I thought a moment on the circumstance so strangely analagous to my meditations, when a single and a solemn toll of the village bell from the spire in the vale below, and then another, and another, gave a melancholy foreboding. I looked, and the drear and dying light sufficed to show me the cottage blinds were down. Heaven had taken its own.

Next spring I returned to Mornside, and Helen's friends living in the neighbouring town, I went soon to see them, and she was spoken of with a melancholy but yet resigned feeling. Her character was peculiarly feminine, and she delighted in all those employments and amusements which so especially belong to her sex. Her brothers and sisters have some beautiful specimens of her flowers, which they treasure as mementoes of their departed sister. I have now before me a delicate leaf of a jessamine plant, cut in paper, which is the only *material* remembrance I have of her, though she can never fade from my recollection. During another visit Maria informed me that her father and brothers were intending to set out for America, for the purpose of purchasing a small farm and cultivating it, and that the rest of the family were to follow when they

had got partly settled. The succeeding winter they received many letters from America, with favourable accounts, and wishing them to come out during the summer. Time flew on, and I had to bid adieu to the last of this family. Before they left Scotland they came to Mornside to see for the last time the cottage where Helen had spent the summer preceding her death, and to indulge their melancholy reminiscences. And though now far in a distant land ; though, perchance, hardships and adversity may coldly fall upon hem, there will still be a bright spark in their hearts when they think of their angel sister.

STANZAS.

“ We all do fade as a leaf.”

How beautiful the buds of spring,
Folded on the bush and tree ;
Even as yon fair and helpless thing,
That clasps its mother's knee !
How beautiful when young leaves swarm
By thousands, bursting bright ;
How beautiful the youthful form,
Bounding in wild delight.
But youth and childhood, oh, how brief !
Man fades as fades a leaf !

All trembling hangs the leaflet frail,
Shook by the lightest breath ;
How soon does childhood's cheek turn pale,
And youth bow down in death.
And droops bright manhood's noble form,
From sickness, care, and woe,
As summer leaves, beneath the storm,
In dust lie scattered low.
Our days how fleeting, vain, and brief !
Man fades as fades the leaf !

Man may escape life's thousand foes,
By youth and beauty blest,
He may in wealth's soft arms repose,
Yet here is not his rest.

Soon, soon, his spring of life will go,
 His summer glory fly,
 And autumn mark his furrow'd brow,
 And wintry death draw nigh.
 Our days how fleeting, vain, and brief!
 Man fades as fades a leaf!

The leaves that fade, and trembling fall,
 Never again shall bloom;
 But man shall hear the trumpet-call,
 And quit the silent tomb.
 Forth from their graves that blast shall bring
 A startling multitude,
 Unnumber'd as the leaves of spring,
 With endless life endued.
 Saved through His blood, who died for men,
 And washed from every guilty stain,
 To dwell where comes not sin or grief—
 Where man fades not as fades the leaf!

FLOWERS.

"I wove a wreath of rosy flowers,
 Whose blushing heads with dew drops crown'd
 Seemed but to cheer life's lonely hours;
 To shade young love's and beauty's bowers,
 And shed their sweetest fragrance round."

THERE is perhaps no country under the sun in which flowers have not been raised to a high imaginary estimation, either as tokens of affection, symbols of victory, or as emblems of peace. Flowers have been, and are still badges of Nations; the Rose of England; the Lily of France; the Thistle of Scotland; and the Shamrock, or Trefoil of Ireland. The Emperor of China, amongst other titles, is saluted as "The Rose of Delight."

In the village of Picardy, called Salency, there exists at the present day (or did till within a few years past) a Festival, which is said to have been founded by St. Medard, in the fifteenth century. It is called the "Festival of the Rose," and consists of a solemn trial before appointed judges; the candidates are maidens of the village, and she whose character and conduct during the past year is proved

to have been the most discreet, kind, simple, and religious, is rewarded with a crown of roses, and a wedding dower of 120 livres. These crowns are sacredly preserved by the fortunate possessors, and in after years are shown to their children, to create and encourage a spirit of emulation.

There is a Comedy, written by Madame de Genlis, founded upon this ceremony, and entitled "The Queen of the Rose of Salency."

STANZAS.

My light of life is waning,
 Its beauty's in decay,
 The tie to earth is straining,
 Affection ebbs away.

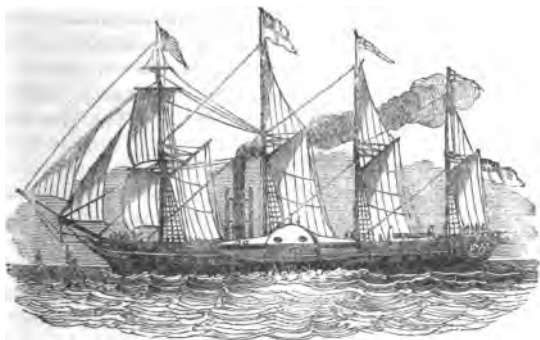
The bright blue vault of heaven,
 With stars of brighter light,
 Shines calmly forth at even,
 But ends in darker night.

The brilliancy of morning,
 The day-spring from on high,
 All nature's face adorning,
 But speaks that storms are nigh.

The caroling orison
 Of day-light's sweetest song,
 Best, to sightless ether risen,
 The breeze is borne along.

Hope that, in love, has lighted
 Our path in early time,
 Most bitterly is blighted
 When manhood's reached its prime.

Then let earth's trifles hasten
 Their progress to decay;
 Life's dreariness begins when
 Affection ebbs away.



THE GREAT WESTERN.

STEAM seems to be the grand power by which the ends of the earth are to be brought into close connection. Almost every year some new enterprise is undertaken by its agency, and, with few exceptions, with a successful result. Within a very short period our island will be completely intersected by railways—the gallant steamer whose portrait decorates the page has, by repeated trips, actually reduced the distance between England and New York nearly three-fourths, performing a voyage in twelve days which erewhile occupied forty. Not long, we trust, will it be before the experiment is made to India—who can doubt its success? for though originating in man's ambition, and with a view to personal aggrandizement and the accumulation of wealth, we do firmly believe that this mode of speedy communication will, under Providence, greatly facilitate the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and hasten that longed-for period, when “the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!”

Our present object, however, must be to confine ourselves to an account of the Great Western Steam Ship, which is the property of a new company at Bristol, where she was built, but was sent to London to be fitted up. She is two hundred and thirty-six feet in length, fifty-eight and a half in breadth, and her registered tonnage is 1340. She is very firmly built, and has stowage room for eight hundred tons of coal, or of coal and cargo combined, besides room for provisions and three hundred people. In addition to this there is sufficient space for the officers and crew, consisting of about sixty individuals. There are state rooms for 128 first-class passengers, and 20 good secondary berths, and, should it be found desirable to give up cargo room, 100 more persons might be accommodated.

The saloon is most gorgeously fitted up. It is 75 feet long and 21 broad, independent of the recesses on either side, where it is 34 feet broad, and 9 feet high clear of the beam.

The remaining description of the internal fittings up we copy from the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*:—

“The small cabins on each side, and communicating with the saloon, each contain two sleeping berths, so arranged that in the day time they may be turned up against the side of the vessel, and conceal the bedding, thereby forming a small sitting-room, seven feet by eight feet. At the end of the state cabin is the ladies' saloon, which is very tastefully fitted up by the upholsterer, and on the opposite side is the steward's room, containing every convenience to render this important department (to the passenger) complete. It is furnished with a supply of salt and fresh water, and one of Stirling's filterers. The arrangement of the bells is deserving of notice. In the steward's room, standing on a shelf, are two small mahogany boxes, about one foot long, and eight inches square, each containing a bell, communicating by means

of wires to every berth, cabin, and other department of the vessel. When the attendance of the steward is required, the passenger pulls the bell rope in his berth, which rings the bell in the small box, and at the same time, by means of a small lever, forces up, through a slit in the lid, a small tin label, about two inches by one inch, with the number of the room painted on it requiring the services of the steward, and there remains until the steward has ascertained the number of the room and pushed it down again. Thus, instead of having an interminable number of bells, one for every department, there are only two. This arrangement, which is alike ingenious as it is useful, is deserving the notice of architects. We understand it is the invention of a person residing at Greenock. Between the steward's room and the ladies' cabin, in the midship, is a spacious staircase, with handsome ornamental railing bronzed and gilded, the wood work painted in imitation of pollard oak."

THE FINE ARTS.

NOTHING can more excite the pleasurable surprise and admiration of a reflective mind, at the goodness of the beneficent Ruler of the universe, than the wonderful wisdom wherewith he has controlled the several faculties of his creatures and superinduced them to their benefit. Were it not indeed for the lamentable and desperate corruption, to which by his fall from original purity man has become heir, the natural exercise of his powers must in the course of time have brought him into that liberty of godliness which by his present perversity of wickedness he is prevented from enjoying. Around him, on earth, in sea, and sky, are strewn objects of the most witching and perfect beauty. Gracefulness of form and sweetness and variety and intensity of colouring are lavished on every side; and if he looks into his own nature, or only observes the counte-

nances of his fellows, he finds another and a wider empire for his thoughts to revel in. Boundless as are the themes for contemplation and the causes of delight in the physical creation, the store is still wider, infinitely enlarged in the moral world. Ample as the imagination can conceive, far as idea can shoot, is the reach of human enjoyment—no limit does it know until it reach that depth of the immense profound in matter as well as in mind, which we indicate by the vague and incomprehensible designation of *infinitude*—a term as far beyond the grasp of human power as that which it represents.

To render the enjoyment of this empire more complete and constant, the mind of man is peculiarly adapted to observe, to grasp at, and to acquire a property in these several elements of delight. To secure a *de facto* property in them, except to a very confined extent, is of course impossible, and the endeavour to attain such a property only, is ever the work and indication of a little spirit and of a little mind. To secure any enlarged possession, in property, the attainment must be of a common character, or that in which many can partake—a property which, while it as a thing, a substance, belongs to one, is in reality, and morally, the possession of all. The former propensity is evidenced in the pursuit of wealth—the latter of knowledge; and the reason why the former is despicable, and the latter estimable is, that the first has for its object *selfish* enjoyment, and the last is, from necessity, generous in its motive, and whether intended or not, must have a reference to the common advantage. Hence, pursuits of this character, are deemed liberal, and consequently so esteemed among men; and of these, those which minister to imaginative delight are especially regarded, for no great effort of art was ever accomplished without becoming a source of interest and enjoyment to multitudes. More than this, from calling out the higher faculties, and exercising the nobler portion of our nature, they are considered and called the *Fine Arts*.

There is in human nature a propensity to acquire. It is implanted in us at the moment of birth, or at what other period the soul is united to the body. It is common, it is universal; and wherever rightly developed, it leads us on to its ultimate object, the attainment of that peace which passeth all understanding. It induces us to desire the possession of that which is beautiful, valuable, interesting, or strange. This can only be accomplished in three ways,—by description, or in words; by representation, or in colours; or by figuration, or modelled substance; and hence we have the sister arts of *Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture*. The restless activity of the mind induces us to invest every thing we see or conceive with real or supposed attributes. Indeed, it is impossible for us to imagine any thing like *perfect unity* or one thing alone; and hence the innumerable concomitants which art has assiduously and ably brought in to aid its effects.

With poetry or description we have little to do. Though accounted an art, and though a certain degree of mental effort, similar in its process to physical manipulation, be necessary to shape the rough idea, and express it with beauty, perspicuity or strength, yet is it not *art* properly so called. This latter term implies the use of the physical powers, the hands more especially, nay almost entirely, for at least such is the impression the word has ever conveyed to our mind, just as in painting, the fingers are necessary to the use of the pencil, and the hand to that of the brush—and without the exercise of these two instruments there could be no painting. The mind it is which conceives the subject, but much manual dexterity is necessary to put it on the canvass—a dexterity requiring years of practice to attain. So in sculpture, the conception of the figure or the group is undoubtedly a mental operation, and very often one of very high order; but a skill is requisite to chisel out the marble to its requisite proportions and size, to mould the limbs, and mark the veins, of nice and rare existence. Nay, indeed, it may be questioned

whether in sculpture manual dexterity be not the more necessary qualification of the two. From daily experience we know that there are very few persons competent to execute the meanest portion of a sculptor's work, though there are thousands and tens of thousands able to conceive far nobler designs, than ninety-nine out of every hundred that have ever been accomplished.

In writing, such is not the case, the most uncouth characters that ever were framed can as well convey the most lofty conceptions of the spirit as those which exhibit perfect symmetry. How many of the noblest efforts of mental power have received a substantial existence in writing, which, except to a practised eye, was altogether unintelligible. Nay, farther than this, how utterly unnecessary was the art of writing at all, to produce the full effect of the thunder of Demosthenes upon the hearts of his hearers, or to render evident the sweetness of that eloquence which fell from the honied lips of Cicero. We think, then, from these considerations, that poetry or description ought to be placed out of the pale of what are called the *Fine Arts*, and take stand on a more elevated site, being solely a power of the mind, without having any manual skill necessary to aid or insure its effects.

Thus then it appears that to the execution of productions of the Fine Arts the powers both of body and mind are necessary. Doubtless the higher the reach of mind displayed in the conception of painting, sculpture, or enamel, the more noble and more valuable are the results; but to the accomplishment of these results the accordance of rare physical powers, and uncommon manual dexterity, are as absolutely requisite as the mental process. The principles by which these conjoined powers are rendered competent to the execution of great tasks are another branch of the subject. Three principles there certainly are, without the use of which the utmost skill and practice would be unavailing, but by the aid of which anything may be accomplished.

ONOMATOLOGY. No. II.

"Well, Daniel," said Guy, "thou hast studied the dictionary to some purpose."—THE DOCTOR.

WHILST some distinguished modern philanthropists have thus generously taken under their charge the "human face divine," and have zealously laboured to impart grace and beauty to the whole exterior aspect, others have turned their benevolent attention to the purification and adjustment of the inner man, and to the preservation of order and harmony in the complex conformation of internal humanity. Here the *Hygeist* comes into admirable and effective operation, and, commencing with the seat and centre of disease, makes the crimson flood flow in brighter currents, and sends health and vigour through all the ramifications of the system. To the accomplishment of this desirable object, Pills *Antibilious*, *Analeptic*, and *Amaranthine*, are furnished by the pharmacopeia of empiricism, and exhibited in abundance by the disinterested discoverers; while the pills of *Hygeian* Morison, that require not "the foreign aid of ornament," but make their glory in the "single R," are supplied, for the benefit of universal man and the correction of universal disease, in rich and free profusion. These panaceas find admirable co-operators in the nostrums for specific maladies—in the applications for local and organical derangements. Hence we are blessed with *Odontalgic* for aching teeth, *Opodeldoc* for aching joints, *Ophthalmic* Ointment for aching eyes, *Cephalic* Snuff for aching heads, and *Anodyne* Cordial for aches of almost every other name. For aching hearts, whether arising from friendship unreturned, or friendship broken—from the proud man's contumely, or the scorn of the world—from the fancied troubles and visionary trials which an active imagination so frequently creates, or from those actual and positive sufferings which occasionally find an entrance into every bosom, and press with sad and bitter reality on

the springs of happiness and of hope, it may be presumed that Science, even in its noblest exercise, has devised nothing more effectual than the great and sovereign remedy furnished, from the commencement of all time, by the *mens conscia recti* and the consolations of Religion. The pangs of unrequited love are *sui generis*, and beyond the reach, not only of empirical profession, but of orthodox skill, whether it come recommended by English pure and undefiled, or disguised in the more imposing garb of Hellenistic antiquity:—

Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !

Whilst the health and organical functions are thus maintained and regulated by potions and lotions of most learned name, vigour, and energy, elegance and beauty are imparted to the corporeal frame—in the rougher sex by *Gymnastic* recreations, not in *all* respects—thanks to march of improvement—conformed to the Grecian prototype, though thus borrowing a Grecian cognomen;—and by the less laborious and more graceful *Calisthenics* for gentler woman. If these exercises fail to create appetite, or to woo and win “kind nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”—thanks to the *Tonics* that would make the Epicure relish the unseasoned black broth of Sparta;—and blessings on the *Hypnologist*, who, without injurious opiates or an appeal to the somniferous influence of Mesmerism, can seal the eyes in slumbers soft and refreshing. More tranquil recreation is afforded to the fair by Mr. Moon’s ingenious *Astronomia*, by the revolving *Thaumatrope*, or the ever-varying *Chromapolygon*: while a taste for music, as well as for novelty, finds, at once, pleasing gratification in the soft *Accordion* or symphonious *Glycybarisano*, charming the heart and fascinating the senses with strains of dulcet sweetness.

In this general and profound system of empirical *Therapeutics*, here cursorily glanced at, even the extremities are not neglected, but receive a reasonable portion of protecting and fostering care from the “Graus matri-

bus ;" for the *Cheiropodist*, with more than Esculapian skill, removes unsightly and painful excrescences from the hands and feet, and *Rheumalexema*, gently relaxing the galling fetters of "Arthritic tyranny,"* puts into walking order every gouty toe. Then, too, we enjoy the advantage of an *Orthopedic* establishment, where, by a novel mode of treatment, the knees are prevented from forming undignified angles or ungraceful curves, and the feet, however deformed originally, rendered models of symmetry and beauty.

Nor even here is the rich fund of modern Græcisms exhausted. Into the familiar designations of many additions to the conveniences and elegancies of life, Greek phraseology extensively enters. Thus the plain goose-quill with which our less ambitious and less aspiring ancestors were so well contented, and to which we are indebted for so many ponderous tomes of vast and varied learning, † is now supplanted and superseded by the *Macrostyle*, *Eutrochostyle*, and *Rhadiographic* Steel Pens ; and the common Black-lead Pencil, by the patent *Styloxynons*—all of which, it would but be fair to presume, would give a new impulse and a fresh momentum, not merely to the pleasing art of *Calligraphy*, but to the rapid evolution of thought and the giant career of mind.

This prevailing taste for Greek terminology it would be easy to illustrate by numerous other examples equally recondite and not less singular, and all as unintelligible

* "Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny consigns ;
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Though rapture sings and beauty shines."

How much real enjoyment of nature was lost, in Johnson's time, for want of *Rheumalexema* !

† What would have been said to *Eutrochostyle* and *Rhadiographic* pens by old Philemon Holland, who, in the grateful fulness of his heart, thus concludes one of his erudite folios :—

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
 Made of a *gray goose quill* ;
 A pen it was when it I took,
 And a pen I leave it still."

to the rural "million" as "heathen Greek" to Prior's Merry Andrew, or as, even to the learned, the mysterious *Aballiboozobanganorribo*, the enigmatical "Doctor." Yet, it cannot but be considered somewhat remarkable, that, whilst there is so general an outcry against "hard names," and "break-jaw words," in the natural sciences, where they are often unavoidable, and sometimes highly useful, there should be so prevalent a disposition to dignify articles intended for familiar, every-day purposes by high-sounding, far-fetched, classical appellations, in preference to a plain, intelligible, common-sense designation in the vernacular tongue.

It would be interesting to inquire how far this Hellenestic mania has to do, either as cause or effect, with the adoption of the more ornate style and inflated phraseology now so generally sanctioned in practice, if not approved in theory, by our most celebrated writers. That it is in some way connected with it, is beyond a question, whether it be by the more general diffusion of learning, or by the inevitable changes occasioned in the current of popular taste by the mutations of circumstances and the progress of events. Yet, it is fervently to be hoped that it will be long before a change so thorough and complete will be effected as shall weaken or destroy our just appreciation of the beautiful specimens of Saxon English, preserved in the authorized translation of the Bible, which has hitherto resisted the rage of innovation, and abounds with examples of the most touching pathos of diction and fascinating simplicity of style.

THE MONTHS.

NOVEMBER.

At length 'tis gone! — The long, low, lingering moan
 Hath slowly died of the dark stormy west.
 Again, throughout the sky, the wind hath grown
 To a dread hurricane. The beetling crest
 Of huge Ben Lomond gleams with shaded light,
 That pierced the clouds; and now 'tis capped with night.

Darkness and tempests settle on his brow ;
 One black domain of mingled storm is there,
 Enveloping each peak, which lost is now
 In mists and vapours, dark, and dim, and drear,
 While threatening curls o'er the wide lake strive
 To emulate the gusts the firmament that rive.

Again the tempest breaks along the strand,
 With force and fury unrestrained driven,
 Impetuous, rushing far, sublime and grand,
 Beneath the rugged face of wintry heaven.
 Awful effort ! — the mightiest and the last
 Of the fierce boding equinoctial blast.

The wind hath passed in mutterings away ;
 Or, sighing soft, reluctantly hath sunk ;
 While drizzling rain enshrouds the closing day,
 As though his fill the king of storms had drunk.
 And one unbroken cloud of gloom is shed
 O'er the low sky — fit shroud for nature dead.

Scarce does the glimmering light uncertain show
 The naked forms of gaunt and leafless trees,
 As in the murk obscure, they wailing throw
 Their arms in answering motion to the breeze ;
 Till heard, not seen, the rayless darkness falls,
 And every horrid shape the thoughtless mind appals.

Again day breaks, but not with joyful light,
 Bringing sweet hopes and happiness in train ;
 No opening sky, with glorious rose tints bright,
 But mist, and fog, and dreariness again.
 And odourless and shadeless, bleak and dim,
 The heavy day drags on, as made for spectres grim.

And if, perchance, the sickly sunshine cast
 A wat'ry splendour o'er fair nature's face,
 It faintly struggles 'gainst the wintry blast,
 And briefly lends a flitting, feeble, grace ;
 Should it then hap, that bland and balmy spring
 O'er earth and sky awhile its sweetness fling,
 'Tis but a messenger of peace upon the wing.

But hath then dark November no release
From storm, and gloom, and murky vapours deep?
No cheering influence, as days decrease,
And nature's children sink to deathful sleep?
Nought to relieve the hastening year's decline?
Nought that from dulness can life's lees refine?

Oh! yes, from storm and tempests roaring loud,
And all the dreariness and rain without;
Far from the busy tumult of the crowd,
The world, its riot, selfishness and rout,
A sweet enduring remedy is given,
Bestowed, on man corrupt, by pitying heaven.

Home! thou dearest, best of earthly joys,
Where every sweet, that free from sin is found,
True heartfelt love, a sweet that never cloy;
Worth more than all beside within earth's bound.
A charm as ceaseless as 'tis pure and free,
Taste alike, and proof, of Gospel liberty.

Yea, earnest then, the spirit turns within,
And finds in converse, round the hearth's bright blaze.
Rest most delightful, where the world's low din
Dares not intrude, but peace the spirits raise,
Just in proportion as the heart can feel
Joys that are sinless, and the tongue reveal.

Yes, close and closer still, as roars abroad
The tempest high, with wild commingling rage,
The circle draws, and tighter still the cord
That ties their heart's affections. On the page
Of life's experience sweetly then is traced,
The line of love which oft hath care effaced.

Hail then, thou dark November! month of storm,
Of Winter's long prospective herald drear,
When every blight that nature fair deforms
Is rife in power. Cheerless, yet most dear,
For homeward led is every heart by thee,
Thou well-spring deep of human sympathy.

DEW.

Who has not seen and admired the beautiful drops of condensed vapour, like well formed globules of crystal, with which vegetation is covered, in early morning, before the sun fully exerts its vaporizing influence? How refreshed and invigorated the delicate flower appears to be by the drops under the weight of which it bows its modest head! How brightly they shine, reflecting the slanting rays of the rising sun! Of all the hours of nature's beauty and enchantment none are more pleasing to her admirers than that of the dewy morn. It is not, however, our province to describe the appearance of the country, when the dew hangs heavily upon waking vegetation, or to express the feelings with which the sight is observed by a mind alive to the varied beauties and terrors of external existence, but to give a philosophical account of the origin of the phenomenon.

For many years philosophers were very undecided as to the origin of dew; some maintained that it rose from the earth, and some that it descended from the clouds. To support these opposite opinions, the advocates on each side, laboured strenuously, and introduced arguments and experiments almost without end to prove themselves right, and their opponents wrong. A feeling of partizanship thus took the place of philosophical enquiry, and never were the disputants so far from the truth as then. Dr. Wells, a man of science and of acute perception, commenced the investigation in a different spirit, and proved that both the contending parties were wrong, and totally ignorant of the cause. It would be interesting to follow the course of investigation, and to urge the importance of inductive reasoning, the value of which was so clearly proved in this instance, but as the space devoted to our enquiries will not allow, we will attempt to explain the result of his experiments with as much simplicity as possible.

The drops of water formed upon plants, trees, and some other things exposed to the atmosphere, are neither thrown

down from the clouds, nor are they produced by the condensation of vapour rising from the earth, but the vapour contained in the atmosphere is condensed upon bodies cooler than the air itself. Still it must have been observed, that dew is not formed upon all substances, nor upon similar things in different situations. The explanation of these circumstances will illustrate the origin of dew under all its conditions.

There are two ways in which a substance may be cooled, or in other words lose a portion of its sensible heat,—by conduction, and by radiation. The conduction of heat is a phenomenon so commonly observed, that it will not be necessary to make many remarks concerning it. When a poker is put into the fire, that part which is exposed to the immediate action of heat, will in a short time become red hot. But this is not the only part which receives an increase of temperature, for the portion most distant from the source of heat will also be hotter than it was previous to its being placed in the fire. This result is occasioned by the property of conduction, which all substances do not alike possess. Hence we are accustomed to say of one body that it is a conductor of heat, and of another that it is a non-conductor.

Another method of communicating heat is by radiation. By radiation is meant the act of throwing off rays. Thus the sun radiates both heat and light, and the same is true of a common coal fire. If we stand at a distance from a fire we feel warmed, but this is not occasioned by the heating of the air by conduction, for if this were the case, we should feel equally hot on every side; but on the other hand, as is well known, we may be scorched on the side nearest to the fire, and frozen on the other.

This principle of radiation enables us at once to explain the phenomenon of dew, connecting, with what has been already said, the fact, that all bodies, whatever may be their temperatures, radiate heat. The clouds radiate heat to the earth, and the earth and every substance on it to the heavens. During the day, that is, the hours when

the sun is above the horizon, the earth receives more heat from the sun than it radiates, and consequently the temperature rises ; but at night, the radiation goes on without an addition of heat from any source, and consequently the temperature falls. Thus it is that the temperature of things upon the surface of the earth becomes lower than that of the atmosphere surrounding them, and the vapour combined with the air is condensed upon them, and forms dew.

There are now two questions which an intelligent reader would propose, and which we must answer : Why is not dew formed every night ? and why is not dew formed on all substances ?

The dew is not produced when the night is cloudy ; it is only under an open and clear atmosphere that it can be formed. When clouds are hanging over the heavens, there is a mutual radiation between them and the earth, a receiving and giving of heat, so that the temperature does not fall sufficiently low to occasion the condensation of vapour. For the same reason dew is not formed under the shelter of a tree, under an open shed, or upon those plants over which a mat or even a cambric handkerchief is thrown.

All substances are not dewed, because they are not all good radiators. Good conductors are bad radiators, and consequently lose their temperatures slowly, and receive no dew. This is especially the case when they are also reflectors. A polished piece of metal will not have on it one particle of dew, although exposed in a field completely covered with moisture.

The formation of dew, therefore, depends on the diminution of temperature by radiation, and there is scarcely an instance which may not be readily explained by a knowledge of the facts we have stated. The importance of dew in the vegetable economy is well known, but there are some countries where no rain falls, and the only moisture received by plants is from this source. A knowledge of the origin of natural phenomena, greatly aids us in an attempt to trace the power, wisdom, and love of the Creator in his works.



FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE Isle of Wight is one of the most lovely spots belonging to the British Empire. In it we meet with every variety of climate, and the air is remarkably healthy. Its mildness in some parts may be said to be proverbial; for no where does the myrtle, or other tender evergreens, flourish with greater luxuriance in the open air than there. The scenery presents an extraordinary diversity of character, and the tourist, at almost every step, has a new and beautiful landscape spread before him. Here, indeed, every species of scenery meets his view—the pastoral, the sylvan, the rocky, and the marine; and full well does it deserve the appellation bestowed upon it, as “the Garden of England.”

Not the least picturesque among the villages of the Isle of Wight is that which stands depicted at the head of this article. Freshwater is about two miles and a-half from Yarmouth, on the western extremity of the island, standing on a peninsula formed by the river Yar, and

joined to the island by a narrow isthmus, at a place called Freshwater-gate. In one of the aisles of the church there is a raised tomb, with the figure of a man in armour on a brass plate. This tomb was opened rather more than half a century ago, and contained the skeleton of a man with the skull placed between his legs. This was supposed to be the remains of some Chief who had suffered decapitation. On the breaking up of the Monastery of Syra, the presentation to the Church was vested in the Crown, and at subsequent periods was not seldom granted to the captains of the island. It is now in the hands of St. John's college, Cambridge, and is considered to be the most valuable living in the island. Early in the 17th century, it was held by a clergyman of the name of Hooke, whose son Robert was born here in 1635. This son became afterwards the celebrated Dr. Robert Hooke, who died in London, at the advanced age of eighty seven, though, in his childhood, his frame was so weak as rendered it doubtful whether he would reach manhood. He obtained great reputation from his strong mechanical genius, and his high attainments in natural philosophy; and was an active and leading member of the Royal Society at, and subsequent to, its formation.

The peninsula from the point opposite Hurst Castle, round to Freshwater-gate, is fortified and protected by those massy and stupendous chalk promontories, known as Freshwater Cliffs, which are in places at least six hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is impossible to form an adequate notion of their magnitude unless seen from the sea, at a distance of about five hundred yards from their base, when they have a most imposing effect. These cliffs are frequented by a great variety of marine birds and others, as puffins, razorbills, willocks, gulls, cormorants, Cornish choughs, daws, starlings, and wild pigeons. Some of these arrive at stated periods, and remain there during the time of incubation, while others occupy them altogether. In some places the cliffs are

perpendicular, in others projecting. There are, too, many chasms and deep caverns apparently running deeply into the rocks; and in many places springs issue forth their water, which forms small cascades of rippling water down to the sea. The birds are frequently taken by the country people, for their feathers, a dozen birds yielding about a pound weight, which are sold to dealers.

RECORDS OF A RAMBLER.

CHAPTER III.

The Cottager's Narrative.

ALTOGETHER the scene was lovely beyond description. There—seated beside the little one's temporary couch—on one side was the blooming Rebecca, and on the other, her whom my host had informed me was the child's second parent. Frank enjoyed a seat near to Andrews, both of whom appeared in glowing spirits. Breakfast being concluded, I stood for some moments contemplating the picture before I reminded the cottager of his late promise.

"Be you seated, Sir," said he, "and I will proceed." But before he did so, his mind for a short space seemed to wander from the subject and his eyes became fixed on the heavens.

"Nearly fifty years have finished their course," said Andrews, "since those events transpired the thoughts of which have ever caused me a deep sigh. I was then a lad of sixteen and resided with my parents, who were people in the middling circumstances of life, and had besides *me*, a daughter four years older. The land which my father occupied bordered on the estate of the Orington family, whose splendid mansion was the old ruined castle on the summit of the hill, which you passed yesterday. We were all on friendly terms with lord Orington, who with

the exception of his only son, was the sole relic of an ancient race of honourable distinction. Albert was my elder by upwards of five years, and though his whole life was one of bodily affliction until he became a man in growth, his mind delighted in cheerful diversions, such as boys are accustomed to ; and it was my lot to become, at an early age, one of his companions for this purpose. At times I could listen with pleasure to some of those refined ideas with which his mind was well stored : and hereby I received a benefit on the part of my mental cultivation, which I since have had reason to rejoice over.

“At the period that I have named, lord Orington died, leaving his heir in possession of all the estates during his lifetime ; but in the event of *his* dying without issue, a distant part of the family claimed, as their right and title, the same property. It was but two months after the Earl’s death, that, I believe by mere accident, my sister was introduced to the young lord ! and the result was, that in about the same short space of time an attachment was formed, which nature it seemed had ever designed should exist between them. It might now be asked, how could the young nobleman have fixed his choice so much below his station in life ? but questions of this order are much more difficult to answer, than to propose, hence we leave it undecided.

“I remember it was early in June, that I was one day invited to accompany Orington to the metropolis ; and accordingly the same carriage conveyed us both. Upon our return a few days afterwards, my father had an interview with Albert at the castle, and I was present. The young lord received us with great warmth, and several times during the conversation, declared positively that his aim was to make Fanny his bride ; and as he was able to do so without the fear of family offence, as soon as convenient, he proposed that the nuptials should be celebrated : all he desired was my father’s consent, that, he might have the double felicity of *choice* on his own side,

and a *free-offering* accompanying the object of his future happiness.

"My father uttered his delight in reply to these propositions, but just at the moment a messenger was announced with a letter to Orington. Never shall I forget the appearance of alarm that betrayed itself in his countenance, when he received the note and perused its contents. Suffering it to fall to the ground he arose in great haste; wrote something on paper, and dismissed the messenger. He left the room instantly, but returning in a few seconds, said to my father,

" 'I am sorry, my dear friend, to acquaint you, that this instant a summons calls me to leave you for a short time.'

"He seated himself in a chair: there was much of wildness in his expression; and he showed my father the letter, which he read in these brief terms:

" 'Major K—— demands that satisfaction which is due to honour and a gentleman, and requests lord Orington to appoint a meeting this morning.'

"My father paused.

"This is at last his decision; exclaimed Orington apparently dejected, and I have appointed a *meeting*! Oh! suffer not the ill-fated Albert's name to reach my Fanny till it is all over. Then raising his eyes, he added, May God preserve me, in this trying hour!

"There was another pause, and my father bending on one knee before him—endeavouring to raise him from his stupor—said,

" 'Let me sympathize with you, my lord; perhaps the difficulty can yet be overcome. May I ask the real cause of this challenge?

" 'Mr. Andrews,' replied Albert, apparently more calm, 'I see your fatherly care is warmly extended towards me, therefore I will explain in a few words the groundwork of our quarrel. It arose during our stay at my hotel in town, where I first met the Major, whose letter is

before you. One evening, when we were going out, he caught a glimpse of a lady, whom he immediately mistook for his *own wife*! The next day, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, he boldly accused me of being in her company! Whereupon, in the warmth of my passion, I called him *a liar*. He demanded satisfaction, but my friends led me away, and subsequently I was induced to send him an apology; but you see the bloodthirst of this man must be satisfied. I go, therefore, Andrews, and if I fall!—Oh! tell not my beloved Fanny. But one thing is rather important——

“Before he finished the sentence, his carriage was announced, and in it was some person whose face I could not recognize. Wiping away a tear, that had already rolled half down his cheek, Albert shook both our hands, and bade us adieu, saying—

“‘Remember—if I fall—FANNY!’

“The feelings this melancholy occurrence occasioned in my father’s bosom, I need not describe; yet he strove, to hide it from the observation of his family as far as he was able. I felt the gloom overspread my own countenance, but, with the day it wore off, for my sister, little thinking what had taken place, was amusing us at home with a relation of some incidents, which had happened to her when once in London; and repeatedly connecting the name of ‘Dear Albert,’ with the various circumstances she named.

“In this way the evening passed; therefore it need not be wondered at, that my father’s absence was thought less of than it otherwise would have been, for he had not reached home, at full an hour beyond his usual time. A thought of the duel flashed across my mind, as I rose up, and proposed to go in search of him. I lost no steps in gaining the castle, where I was shown into his presence immediately. But, how shall I describe the scene which there presented itself? On a small couch was extended the seeming lifeless body of Orington, with his left arm

bare, showing a wound of some magnitude, through which his antagonist's rapier had passed. There were a number of gentlemen present, attendant upon him, and close to his side sat my father, assisting to support his wounded arm. I was cautioned to remain silent. In this awful suspense, an hour passed: nor did Orington move or struggle during the whole time: a single groan, once, and only once, escaped him.

"At length, my father motioned me towards him, and bade me return, lest his absence might become alarming; but on no account, to divulge the important reality of what I had seen, particularly to my sister. When my sister was mentioned, Albert started round, and in a faint tone, pronounced the name of 'Fanny.' He had scarcely done so, when his strength appeared to return for an instant; and he loudly repeated her name several times. Some gentleman asked, if she should come; to which he replied in the affirmative: and though on the part of my father, there was some hesitation, I was at last directed to fetch her with all speed.

"This I did with a sorrowful heart, for I feared the consequences. I communicated a part only of the purport of my message, yet delayed as little as possible. When Fanny arrived at the castle, Albert had been put into a warm bed, and was a little composed; but, when her eyes met his, the scene became most truly and intensely alarming.

"I will spare your feelings, Sir, a recital of the anguish this night produced upon all present; but with the next day some of those thoughts of terror had fled. Favourable signs were also apparent of Orington's recovery, although he was not pronounced free from danger by his physicians.

"However, at the end of two days a change took place. During that time, he had been sufficiently sensible to converse with Fanny, who was kindly suffered to remain constantly near him. He bade her and my father

farewell several times, feeling assured that his wound was mortal: which, alas! proved but too true, on the morning of the third day; when, with perfect resignation, his spirit took its departure.

“What steps were taken by justice, to pursue the offender in this case, I shall not relate; since sufficient evidence transpires daily, to show, that, such murderers as these, take shelter beneath the very arms of the legislature, and are still unpunished.

“Fanny’s grief was inexpressible, and as quickly as circumstances would permit, took her departure from the castle, in company with my father. The last acts of duty now devolved on the friends of the deceased, and this was accomplished with as little pomp as possible. His remains were deposited where that rudely carved stone stands, which tells to the world, that those few feet of earth are the hallowed resting-place of the last of his family! The intensity of Fanny’s grief surprised none of us, though its long continuance did, but at length we discovered with surprise that she was the wife of Orington! and when she gave to life a lovely girl, scarce six months after the sad catastrophe, my father strove to prove his esteem for our departed friend, by succouring, as far as in him lay, Albert’s widowed bride, and her helpless offspring. This was some consolation to my sister’s heart. but ah! a worm was concealed in the bud, and after gradually declining for three years, Fanny paid the debt of nature.”

Here the good cottager paused in his narrative, and some moments elapsed before he could recover his full nerve again, to proceed with the painful relation of these melancholy events of his youth.

“The child grew,” he continued; “and after my father’s death, at which time she had attained the age of womanhood, she married; and successive summers and winters rolled by to tell she was happy. One thing only appeared wanting to raise her earthly felicity to its highest

tone, namely, that heaven would grant her a *living* child, for several had been born which did not survive many days. This prayer was at length answered, but for the child's life, providence took the mother! That circumstance, Sir, is still fresh in the memory of all present, save yourself; and but one more sad occurrence will I relate, in connection therewith, and I have done. Not only has yon babe," and he pointed to Henry, "to mourn a mother's loss, when he shall come to mature years, but death hath robbed him of a father also!—still—the Lord doeth all things well."

Andrews ceased. I believe a few drops dimmed my eyes; but wishing to depart, I arose and spoke cheerfully, thanking him for his tale, as well as my tongue would permit. Henry was sleeping soundly; being watched by the ever tender-hearted Rebecca. I took my leave of all present, and quitted the house in company with my host, who walked with me up the long hill. Andrews conversed chiefly of his family—for he had other children living—until we reached the old stone over Orington's grave; and there we parted.

A REPLY.

Thou askest why lov'st thou so truly, so fond,
 And why round thy heart I'm entwined;
 And how I have managed to make thee respond,
 To my own so in spirit and mind?

I manag'd it not, but almighty law,
 Which settled the round world's action,
 Decreed as well, that the hearts of the young
 Should cling by the power of attraction.

So my heart knew that a heart beat in time
 With its own warm respirations,
 And it quickly felt the attractive pow'rs
 Which kindle love's aspirations.

Attractions like thine, dearest, who could resist,
 Or resisting, remain unbound?
 Could the moss have beheld the beautiful rose,
 Without turning himself around?

Then how could I view so lovely a flower,
 And escape from young Cupid's dart,
 Or feel that the love I gave was return'd,
 And not wind myself round your heart?

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. III.

THE VOYAGE.

Most people would suppose, if they were placed in similar circumstances, what a log they would keep! But I can assure all such, that much depends on temperament; time certainly is abundant, but as often happens on shore, less there is to do, and less one would do. For a day or two, even my circumscribed walk of life (75 feet from stem to stern!) furnished some little for comment. It was new; and when separated from kindred spirits, the mind must fix its attention on something: what more likely in every sense to interest than a ship moving on the mighty waste of waters? My fair wind like other things, was too good to last, and in a few hours turned round in our teeth; however, on Monday we coasted Portugal, but not near enough to distinguish more than the snow-crested summits of the high land in the interior. Our progress was slow, and the daily operations of the seamen soon cease to interest one who does not participate in them, though assuredly very various, from our protracted voyage; the splicing of ropes—spinning of yarns—re-stowing empty water-casks, and arranging loose spars for the hundredth time, began to pass almost unobserved, and apathy rapidly supervened.

On Tuesday, the high land about Cape St. Vincent loomed through the mist; and on the verge of a project-

ing cliff was perched a convent, whose white walls, as the sun gained strength, gave a very pleasing relief to the rugged scenery around. A crowd of reflections more melancholy than otherwise came over my mind on sailing over Trafalgar's Bay, that scene of desperate valour, and rivers of blood.

But entering the strait of Gibraltar, what a magnificent panorama bursts on the enraptured sight! On Afric's torrid shore, towering above his fellows, rose Cape Spartel, on fairer Andalusia's shore, Cape Trafalgar. In Morocco, what I saw, was the commencement of the vast chain of Atlas mountains; here and there, a peak more lofty than the rest sustained a fleecy cloud, while in extreme distance the range seemed capped with never changing snow. At some few points a little smoke arose, noting a cluster of Moorish huts; and the extreme distance was closed with the town of Tangier, and its noble beacon pillar! The Spanish coast hereabouts is uninteresting till Gibraltar rears its commanding head. We had an excellent view from several positions, the wind being adverse, and forcing us to tack into the bay in passing through the strait.

The first view, when the town and barracks alone appear prominent, does not convey any very imposing idea; but when you come round to the east, where the giant-rock is nearly perpendicular, and perfectly inaccessible, the sight is imposing in the extreme. The opposite mountain, in Africa, named Ape's Hill, has a singular appearance, being streaked with dirty white, as if composed of limestone. Adjoining Ape's Hill, a series of eminences, clad from the summit with fine timber, slope for some distance to the fortified town of Ceuta, in the hands of the Spaniards. At such a distance, little could be defined, except the mole barracks, and a mosque, surrounded by "funereal cypress." A defile between two mountains leads to the interior; and for want of a nearer prospect, we *imagined* the loaded camels, the prancing Arab steeds; and the turbaned merchants, well armed

and gorgeously clad, setting out as a caravan to Timbuctoo. On rounding the rock into the Mediterranean, a water-spout passed us, and for a few minutes put us in bodily fear; but it had the kindness to make a sudden turn: to be sure, we prepared to have a shot at it, but had it come across us, there would assuredly have been more water than grog. The wind was here so light and variable, that we were in danger of drifting ashore, as the current is very strong; the lightning too was vivid, and the thunder boomed mournfully in the distance, like the minute gun at sea. At midnight, a deluge of rain came on, such as the northerns have but a very faint idea of; but it brought a fair wind; may providence prolong it.

Saturday 26th.—'Tis but twenty-four hours since I uttered and penned my aspiration—and already it has been reversed! Scarce had the midnight watch retired from his "weary round" when the wind abated, and by daylight had come a-head, and marred the symmetry of our previously swelling canvass. So, *apropos* of the weather, while off Cape Vincent, at mid-day, the man at the helm was obliged to strip, and the large drops chased each other down his bronzed phiz: the tar, also, from the ship's side oozed out as if fire had been applied; and all this in the third week in October, when Englishmen look to their coal-store, and lay in a new pack of cards. The heat on deck is almost intolerable, and my only refuge is at the main-top, some dozen yards aloft, where some relief is gained from the loose flapping sail; and where I can securely read or doze away the heavy hours.

One of my chief sources of delight, however, was the survey of the heavens. All, nearly, have heard, and many have read of southern skies, and eastern climes. The interest they excite has been a fertile theme to the most talented. If my own experience could be of any value, I should say, no description could do justice to the beauties of its ever-varying aspects.

It is six o'clock, and I have just left contemplating

a sunset and a rising moon, that a Turner would go a pilgrimage barefoot to have in colours ; the former sinking to his pillow in the west behind a curtain of clouds, which were, without the shadow of a metaphor, gorgeously glorious ;—the latter rising in unclouded loveliness, and spreading her benignant influences over an arch, whose noble expanse, studded with millions of twinkling stars, might truly be described by the poet as the “*spangled heavens*.” Before the mind can be recalled from its momentary trance by earthly subjects, a change ensues. The fleecy clouds roll majestically along, and large masses of deepest blue intervene, throwing the reflection of the silver moon on the more distant swell of the ocean. I heard the captain ejaculate, “ That is a truly African sky ;” which set me musing again—I was, in spirit, in an Arab tent ; tales and half-forgotten legends became green on memory’s tablet—I listened to the recital of some romantic story, clothed in all that eloquent verbiage which an Arab knows so well to weave into his narrative, and bearing much on the past glories of his race, before Palmyra became a heap of ruins. But a glance at Spain, and the reflection of what she *is*, dispelled my illusion !—But we must come to matter of fact.

November 11.—A succession of bad weather ; the wind a-head—the vessel rolling fearfully, to the utter destruction of our crockery—and poor I, who begun to strut on deck, and fancy myself a sailor, reduced to a melancholy plight. It is well we have not yet entered the Grecian Archipelago, where calms, gusts of wind, and piratical visitors are the order of the day. Again, however, when hope was nearly gone, the sonorous voices of our crew, revived my drooping spirits, and the island of Cerigo is in view. This, like many other of the Ionian islands, has nothing to recommend it in the exterior ; the vines and lemon groves all being in sheltered vales in the interior. The chief village certainly is most romantically, if not conveniently, perched on a rock, and might be rendered a dangerous place by a handful of brave men.

The sea hereabouts is clogged with ugly sunken rocks, and nothing but a good chart and a sharp look out could have saved us from some ugly thumps. On Sunday, Andros was passed. From the state of the wind we were debarred from passing Cape St. Angelo, or "Suniumis marble steep," which I regretted, as it would have been splendid at full moon. No sooner had we fairly reached this island, than we were raked fore and aft, with what is called a chopping sea, and all drenched, and the motion was not at all suitable for delicate stomachs. On Monday, passed Mytilene (the ancient Lesbos), a large and fertile island, only separated from the Turkish shore by a narrow channel. We were now in sight of the mouth of the Dardanelles, and chuckling at our short passage, when the wind changed, the rain came in torrents, and a thick mist obscured the look out; so, after vainly struggling for some time, we cast anchor for the first time, at the little island of Tenédos.

THE CHEVALIER TEN-ROWED WHEAT.

PART of the preliminary plan of our little Magazine was the introduction of such novelties, especially connected with rural life, as might prove interesting or valuable to its readers. The full development of that plan has, of course, been hitherto impossible, but we shall hasten to present its several parts as opportunity serves. In accordance with it, however, we are desirous of making known, widely as we can, one of the most valuable fruits this country has ever produced. This is the Chevalier ten-rowed white Wheat,—called so from its having five grains in a chest, or set, on each side; or from seventy to one hundred and ten grains in each ear. Some of these ears are of extraordinary size, and the grain itself remarkably full, firm, clear, and sound, and producing meal of beautiful colour and texture.

Its cultivator, Mr. Brown, of Cheapside, has pub-

lished several striking facts respecting the produce of the seed, which, for the last two years, he has been disposing of to the public. He says, that *five pecks* of this wheat are sufficient for sowing an acre of ground broad-cast; and that this quantity, on moderately good land, has produced as much as from six to seven quarters and a half per acre. The following is a statement made respecting it by Mr. Lewin, a gentleman of much experience, and deputy-chairman of the Central Agricultural Association. He gives the following as the produce of a sack of grain of 260lbs. weight :—

lbs.		lbs.
156	superfine flour (whites) making	203½ bread.
28	seconds	37 ditto.
20	middlings	
16	fine pollard	240½
20	of coarse ditto	
12	bran	
8	loss in grinding and dressing	
<hr/>		
260		

This 240½lbs. of bread from the above quantity of flour, is at the rate of 370lbs., or 92½ four pound loaves, from a sack of flour of 280 lbs. It is quite a matter of opinion as to mixing with other flour; some persons would, others would not. All *produce* partakes in some *degree* of the *nature* of the *soil* that *produces* it; for instance, my farm, and the lands generally around, are good loamy or mixed soils, and will produce from a sack of superfine flour about 92 four pound loaves on the average, sandy weak soils about 90, and strong clay soils from 93 to 94 loaves, but not generally so showy or so handsome. I have sent you a few small loaves, which I considered would be better than one large one for show and convenience, and for distribution among your friends if you wish it, and you will see the quality is as good as can be made.

Other testimony, of produce superior even to this, is adduced; and a variety of evidence shows, that whether sown on good or bad land, this species of wheat always preserves its proportional superiority.

An instance of the exceeding fruitfulness of this wheat is given by an intelligent gentleman of Great Bedwin, near Marlborough. He says,—

In the latter end of November, 1835, I chanced to obtain one ear of the above-named wheat, which had been carried in the pocket and shown to various persons, and several corns lost; those which remained I planted in my field, at 12 inches apart every way. In the spring of 1836, 54 plants were alive; at harvest I cut the produce, and counted 527 ears of corn, many of them having 130 grains in them, which, when rubbed out by the hand, measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ pints imperial, and weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. averdupois. As soon as I had housed my little crop of beans, the land was got ready for a further experiment with this wheat. I employed four persons to dibble it in rows of 12 inches apart, and to drop the seed one in a hole, at six inches distance in the rows; by this means it covered a space of 64 poles of land. All my neighbours endeavoured to persuade me that my experiment was a failure, more particularly as the ungenial nature of spring had so retarded vegetation. However, when we were enlivened by the warmth of May, the alteration in its appearance was truly astonishing; it then became the common talk of the neighbourhood. Suffice it to say, I harvested four one horse cart loads of sheaves, which have undergone the process of thrashing; the produce is within a quart of 16 bushels, each bushel weighing 61 lbs. I lost a great many ears, in consequence of the field being bounded by the public road; persons passing took the liberty of gathering them, out of curiosity, still the weight of the whole crop is 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 24lbs.—an enormous produce from $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of seed, each ounce producing 18 lbs. 3 oz., a thing, as far as I know, unprecedented in the annals of agriculture. There is a deficiency in the weight of two ounces upon the quarter imperial, which can only be accounted for by the rains in the month of July, bringing up a fresh crop of ears, which were not perfected in the time of reaping, consequently the sample is not good, it being, as the millers say, *rather troughey*.

Nor can we refrain from giving another extract from Mr. Brown's proofs of the excellency of the Species of Wheat which he recommends,—

As regards the *money* part of the question, it may be observed, that if the *produce* can be increased to the extent represented by the Proprietor, every 100 acres sown with his new Wheat will return *forty* additional loads, which, if sold at £17 per load, would be £680 sterling: and if on the same number of acres 100 bushels of grain be *saved* by difference in *seeding*, the gross produce would be further increased two and a half loads, making the total excess profit on 100 acres equal to £722 10s. sterling, being enough, with other produce, to pay rent and all other out-

goings, not only *on the best land*, but even on *poor soils*, without sinking capital for that purpose !

It is with peculiar pleasure that we hail the introduction of this improved produce, and sincerely trust that the extent of remuneration derived from its cultivation may lead to a more enlarged attention to agriculture among the capitalists and scientific men of the country, and ultimately relieve Britain from the disadvantage of depending for a great portion of its most indispensable necessary on the soil and labour of foreign lands.

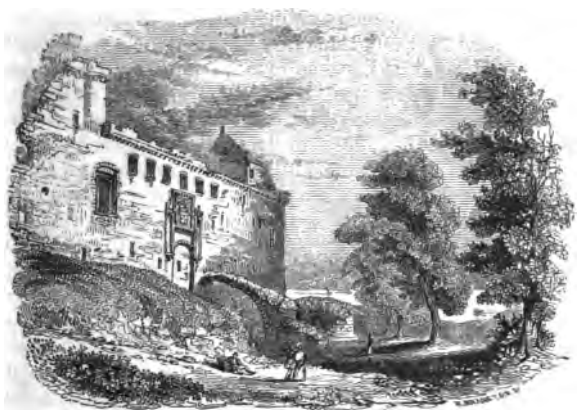
SONG.—HARVEST HOME.

O'er hill, o'er dale, far and near you may roam,
 Ere you meet with a feast like our harvest home,
 Where the farmer presides at the festive scene,
 With a true warmth of heart, and a kindly mien,
 To make all happy at harvest home,
 The true old English harvest home.

To eat and to drink, there is plenty and more,
 While he welcomes each comer, though ever so poor,
 And merrily sends the bowl all around,
 Whence we drink of the grape from our native ground.
 Hurrah for our joyous harvest home,
 The true old English harvest home.

'Tis the liquor that's made from barley grain,
 Is the best of all cures for care and pain ;
 So we'll quaff to old England, the brave and the free,
 Where each man can rest safe 'neath his own green tree.
 And in peace enjoy his harvest home,
 The true old English harvest home.

He who hath blessed us with this year's increase,
 Hath said that on earth it never shall cease ;
 Then joy to the absent, and may all who are here
 Meet together again for many a year,
 And gladly keep up our harvest home,
 Our true old English harvest home.
 Then joy to the absent, and may all who are here,
 Meet together again for many a year,
 To keep up our merry harvest home,
 Our true old English harvest home.



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

THIS palace is situate in West Lothian, North Britain, on the top of a hill behind the town, overlooking a beautiful little lake, and forming one of the grandest ancient edifices in the kingdom. It was formerly a regal residence, and tradition alleges that it was a favourite one of the old Scotch kings, who resorted there chiefly for the exercise of falconry, a sport of great popularity in the feudal ages. Hunting was also a frequent and successful pastime in the neighbourhood.

No North country stronghold exists without having attached to its history some wild legend or romantic incident. In the reign of Edward I. this castle was in the keeping of one Piers Lubaud, a Gascoigne knight, who would seem to have remained in possession until the autumn of 1313, when, according to Barbour, the Scots recovered it under most extraordinary circumstances.

William Binnock was a stout-hearted and ingenious
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husbandman, dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of Linlithgow. This man finding that the Scots were retaking on every side from the English the castles and fortresses which the invaders held in Scotland, could no longer brook that the peel in his vicinity, which was large, strong, and well supplied with arms and garrison, should remain unassailed. He formed a stratagem alike remarkable for ingenuity and audacity. The garrison was generally supplied by Binnock with hay, and they had recently required from him a fresh supply. He assured them of the excellence of the former, and engaged to send it in early in the morning. The hay, however, was so arranged on the wain as to conceal eight determined men, previously well armed; the team was driven by a sturdy peasant, who wore a sharp axe under his gaberdeon. Binnock himself walked beside the waggon to superintend, as it seemed, the safe delivery of the forage. The porter, on the approach of Binnock, with his well-known wain, lowered the drawbridge, and raised the portcullis. Just in the very gateway, the driver, as he had been instructed, drew his axe suddenly and cut asunder the same or tackle by which the oxen were attached to the waggon. Binnock, at the same instant, struck the warder dead, and shouted the signal word, which was, "call all, call all." The assailants jumped from amongst the hay, and attacked the astonished garrison. The wain was so placed that neither could the gate be shut, nor the portcullis lowered, nor the drawbridge raised; and a party of Scots, who were in ambush for the purpose, rushed in to second their forlorn hope, and were soon masters of the place.

THE FINE ARTS. No. II.

IN our last article we endeavoured to describe the *Fine Arts* as being those which produced designs, the conception of which depended on mental operation, but which required the addition of great manual dexterity

for their execution. We would now endeavour to define the principles on which success can alone be obtained.

The legitimate object of all the sister arts is, either to please or to elevate the mind : we might, indeed, have used the latter term only, for whatever tends to elevate our nature will be certain to please, and nothing will ever continue to please which has not something in it to elevate ; to elevate—whether it be in excellence of spiritual or intellectual attainment :—and just in proportion to the superiority which the designs exhibit, and the success with which they are carried out, will be the intensity of their effects. These in the three arts are different in their kind, and are produced by means as different as their results.

Sculpture has ever been placed first of the triune graces of sculpture, painting, and architecture, and deservedly so if we are to consider sensations excellent in proportion to their elevation. To produce a merely pleasing impression from sculpture is impossible. The nature of the material on which the sculptor works is such that no art of his can imbue us with the perception that his statues are creatures like ourselves, instinct with life, animated by passion, prompted by feelings, and alive with all that variety and multitude of sensations which human nature displays in its workings through life's chequered scenes. Perfect symmetry must be developed, and unmarred beauty of countenance must be chiselled, and unmixed expression must be produced. The more simple the effect, the more true and powerful it will be. The order of sensation arising from first-rate sculpture is altogether of the sublime. The endeavour to produce several impulses invariably fails, whether it be by the accumulation of figures or of incidental circumstances. It lets the subject down from its grandeur of one-souled effect, and brings it to the level of ordinary circumstances ; it becomes a maugre attempt without a result ; the mawkishness of waxwork without its life.

We do not attempt to limit the range of sculptural

power, and confine it to the influence of beauty alone. The impresses of all the passions are its reasonable and right province. The exhibition of intellect is its forte, and all the exterior circumstances of form, and its appendages, must be subordinate and assistant to the portrayal and the impression of mind and of soul alone. We say of mind and soul alone, as if they were one thing, for one thing they must seem to be in sculpture, or rather, they must seem so combined that one could not, as indeed it cannot, be expressed without the other. There must be a harmonious connection between the figure and its object, and the appendages and the figure; but it must be the harmony of severity and truth, and not of the uniting concomitance of pleasing beauty as in painting. There must be, as there always is in harmony, a beauty, but it will be a beauty flowing from truth, and be felt in effect rather than perceived in the moulded subject that produces the effect. Every thing must convey the impression of a higher, a nobler, a loftier, and of a holier world than ours. One of the reasons why sculptors have so frequently failed is, that they have not gone to the fountain of intellect and of life in the soul for their inspiration, but they have been content to embody fanciful fables, or *mere mind* prompted by earthly passions and interests without those high sensations which animate the soul.

Why was it that the Greeks were so comparatively eminent in sculpture, but because they were a people who continually dwelt on mind. Apollo and Minerva were their tutelary deities; and they only failed in attaining to the very highest reach of their art,—and this we contend they did not do, notwithstanding the perfect finish of their first-rate works, and the estimation in which their productions are held at the present day,—because their faith was confined to the superstitious darkness which clouded their moral hemisphere, and shut out the light of *heaven*. For what, after all, was the most

striking spot and thing in Athens, with all its three thousand statues, its lofty architraves, its noble porticoes, and its proud temples? It was a plain and unassuming pedestal, which, though mean in its appearance, and little observed by the crowd of pedantic dogmatists who paraded its *Agora*, but which led the thoughtful spirit to soar far above the imagery of fanciful imagination which stood thickly around, for it bore the inscription—"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

He who would produce a forcible impression by sculpture, must exhibit some sentiment or passion which is powerful as well as universal, arising from or occasioned by some incident which all can appreciate. His accessories must be found in the very nakedness of the means by which he makes his appeal. All that is evident to the sense must be perfect in form, with every part in stern chasteness subordinate to its prime effect. The silent countenance and the figure should tell the chief incident of the tale, and the mind of the observer must readily supply the rest. Truth must be evident in the expression, consistency must be preserved in the detail, and beauty be added to embellish.

The principles on which the effects of painting depend are of a different and lower caste. More numerous and varied, they seize upon the mind with a less powerful, but more pleasing influence. Of course the assertion is subject to qualification according to the tone of design which is represented. The depiction of a scene of high historical interest, wherein the master passions of our nature are brought into play, and in which first-rate intellect is developed, will produce different feelings from those which are called forth by the sight of a domestic incident, sweetly drawn, or of a beautiful landscape, rich with all the array of nature's charms, or from those which are elicited by the portraiture of one whom we have been accustomed to look up to with reverence, respect, or admiration. But all these, even in their most forcible

display, will be of a lower grade than those which are the consequence of sculptural influence. None of that supernatural effect will be produced beneath which we become involuntarily passive at the sight of passion *bodily* expressed. The addition of colour, and the introduction of numerous figures, or other circumstances, as they would be called in philosophical phraseology, produce a softer and more generalised effect.

This unquestionably renders painting, as an art, inferior to sculpture, if we take the grade of elevation in which our emotions are placed as the criterion of judgment; but a very different result would be the consequence, if instead of such a rule we were to take that constituted by the amount of happiness conferred. In that respect doubtless painting is the more worthy art of the two, for from its very nature it is appreciable by a greater number of individuals. The tone of mind necessary to understand its principles, is a common possession, and if there be few that are competent to become critics of works in this branch of art, it is because persons whose purity of mind would lead them to admire and enjoy paintings, will not take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the principles of the art, rather than because there is any mystery or abstruseness in the principles themselves.

The painter who wishes to produce a powerful effect, will select some subject for his efforts of exalting interest, or thrilling pathos. All the concomitants should be in perfect keeping. The time chosen should be that most accordant with the character of the incident, the time we mean both as to the historical period, the portion of the day, and, if the scene be laid in the open air, of the year also. The figures should be in accordance with their occupations, and the drapery such as shall give picturesqueness to the detail. Every thing else ought to be in strict conformity, so that the harmony of the incident, character, forms, and colouring, ought to be in perfect keeping. Many of the old painters prided themselves upon using

only three colours, and most of their paintings are distinguished for their harmony.

We have just alluded to the harmony of form; one of the prime characteristics of that harmony is the way in which its varieties are grouped. The chief and most prominent of figures, if in an historical piece, and of buildings or other objects, if in a landscape, should occupy the chief place in the picture, and all the others ought to be made subservient to promoting the effect which they are calculated to produce. It is an invariable maxim that these should either be the highest point, or else that which is highest should be greatly instrumental in setting off those which are the chief.

In the present day some of our chief painters have taken arbitrary rules, both of colouring and grouping, and relying upon their own high and well-earned reputations, and upon the exceeding skill with which they can manage the discordant materials they have chosen to use, are endeavouring to chalk out new lines of excellence, and are imposing upon their own imaginations while they are endeavouring to delude the public. For a time they succeeded, and that which was only an outrage upon pure taste and right principle was deemed to be an outstretching originality of genius. But their admirers are beginning to awaken to a sense of the misconceptions in which they had been involved, and are fast repudiating the dogmas which had only the high, though erroneous individual authority for their guarantee. Whether the artists themselves shall ever emerge from the mist of their own self-conceived notions and return again to the correct principles, which they so excellently developed in their early works, is uncertain, but most assuredly posterity will put the ban of its disapprobation and disregard upon their later efforts.

The style of colouring may vary, and may be either bright, sober, or dark, but truth will require that it should be in accordance with the subject.

All the old painters are said to have their peculiar styles;

and so they had, but it will be found that their style was in strict accordance with their subjects. Rembrandt was distinguished for the exceeding breadth of his shadows, and the concentrated force of his light, and these qualities of his paintings have been dwelt upon as if they constituted their sole excellence. An examination of the subjects which he has chosen will show that this mode of treating them was the most powerful and effective, particularly in his striking representation of the Saviour in the Temple. The shadows are thickly thrown over, and partially conceal the gorgeous embellishments of the place, a display of which would have tended to distract the attention of the spectator by their beauty from the main incident, and from the figures, which in their proper proportion are necessarily small, while the light, which is full and effulgent, but confined to a narrow space, is contrasted more strongly with the surrounding darkness, and renders that prominent and important which would otherwise be insignificant, and very probably be overlooked.

In the works of Raphael, on the contrary, we find a generally diffused and mild, though bright, light. Strong contrasts of light and shade would have been in the extreme incongruous in a picture where the expression of every countenance was subdued and heavenly affection, and where the outline of every form bore the characteristic of flowing grace. Beauty was the prime trait in all that the "divine" artist executed, and all his concomitants were in strict keeping with it.

How truly beautiful is the harmony preserved in the glorious picture of Coreggio, where the Redeemer crowned with thorns is standing in the Judgment Hall surrounded by his diabolical and malicious enemies. The vileness of their dreadful hatred, and the horribleness of their characters is evident rather by their contour of countenance, and even by the style and colouring of their attire, than by the ferocity of their aspect, as they contemplate the victim, who, they were compelled to acknowledge, "spake

as never man spake." To detail all its beauties would be an endless though pleasing task, and to enumerate all the examples of truth, of taste, and excellence, which the productions of the same period exhibit, would be fruitless if not impossible; we must reserve all but an allusion to a future opportunity.

Upon much the same principles does the effect of architectural elevation depend. One striking impression from a view of one united whole is sought to be obtained; and to secure this, there must be a unity without a uniformity of parts, though that characteristic ought to prevail in similar portions of a building. The several styles which the best authorities have decided upon to adopt have their respective proportions, and all have their peculiar advantages.

But as each has its characteristic features, so ought it to be applied to its appropriate object, and these we might have supposed are obvious enough. Yet how frequently, we were almost about to say how invariably, are they either misunderstood or misapplied. The sober Doric to the hall of justice, the splendid Composite to the place of banquet, the chaste Ionic to the College or the school, and the venerable and elaborate Gothic to the temple of Divine worship, seem to be fit applications of the respective styles, though all should be made to fit the situation as well as the object of the edifice. To convey and to complete designs is the province of the professional aspirant—to judge of, to appreciate, and to enjoy them, may well be claimed as the privilege of the man of cultured and refined mind.

AN EPITAPH.

A creature of light was just spared from the skies
To try the coarse robes which to mortals are given;
But the delicate spirit endured not disguise,
Recoil'd as clay touch'd it, and flew back to Heaven.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. IV.

TENEDOS AND THE PLAIN OF TROY.

SCHOOL days and school studies, which had long lain dormant were speedily awakened, while scanning the rugged coast of this little islet with its commanding peak, a sort of miniature Teneriffe. At Tenedos anchored, in by-gone days, the fleets of Greece; and here were refreshed and harangued those men of renown who were to be cause of woe to many a Trojan heart. The distance from this island to the coast of Asia Minor is not more than a couple of miles; but the change between the localities is as great as if oceans, instead of a narrow channel, rolled between. Tenedos, in all its main features, is the same: here dwell the Greeks, with their picturesque costume; here choice wines reward the toil of her hardy peasants; and each well cultivated spot produces all that is luxuriant in fruits and flowers. But Troy—low, flat, and sandy, with only here and there a straggling tree or a stunted bush—how altered—how fallen! It appears wonderful, that an islet,—a mere speck on the map of the world, with its few simple inhabitants, should remain so little changed, whilst surrounded by nations, in whose several countries some of the great revolutions of empires have been brought about, or decided by a battle,—and a city, whose fame was the theme of Homer's undying song, and from whose embattled walls issued thousands of mailed warriors, should be blotted from earth's surface! Yet here, where rabbits, and quails, hold undisputed possession, and where gigantic specimens of architectural skill are profusely strewn, stood Troy,—under whose walls a ten-years' tragedy was acted, for the rescue of one of the frailest of womankind.

We remained here about eight days, and all the time under the full strain of two chain cables, which kept us in safety, whilst our neighbours were continually subject to some casualty, or fishing up an anchor which had parted

from the cable. As soon as the wind abated we weighed, and, after a succession of discouragements during four days, we at length entered the mouth of the Dardanelles, and anchored at Point Barbière, about six miles from the castles, where ships are examined.

The wind, for nine months out of twelve, blows from the north, and the current in the Dardanelles, on ordinary occasions, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, so that detentions at this point are not only frequent, but often extremely lengthy. so, after a week's patient endurance, an excursion on shore was planned, in search of fresh meat; and one beautiful December morning, the captain, myself, and the boy Ben, were put ashore.

We had, before leaving the vessel, seen that something human was stirring; so, seeing two Turks engaged in the labours of the field, we accosted them by signs, but our eloquence would have been equally well bestowed on the bullocks in the yoke, for the operation of ploughing was then going on. After scanning the localities to the utmost point of the horizon, I espied something like a dwelling a couple of miles up the country. There being but few beaten roads in this part of the country, we made our course as direct as possible. The farm-house (for such it proved) was constructed of mud, straw, a few sun-burnt bricks, about an inch thick, and a profusion of wood stuck in in the most grotesque disorder. There was only one large wide chimney, which, as in Holland, was in quiet possession of a stork. Not hearing a voice, nor a footstep, we made the circuit, and at length reached a gateway leading into the area of the yard. The construction of this entrance bore a striking contrast to the house, being of massy granite, and crossed at the top by a block of enormous dimensions, no doubt found in the vicinity, where these ancient fragments of temples and palaces are abundant; sometimes concealed amid the luxuriant underwood of the forest, but not unfrequently bleached on the cheerless plain. The yard was at least a

foot deep in mud, without a vestige of straw, (which, as hay is scarcely known here, serves, when chopped, for provender,) and surrounded on three sides with miserable hovels for the cattle,—a melancholy contrast to our barns and corn-chambers in merry England! The house occupied the remaining side of a square, and commanded a sweet prospect of the strait below. A fountain, immediately on passing the gateway, was the only substantial thing. Water in this country is the great treasure; and this clear spring was crowned with a substantial fire-proof dome, and could boast a handsome marble basin even for the cattle to drink from. Along what should have been a foot-path, a few stones were cast in the filth, along which every one must pick his slippery way.

The door was opened by a fine, intelligent-looking youth of fifteen or sixteen, and he was flanked by his father and grandfather, as we made out by signs. Limited as must have been their intercourse with the world, the lad knew three words of English—*buy*, *sell*, and *exchange*. Our object was a sheep; but it was not till they had shown us turkeys, geese, ducks, and even goats, that Captain B. thought of *baaing*, when one of the men started off like an arrow from a bow, and, in a moment, we heard the tinkling from the old bell-wether. As soon as choice was made, the old man produced a French-made knife from his belt, and dressed it in a few minutes. But how to get our purchase to the ship? as the Turks do not perform any drudgery willingly for infidels. Remonstrance being useless, we procured a pole, and inserting the hind feet within the cartilages of the fore feet, mounted him on our shoulders, and trudged down to the beach, through a plain of dry thistles, which grievously tore our legs and feet.

Here I pause, and leave my readers to imagine the gourmands over their first meal of fresh meat for a month, and, in my next, shall favour them with sundry reflections on my first walk in Asia Minor.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

The mulberry tree, by my childhood's home,
 Time has not altered its summer bloom!—
I love that tree, for its massy shade
 Chequered the lawn when a boy I played ;
 Years have gone by, but that mulberry tree
 Seems like a dear old friend to me.

And I never look on one of its kind,
 But the past and its feelings are brought to mind :
 Hopes which are perished, and pleasures flown,
 Friends who have left me to weep alone—
 Come like a dream o'er my memory,
 When I gaze on that dark-leaved mulberry tree.

For hours I've sat mid its glossy leaves,
 Lulled by those sounds which the light breeze weaves,
 Carving a name on the moss-green bough,
 A name still dear, for it thrills me now
 As in days of yore, when I loved to be
 Alone 'mid the shade of the mulberry tree.

Days of my youth, ye come, ye come,
 On an old man's heart from oblivion's tomb ;
 And ye wear once more a bright fresh hue,
 Like the tints of a flower when moist with dew ;
 And, in fancy's mirror, methinks I see
 My heart's first love by that ancient tree.

Fair as the light of an unsunned pearl,
 To know was to worship that gentle girl ;
 And long I loved her, but dared not tell,
 How her slightest look made my wild heart swell,
 Till, hid by the leaves of the mulberry tree,
 I heard her murmur a prayer for me.

I can see her still, with her downcast eye,
 And a cheek that glowed like the sunset sky,
 When she heard my voice from the leafy bough,
 Echo her own with a kindred vow,
 And the tears of shame fell fast and free,
 As I kiss'd them off 'neath the dear old tree.

And oft we met—I can see her now,
With her hair blown back from her sunny brow,
And her smile of love, so arch and sweet,
When she found me first at our shady seat ;
Oh ! well may that spot be dear to me,
For our trysting place was the mulberry tree.

And she would come when the moonlight fell
On the broad old oak in the mossy dell,
Carolling many an olden lay,
Blithe as a bird on a leafy spray.
I can hear her now, with her tones so free,
As she sat and sung by the mulberry tree.

That voice is hushed, and that song is still,
And I am alone in a world of ill ;
An old worn man, I have come to look
Again, ere I die, on this shelter'd nook—
Again to sit by that mulberry tree,
Whose every leaf has a tale for me.

Alas ! for her, and that sister band,
Who, with glist'ning eyes, and outspread hand,
Would cluster round, as I shook the bough,
And the ripe fruit fell—they are silent now,
For the spoiler, Death, hath spared but me,
Of all that laughed 'neath the mulberry tree.

They are gone before, and I fain would follow,
For the world seems cold, and its smiles are hollow ;
There is not a voice whose tone I know,
Nor aught to love—'tis time to go ;
The past alone has a voice for me,
And it speaks from that ancient mulberry tree.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

MODES OF LIVING.

IN so large a concourse of persons as those which constitute the population of London, it is manifestly necessary to have some peculiar means by which the provision

for their subsistence is supplied. Where an individual sees around him, as in a village or lone farm-house, an uninterrupted tract stretching for miles on every side, an opportunity is afforded for obtaining the greater portion of food which is necessary for the consumption of his family from the produce of his own homestead. All that he requires the assistance of a tradesman to procure is that which is obtained from foreign countries. In a country town the same rule holds to a considerable extent. There are few respectable householders who have not a garden for the production of their vegetables, and who do not depend upon their domestic chemist for the malt beverage they use. But in London an extension of appliances is requisite to bring to its inhabitants all that they need. They are compelled to purchase every article of food, for space is so valuable that very few houses are provided with the means of brewing their own beer or growing their own vegetables; and one of the most striking of the wonders which this metropolis presents is the mass of food daily forwarded to our public markets. Indeed there are few things more surprising, and they are only to be equalled by the extent of the breweries which have been established to supply the middle and lower classes with the necessary of life which they supply. The number of public breweries in 1829 was eighty-four; and of the retail breweries, eighty-five; of the intermediate breweries, eight. The number of licensed victuallers, 4,461, of which only seventeen brewed their own beer. Some of these public breweries are of immense extent, and three or four of them of a magnitude almost superior to any other establishments. The brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Co., for instance, may well be considered as one of the wonders of the world; while those of Messrs. Whitbread, of Combe, Delafield, and Co., and Meux, Reid and Co., nearly approach to it. Upon the lowest computation 300,000 gallons of ale and porter are consumed by the inhabitants every

day; and the cry of beer in every street, and the pot boy with his tray, or rather two-shelfed screen, containing its ranges of bright pots, are sights and sounds no where else to be met with, at least in the same way. The cries of London have long been famous, and the persons who make them are in themselves interesting from a sense of the exertion made by a number of industrious individuals; and are important from the convenience they are to the occupiers of most of the retired streets which stretch away from the heart of the town to the limit of the suburbs.

The principal markets are that of Smithfield for live cattle, the attendance at which we have already noticed; the Borough market for hay and hops. The former article is also sold in Smithfield and Whitechapel. The chief place for the sale of meat is Newgate Market; thither the butchers resort, and purchase whole carcasses, of what are called carcass-butchers, who are persons who purchase cattle at Smithfield, and then having them killed in their own abattoirs, sell them to the butchers who frequent the market, either in whole carcasses or considerable portions. By these persons they are cut up and retailed to the public generally, at but a small advance in profit. During the night before the market day (twice a week), the streets in the neighbourhood are kept in a continual din, commencing shortly after midnight, and continuing until nearly noon in the day. The hurry and jostling of the carts and wagons, hasting to take their places for the delivery or reception of meat; the confusion of tongues, like Babel ten-times confounded; the glare of the flaring gas driven in hurrying flames on every side by the wind; the innumerable figures of men with the most picturesque variety of costume, hurrying in every direction, unloaded, or loaded with ponderous burthens heavier than human nature ought to bear, and as thickly clustered, and as rapid and intermingling, as a hive of bees,—present altogether a portraiture of human life as inconceivable as it is strange and unparalleled.

At the same place there are also an immense number of shops for the sale of poultry, eggs, &c., and where, under the recent Act of Parliament, game also is exposed for sale, and these places are no less curious than the market to which they are attached, being filled with geese, fowls, turkeys, and every species of game in great numbers. Large tracts, and many individuals, are occupied in attending to the production of these so termed luxuries of metropolitan diet, especially in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire.

The principal market for fruits of an expensive kind is that in Covent Garden, where also the common productions of England are supplied in large quantities; it is also the chief *depôt* for vegetables. Large tracts of land, in the neighbourhood of the west and south-west portions of London, are devoted to the growth of herbs and other vegetable necessities, while the larger produce of a similar kind is brought as far as from twenty to thirty miles out of the country to the London market. Few sights are more singular than the carts and wains, loaded with turnips, greens, carrots, or potatoes, which, grating along on their harsh way, beneath the bright starlight of early morning, and illumined by the flashing of the gas lamps as they pass along the streets of the metropolis to their great repository.

Another of the same kind is the market of Farringdon Ward, established in a large space, at the back of what was formerly Fleet Market; to this, however, there is a long avenue of well-supplied butchers' shops attached. How great the quantity of goods supplied to these two markets it cannot be ascertained, but of its amount some idea may be entertained from the fact, that they are the main, and almost the sole means by which the greater part of London is supplied with vegetables. Thither the "greengrocers," persons who, in the country, would be termed retail gardeners, and who deal in every kind of vegetable produce, resort, and, purchasing in large

quantities, transport the goods to their own establishments, whence they are sold to the consumer.

The same process with respect to fish is carried on at Billingsgate, near the Custom-house, where the finest fish are found that have been obtained on almost every coast of Britain.

Such is the means by which families are supplied, but there is a great portion of the population of London who are obliged by their daily occupations to take much of their refreshment away from their homes, and to these may be added all those who, called to Town by business, are during their stay compelled frequently to be away from their inns during the day. For these, dining and chop houses are provided in abundance, where every thing that could be desired may be readily procured at a comparatively trifling expense, and where, without being at the trouble or anxiety of providing, the cosmopolite may enjoy all that he could wish.

These houses, of course, vary in grade, and the expense and comfort is generally in proportion to the grade. On his entrance to one of these places, the stranger perceives commonly a long room, partitioned off into boxes by the intervention of a mahogany screen, which serves as the back to the seats on both sides of it. At every interval formed by these screens a plain mahogany table is placed, having, of course, a seat on either side of it, covered with a cloth, and furnished with all the additions of castors necessary for an economical meal. A large and well-trimmed fire blazes about the middle of one side, respecting which the boxes are mostly so placed that their occupants can both see it and feel its influence.

Shortly after having taken his seat, the new comer is accosted by the waiter, who either enumerates the dishes of which he can partake, or presents a list containing the bill of fare, and the prices of the several articles; and for a moderate price an excellent dinner may be obtained.

Coffee-houses are also provided for the same purpose,

and conducted on the same plan. Both places are supplied with the best periodical literature of the day; the former with the leading newspapers, and the latter both with those and the magazines, and the number of individuals continually to be met with in them is truly astonishing; one place alone in the city is said to dine upwards of four hundred people daily.

Such are some of the means by which every-day life is provided, and the principle extends from the highest pitch of luxury to the very lowest of degrading misery. On the one hand, where the dinner-service is of plate, or the rarest china, and the charge five guineas a head, and on the other, where the individuals and their manners have the tinge of barbarous rather than of civilized society. Every thing goes upon the same principle; one part of the community is set apart to supply the wants of the rest. Every thing can be obtained that either nature or appetite demands, but every thing forms a trading transaction.

THE CONVICT.

ACTON MASTERMAN and I were schoolfellows and friends, as much, perhaps, from the contiguity of our fathers' estates, and from being put to the same school, and the consequent association of boyhood, as from any other cause; for we were naturally of different temperaments, and possessed few feelings in common to render us particularly partial to the society of each other. He was tall of his years, and possessed, with a manliness of person, great agility, and much dexterity in the various sports by which youth is generally occupied. This was his forte, and he was too generally in arrear in his appointed portions of scholastic exercise, to be any favourite with his monitor. The same characteristics distinguished him in after time on his approach to manhood and mixture with the business of life. Every scene of gaiety found

him ready for enjoyment, and his repute for dissipation increased with his years. Our intercourse, however, after leaving college, was, though still preserved on a friendly footing, too intermitted to retain the reality which apparent warmth would imply; not that in either of us the old feeling of our boyhood suffered or decreased in its real amount, but it was checked and diverted by the different occupations in which we were naturally engaged.

For some time this desultory sort of friendship, if I may so speak, continued, until it was altogether broken off by the death of my father, at whose decease a considerable portion of the family property left us, and the income of my remaining parent and sisters dependent upon her, were indeed so much reduced as to oblige me, in order to support the sphere of life to which I had been accustomed, to leave the agreeable and quiet enjoyment of my native county for the bustle and turmoil of the metropolis. The theatre chosen for the exertion of my abilities was the Temple, and from thence the courts of law, and in due time having eaten my way to the full dignity of a wig and gown, and for several years knocked my heels together in the Court of King's Bench, obtaining day by day more of an excess of mental food than exactly suited the corporeality of my constitution, I at length attained to the tone and dignity of a *super*, and was duly honoured, in consequence, with a reasonable share of worldly wealth. But it was not in those days as at present, when a man devotes himself to one species of case and no other; our avocations were of a mixed character, and it was esteemed no disgrace for an attendant on the civil courts occasionally to take part in a criminal enquiry; indeed, some of the best foundations of an honourable fame have been laid in the sessions business of the Old Bailey. Things prospered thus fairly with me, and I had at length become so well established, that I seldom took such a case in hand, and in fact would, had I been able, have altogether avoided them.

Some short period after I had begun decidedly to act on

this determination, and when employment was full, I found, one morning, a brief on my table, and, with a handsome *douceur* upon it, containing instructions for me to act as counsel against a prisoner, and detailing circumstances of the most horrible depravity.

Desirous of altogether clearing from that portion of the profession, I wrote as was my custom in such matters my *nil* upon it, and, being busily engaged at the time, thought nothing more on the subject. Some hours after, my principal clerk put his head into my office with a "the brief, number eleven, Sir."

"Yes, no, yes! the what is it do you say?"

"The brief, number eleven, sir, which was left with you last evening, and on which you were to give a reply this morning, and state whom you would wish for your junior counsel."

"The brief, number eleven—reply this morning—junior counsel—I have no recollection of it; what is it all about, Jenkins."

"The young lady, and her father, Sir! she that was deceived by the gentleman in Cumberland, Sir: but her uncle is now here, and he will, if you please, see you."

"Show him in, Jenkins, show him in."

Jenkins retired, and by the time of his re-entry, and ushering in my visiter, I had possessed myself of the papers in question, and having discovered their contents, was prepared to return them to the party from whom they came. But my applicant was not to be easily put off; there was a ferocity in his eye, and an energy in his manner, which told how deeply his own feelings were interested in the matter. He unwove a tissue of the most artful seduction and the most false deceit. He told of misery and death. In fine, my feelings were so worked upon, that I assented not only to become counsel in the case, but determined with all my ability to bring conviction home to the guilty. At length the day of trial came on; the evidence against the accused was clear

and conclusive, and, notwithstanding an able effort of my learned brother over the way, the extreme sentence of the law was pronounced upon him. Unwilling that any being should quit this world out of charity with me, I never failed to see the culprit against whom I had been employed, as shortly after conviction as possible. I did not fail in this instance; and I felt the more anxious to pay my melancholy visit, as the unhappy being had, notwithstanding the circumstances of atrocity elicited on the trial, and the great depravity by which he was apparently distinguished, unusually interested me. There appeared an air about him infinitely superior to that of his companions in guilt; and though, at first, as a matter of prudence, and under the directions of his legal adviser, he had pleaded not guilty, yet, as the trial proceeded, he became irritated and impatient, and long before the positive establishment of the charge against him, declared with a sullen indifference to the fate which awaited him, and seeming only desirous of shunning the gaze of the gentle and ungentle vulgar, that he was the man, and the accusation was true. His manner, coupled with the evidence against him had convinced the venerable judge, who presided, that he was a hardened offender on whom leniency would be lost, and the sacrifice of whose life was due to the outraged laws of humanity and justice. After the trial, however, and previous to the sanctioning of the sentence by the king, some facts came to my knowledge, which convinced me that the man's character was, in the ground work, very different from the light in which it had been represented, and on which it had appeared on the day of trial. I did accordingly, as I have said above, the more readily visit him, and it was with a trepidation amounting to anxiety, when under the guidance of the humane governor of the prison I had reached the door of his cell, that I placed my hand upon the lock; but recollecting that giving way to my feelings could do no good, and might be productive of much injury, I turned the key and entered.

The wretched man was lying on his pallet of straw, and the only motion by which he acknowledged my presence, was a kind of half turn as the door creaked on its hinges.

His countenance was livid, and his eyes, sunk deeply in his head, presented the dark sockets, within which they gleamed in brightness still. His hair had changed much since the trial, and, from deep brown, was now profusely intermixed with grey. The negligence of his person threw over him an air of ferocity, to which the piercing glance of his eye gave additional wildness. I addressed him in soothing accents, requesting information in what way I could add to his comfort, or afford him consolation; and, at the same time, endeavoured to soften the feelings which I expected he would naturally entertain concerning me, as having been employed against him, and of course in some measure instrumental in bringing on the dreadful fate by which he was awaited. My presence had, however, apparently interrupted a train of thought, of which I myself was the object, for, without noticing the words I had used, he looked for some time fixedly upon me, without altering his position, and softly said, "Geraldson, —He was a brave and an amiable boy—fifteen years since, when May-day shall have passed,"—and then hurriedly added, "I shall not see it."

Surprised at the mention of my name, and coupled with a period at which a remarkable circumstance had befallen me, I enquired if he had particular reason to recollect that day, and if he knew ought of the name he had coupled with it.

My question excited all the spirit of his nature—his face became more ghastly pale, his brow contracted, his eyes shot fire from between the closely compressed lashes that covered them, his person was agitated throughout, and his clenched hands were thrown about, as if madness had seized on his brain.

"Remember it," he exclaimed, "aye, as Satan the light of heaven. Think you, Geraldson, the proud spirit

can bend beneath the affliction that bows it, and not feel the degradation it has experienced—think you I can look back to the days of my childhood, when innocence shone purely on my countenance, and then turn to these chains, this hell, and the horrid infamy of being a mark for the gaping multitude to stare at, and not wither to the very soul.”

“True,” I returned, “it is natural that all this should occasion misery of the deepest cast, but you should recollect that even to the worst of crimes, the mercy which is ever ready to pardon and forgive, is open to you as to others, and if, as I have reason to believe, the result of the intemperate action which has so unhappily brought you here, was neither contemplated nor desired by you, your sufferings will be considered in lenience by Him, if they tend to promote the end for which they were imposed.”

He replied not at the moment, but raising himself gradually from his bed, stretched out his face until it had approached within a few inches of my own and with a fiendish grin, said, in a deliberate under-tone, which most unnaturally contrasted with his previous violence, while the uncertain light of insanity played about his eyes, “Do you believe those old women’s fables.”

The look paralysed me, and in a moment I discovered in his now haggard and furrowed countenance, the features of one whom I had not for many years beheld. He had through an impetuous temper, and mere youthful vanity, I suspected, severed me from the object of my deepest affections.

Ella Travers was the daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of my father’s estate, beautiful as an angel, her spirit was as pure as earthly light; and vivacity and cheerfulness ever threw a grace about her presence. Her absence for a few years in the south of England had only tended to add respect to the admiration with which she had been previously viewed. The same admirable gaiety

still pleased all with whom she met, while it was attempered by a sweetness and mildness which gave an unutterable charm to the settled and matured beauty of her face and person.

I had loved this girl and had been blessed by an acknowledgment, in return, that I was not altogether indifferent to her. Days, and weeks, and months of happiness followed, until business of importance occasioned my departure for the Continent, where, on arrival at my destination, our correspondence served in some measure to lighten the weight of absence; but at length the letters from Ella became longer intermitted, and colder and colder in their tone, until at last they ceased altogether.

My repeated applications produced no reply and having no friends whose services I could use as a medium of communication, I was under the necessity of remaining in ignorance and sorrow till my return to England. My mission was in every way successful. I hastened home, and stayed not an hour on the road, after touching the shores of Britain, until I reached Cumberland. An enquiry after our neighbours, and among others more particularly the Travers, produced to me the strange intelligence, that intercourse with them had altogether ceased. I lost little time in paying my respects at the house of Ella's father, for I was anxious the mystery of the discontinuance of her correspondence should be cleared up; and I felt assured, that it required only an interview to effect it. The most complete confusion appeared to have taken possession of the place, and it was some time before I could obtain any rational explanation of the cause. It appeared that for some time previous, a person had been seen about the premises late in an evening, and that a few nights before, Ella had been missed from her room, since which time the stranger had never been noticed. Every enquiry was fruitless, and months and years rolled on without the slightest tidings being heard of her. To me it was a cruel disappointment, and a fever and long insensi-

bility were the result of overcharged feeling. Shortly afterwards my father's death, and the disposition of the family property, made an acceptable pretext for the removal of my residence.

In my own mind a vague idea had ever existed, that Masterman had, in some way or other, been the means of interrupting the correspondence between Ella and myself; and from that I dated all subsequent misfortunes.

I briefly asked if I could be of service; for the discovery of the person with whom I was conversing, and the recollection of the wrongs I had myself sustained, tended materially to destroy the charity with which I had hitherto regarded him.

"Pity," he sneeringly replied, "contempt beneath the guise of hypocrisy, but I will away with the demon that oppresses me, and since I cannot repair, I will at least acknowledge my error. Geraldson, can you forgive the being who has shipwrecked your whole happiness."

"In your circumstances, Masterman, I trust I can entertain no thoughts of resentment, however great be the cause you have given me."

"What! not for the lone lamb shorn before the tempest—see the mastless bark driving to destruction, and not curse the fiend who wrecked her—Geraldson, Geraldson, your faith may teach you, as your practice has intimated, that forgiveness is a virtue; but tell not the man whose life has been passed in the gratification of his appetites, that generosity is real, or that revenge is not sweet."

"To what can you allude," I exclaimed anxiously: "you were not necessary to the disappearance of Ella? for though gay and careless, you were at least as honourable as dissipated; and I cannot think that you would be the man to destroy the happiness of your friend."

"Listen, fond pated fool," returned my colloquist, "know you not, that when once the passions get the reins, the race is hasty to destruction. You remember the May-day when you arrived at your majority—the gay

and careless laugh, the beauteous countenance and bright eyed expressiveness which beamed upon you. I saw it, and the fiend of envy struck at the very core of my heart. My habits of dissipation had even then made considerable inroads on my property. Ella Travers was rich, and, moreover, the most beautiful among our beauties.— My heart longed for the possession of her property, as the vain glory of my character ached for the conquest of her affections. Your departure for the Continent soon gave me a fair opportunity for the execution of a plan, which ultimately ended in the rupture of your happiness, and the success of my designs. The talent for mimicry, for which you recollect, even in childhood, I was distinguished, served me well in the prosecution of my object; for by a little practice, I was enabled so closely to imitate your writing, that even your own family could not distinguish it. Your leaving home, gave me the pretext of waiting on your father to enquire after you, and so I, in time, became the bearer of your letters to Miss Travers, the first few of which were faithfully delivered; but, finding that a course of honourable conduct was not by any means likely to answer my purposes, I intercepted your communications, and satisfying myself of their contents, forged other letters, stating only such circumstances as I was aware Ella must learn from the information of others, and gradually opened to her, instead of the offers your affections made her, a course of conduct much more in keeping with the customs of the Continent. Her letters I occasionally transmitted you, but too generally they were imitations of my own, calculated to inspire in you the idea of a gradual loss of affection, and increasing coldness on her part. This, however, produced little effect in my favour, by depreciating the feeling entertained towards you, and the rapid approach of the time for your arrival at home, compelled me to stronger measures; I caused a report to be circulated concerning you, of a disgraceful and infamous character. It was stated, that having squan-

dered the whole of your property in dissipation and profligacy, in order to replenish it, and in some sort support your character in England, by the apparent possession of the same degree of wealth as when you departed from it, you had resorted to the vilest arts of the gaming table, where your natural talents giving you great advantage, you had been eminently successful. The extremes of sensuality, it was said, were your constant pleasures, nor were you over scrupulous of the means by which they were obtained. All this I took care should be conveyed to the ear of Miss Travers, through various persons, and when she applied to me in my occasional visits, and which, from the openness of her character, and from my having been the conveyer of your letters, she did not hesitate sometimes to do, my words were dark and doubtful, and I confirmed surmise by not denying it. Encouraged by the anger she appeared to entertain, and anxious to secure the ground I held before your return, I determined to declare the passion——

“Villain, you dared not insult by——”

“Rest, Geraldson,” he coolly replied. “Reproach to me now matters little, as to you it will be of slight service. I was repulsed with indignation, and stung by the reproaches heaped upon me for the treachery I had practised, I determined to have my full and perfect revenge. Under pretence of having other and better news concerning you, I succeeded one evening in enticing her into the grounds, and then by the aid of agents, which are plentifully to be found, forced her into a carriage, which conveyed us to the coast; where a small smuggling vessel, of which I was part owner, conveyed us quickly from the precincts of England.”

“Viper,” I exclaimed, for in spite of the man’s situation, the recital of such deep laid villany completely overcame me. My head swam as I listened to his words, my heart beat thick and heavy; my limbs trembled so that they would not support my weight, and I must have

sunk to the earth, had not phrenzy returned. I seized the wretch who had been the cause of my unhappiness, by the throat, and frantically demanded the termination of his project, but my voice excited the stubbornness of his character, and he only refused the more firmly to declare. I knelt at his feet, and entreated, with the humility of a suppliant, for the place of Ella's confinement, that I might, even now, remedy the many wrongs she had sustained.

He laughed me to scorn.

I entreated, reproached, threatened, promised, but all in vain, his obdurate silence continued, and thus agitated and anxious I left him.

Some days after, the aching suspense, which the intelligence given me by Masterman had excited, prompted me to visit him again. And the recollection, that with him alone remained the knowledge of the present residence of Ella, induced me to command my feelings in our interview. In the mean time the warrant for his execution had received the fatal seal, the intimation of which had that morning been given him.

I found him softened, nay, subdued, and he readily recounted the circumstances which followed his departure from England. They had hardly cleared the little inlet in which the vessel lay anchored, ere the sea, which had previously risen in a lofty swell, ran mountains high, and the wind which had moaned heavily among the cordage, shattered their canvas to shreds. The crew, to whom this was an unexpected and unpleasant voyage became mutinous, and ultimately ran their vessel, against the orders of their commander, into a nook on the Irish coast. The country in the neighbourhood was wild and sterile, and the inhabitants, who were thinly strewed, regarded but little the principles of their visitors, so long as they could obtain the ardent spirits with which they were presented.

This afforded fresh licence for insubordination to the

crew, and in an intoxicating carousal, one of their number had extended his insolence from his commander, and his partner, to their passenger. Masterman approached at the moment, and shame at his own conduct, which had exposed Miss Travers to such violence, and indignation at the wretch who had offered it, so wrought upon him, that he struck the seaman to the earth with a pistol. The man never rose again, and it was for this crime that Masterman was about to suffer, for it weighed so heavily upon his spirit that he chose rather to die under a false accusation than live when he might be convicted of his real crime. He had succeeded in conveying Ella to a place of safety, but, discouraged by the constant repulse experienced, he had latterly ceased altogether to trouble her, and only waited for a fair opportunity for again returning her to her friends.

The tone in which Masterman concluded his last sentence was calm, and betokened a mind composed and self-possessed; and the expressions of humble piety which he at intervals uttered betokened an evident change in its estimate of things, and a fixed resolution, should time be allowed, to exhibit the many admirable points in his character, while the weaker and worse features in it were evidently become subordinate to his better qualities. This stimulated me to make interest, if possible, to relieve him from the horrid fate to which he was destined. I petitioned, and obtained a temporary reprieve, and then sought out the witnesses by whose evidence Masterman had been convicted.

A private examination of two of them convinced me that other motives than a regard for public welfare, and a desire to rescue the fair fame of an injured relative had actuated them. Further inquiry, indeed, tended more perfectly to lay bare the malice that had obtained perjury to aid in the conviction of a man innocently charged. The real author of the crime for which Masterman was convicted, was the infamous partner in his illicit traffic. The

occasional interchange of each other's names in the course of their guilty pursuits, had tended also to render feasible in appearance circumstances which otherwise would have seemed impossible and ridiculous. I had the happiness of obtaining his perfect release, and having, through his means, been restored to the embrace of Ella Travers, enjoyed a happiness, not the least among others, in reflecting on this incident of the convict's life.

FLOWERS.

————— O, Father, Lord!
 The All Beneficent! I bless thy name
 That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
 Linking our hearts to nature!—MRS. HEMANS.

Beautiful Flowers!
 Fair children of the sunbeams and the showers,
 Ye are the ornaments of earth:
 Stars of this nether sphere!
 The hearts of weary, toil-worn men to cheer,
 Ye have your birth.

How sweet ye are,
 Shedding your perfume on the breezes far;
 How fair to look upon;
 All prank'd with dew,
 Ye flash upon the view
 Like many rainbows blended into one.

In valleys green,
 Like lovely sportive children are ye seen;
 In woodlands lone,
 And amid mountain solitudes ye grow
 Salt rocks below,
 And the brown moorland claims ye for her own.

To me you seem
 Like creatures of a dream,—
 Aerial phantoms of delight!
 I can but deem you much
 Too pure for mortal touch,

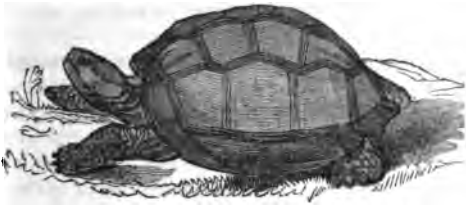
Ye are so very fair, so passing bright,—
 And hold my breath,
 Lest a foul taint of death
 Should lurk therein, your beauties all to blight.

Methinks of speech
 A silent faculty ye have, to teach
 Submission to the will divine ;
 Few are your days, but ye
 Die cheerfully,
 Nor murmur, nor repine.

Ye smilingly fulfil
 Your Maker's will,
 All meekly bending to the tempest's weight ;
 By pride unvisited,
 Though richly raimented,
 As is a monarch in his robes of state.
 Oh ! would vain-glorious man
 Pursue this plan,
 How much might he avoid of envy, strife, and hate !

FANS.

A FAN is indispensable in all seasons, both in and out of doors. Any lady might as well want her tongue as her fan, which, indeed, has this advantage over the natural organ of speech—it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend, at the farthest end of a public walk, is greeted and cheered by a quick tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied by several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow, formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold. The fan, now, screens a titter and whisper ; now condenses a smile into the sparkling eyes, which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless ; a waving motion calls the distant ; a certain twirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety ; a quick closing and displaying of the folds, indicates eagerness or joy. In fine, the fan is a magic wand ; and is more easily felt than described.



THE TORTOISE.

THE engraving at the head of this article is a portrait of the Hercules Tortoise which was brought from the Caraccas, by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and presented to the Zoological Society of London. The Tortoise tribe possesses an advantage over most other members of the animated kingdom, in inhabiting a durable house, an asylum which shelters it from the attack of very powerful enemies, and yet is not confined to one locality. Their shell is formed of two plates, one above and one below, which are joined at the sides. The upper plate is convex, and the ribs and back bone are inserted in it. There is a hole at each end of the shells; one for the reptile's head, neck, and fore feet to pass through, and at the other for the hinder feet and tail.

The Tortoise is said to be very tenacious of life, so much so, that if the head be cut off, and the chest opened, as to continue alive for many days.

The Tortoise is proverbially slow in its movements, occasioned, it is alleged, by the position of its legs, which are at the sides of the body, and consequently wide apart; and also by the immense weight of shell pressing upon them thus unfavourably placed. In walking, the claws of the fore feet are rubbed separately, one after another, against the ground; when one of its feet comes in contact with the ground, the inner claw first bears the weight of the body, and so on along the claws in succession to the

outermost ; thus in some manner performing the operation of a wheel.

The Tortoise feeds on herbs, fruit, worms, snails, and various insects. It never attacks warm-blooded animals or fish. It is easily domesticated, and is useful in the garden, destroying slugs and insects. It remains in a state of torpor during the winter months, and makes its appearance as soon as it feels the genial influence of spring.

The eminent Mr. White, of Selborne, has recorded some interesting particulars of the habits of one which he had frequent opportunities of noticing for nearly thirty years. This individual would retire under ground in November, and re-appear about the middle of April. In the midst of summer it showed a most voracious appetite, delighting in milky vegetables, as lettuces, dandelions, and sow-thistles ; but in the spring and autumn it ate very little. In forming its winter retreat, it scraped the earth with its fore feet, throwing it up over its back with its hinder legs. It laboured diligently night and day in this operation, which from the slow motion of the reptile's legs, occupied more than a fortnight to complete. It seemed alarmed if surprised by a sudden shower when searching for food. Though its shell would have secured it from injury, even if run over by the wheel of a loaded cart, yet it evinced as much solicitude about rain, as a lady dressed in her most elegant attire ; shuffling away on its first sprinkling, and always, if possible, running its head up into a corner.

There are many interesting stories told of others of the tribe, but we have not space to record them here.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG.

MAKING LAND.

"BLEST if I didn't ketch a sight o' the lights on the star-board bow," shouted one of the look-outs to a topman. Twenty pair of eyes were instantly turned in the direction pointed out by the quicksighted Tar.

"Bet ye'r a week's grog it wo'rnt no more nor a star a'ter all," growled an envious messmate who had been straining his eyes most industriously during the preceding four hours, in hopes of gaining the "Nor' Wester" promised to the first proclaimer of the glad tidings. Once again the swell lifted the ship's head high above the surrounding seas, and the announcement of eagle eyed "Bill" was confirmed from the fore-topsail yard. "'Pon deck, there." "Lights well on the starboard bow." — Away skipped the Mate of the Watch to the mast head to put the truth of the information to the test of his own ocular powers, after sending the boy to rouse up the "Schipper."

It was now five bells in the middle watch (half past two A.M.), and malgrè the almost ceaseless labours of trimming sail to catch the light breezes from the land, to which they had been subjected; most of the other watch had preferred remaining on deck, and the employment of looking out for land, to going below and taking the rest they so much needed, so that the party on deck being still further augmented by some of the passengers, the assemblage on the deck of the good ship, at the time of "making land," was rather formidable.

"Boy Jack" having by this time succeeded in rousing the slumbering "schipper," who was performing a most unmelodious solo, with his head covering a large proportion of the continent of New Holland (on the chart) with a few islands of minor importance, and a considerable part of the superficies of the cabin table, and impressed on his (the schipper's) mind the fact of the lights being visible, and that there was no necessity for his stabbing himself with his compasses, or braining himself with the parallel ruler (inasmuch as the ship was not in any immediate danger,) the worthy personage commenced the ascent of the companion ladder in rather an excited state of mind at being found "caulking" (nauticè, snoozing) by one of his boys, when he should have been ascertaining the exact situation of his ship, or involved in the study of the navigation of Port Jackson.

Having reached the deck, examined the bearings of the light-house, and issued the necessary orders for "heaving to," the captain's good temper quickly returned, and the passengers having fully satisfied their curiosity, and sufficiently bothered the schipper with their congratulations, retired to their berths to sleep, if the delectable noise of the men raising the chain cable from its retreat in the lockers, and then dragging it over their devoted heads, along the decks, would allow them.

Gradually the day broke, the anchors were over the bows, and the cables having been riveted thereto, all was silent with the exception of the occasional announcement of soundings from the leadsman in the main chains.

It was now light enough to discern the long low coast at a great distance, the watch were called to assist in making sail, the ship gently surged thro' the water, the increased noise roused a restless passenger, who might be seen in slippers and unwhisperables, sleepily ascending the companion; gradually approaching the ship's side, and carefully scanning the horizon, announcing that he "sees the land quite plain," the worthy gent having at the time his back to terra firma and his "Dollond" pointed in the direction of a fog bank, soon to be dispelled into "thin air" by the beams of the rising sun. Another animal of the same genus now made his appearance; he reached his friend: equally confident was he of having made the same discovery, nor were the two chuckling worthies aware of their error till the helmsman having sufficiently gratified his risible propensities at their expense, condescended to inform them that the land happened to be on the "other quarter."

The sun had now risen in all his splendour; the deep blue of the ocean had changed to a beautiful green, thereby indicating, if other signs were wanting, the immediate vicinity of land, shoals of fish were sparkling in the sun's rays as they leaped from the water around the vessel, and an occasional visitor in the shape of a bird, which the sai-

lors "know, by the cut of his jib," to be from the land, contributed to enliven the scene. The watch is busy with "holy stones" and numerous buckets of water, in giving an extra polish to the snow-white deck. The half-dressed and unwashed passengers think it high time to descend to their toilettes, when the propinquity of sand, swabs, and salt water is so evident, and the connexion between bucket-edges and shins promises to be so uncomfortably close.

Eight Bells (eight o'clock A.M.) has been struck, the finishing touch has been given to the decks, and the sun has dried the last remains of moisture; the highly-polished brass of the binnacle and the wheel is perfectly dazzling; the quarter-deck is thronged with the "fair sex," all in the highest state of effervescence; bonnets, beaux, band-boxes, and numerous other indescribable paraphernalia essentially necessary to ladies about to make their début in a new world, seem to form the principal topic of conversation. Here may be seen a gent, who having brought up the new boots he intends to "sport" on the occasion, is astonished at the resemblance of his patent leathers to the sectional appearance of a plum "duff" (pudding), the sea-air having illustrated the surfaces with a superabundance of yellowish green spots called mildew; another gent is equally surprised at finding his treble gilt buttons have taken the likeness of tarnished lead, while another is making use of his stock of elbow grease with lavish prodigality in endeavouring to restore to their pristine beauty a pair of equally tarnished spurs.

The steward announces breakfast, and the various employments of the aforesaid ladies and gents must be abandoned for the present in favour of the unquestionably pleasanter occupation of breakfasting on the almost exhausted stock of viands usually adorning the cabin table for the morning meal.

While the dramatis personæ are satisfying the demands of nature, and the captain is vainly endeavouring to stop

the ladies' mouths with rolls (strongly resembling bricks before they have undergone the process of drying), and delicate portions of salt fish (in colour and consistency nearly akin to untanned hides); we might inflict upon our readers a long dissertation as to the effects of the event we have in the preceding pages so lamely endeavoured to describe, on the various characters collected and caged up in the human menagerie yclept a passenger ship. We might notice how that many days before the land is visible, the first thing which the instinct of these animals guides them to on leaving their sleeping places is the compass box, and having expressed their unqualified disapprobation of the conduct of the wind, should it not blow from a quarter that enables the ship to lay exactly her course; their next visit is to the lee side of the deck, whence searching glances are directed (sometimes through colored spectacles) into the fathomless depths of the ocean, in hopes of perceiving the green tinge (the harbinger of land) instead of the everlasting blue; we might show—in fact we might write volumes on the subject, but have too much regard for the readers of the Village Magazine to occupy more of its valuable pages, and their valuable time, in proceeding further, suffice it to say that a spirit of universal restlessness is apparent in the genus homo (*terræ*) or lands-men, on the near approach to land, which manifests itself in a thousand most astonishing eccentricities.

The demolition of an unusually small quantum of comestibles having been accomplished, our friends, both male and female, are now at liberty to make their various arrangements for "going on shore;" even the sailors may be observed getting up their "shore-going togs" from the dark recesses of their bags and chests, and exposing them to a very necessary inspection and airing.

"When shall we come to anchor, Captain?" is the question put to the devoted schipper, till he is fairly driven below, having answered "not till night at the soonest," till his tongue almost refuses to perform its duty (or,

nautically speaking, is in a state of mutiny); having accomplished his retreat to his cabin, he bolts the door, with the intention both of saving himself from an amusement (not so to him) not unlike drawing a badger, and also to prepare his papers and make his necessary arrangements for entering port.

THE MONTHS.

DECEMBER.

Winter! thy wild domain is fairly spread,
And icy terrors reign in plenty round,
The leaves are gone—the trees seem dry and dead,
And nature by thy deathful spell is bound.

Earth smiles no more beneath the sunlight gleam,
But drear and dark doth sullenly refuse
To yield one ray of gladness, like a dream
Of joys bye-gone, while death her bosom strews.

Strews with faded flowers, fit things for reverie,
Of hopes and thoughts now dwelling with the past,
Wrapped in the bosom of eternity,
Yet called to mind as flitting shadows haste.

Busily the soul peers through time's long course,
And dwells 'mid sweet affections sadly riven,
Each passing day but giving stronger force,
To feelings rife that have their home in heaven.

But lo, yon crystal fairy frost-work shines,
Radiant with diamond-sparklings, in the light
Of bright but chilly splendour, while the pines
Are thickly crusted with the snowy white.

A silvery mantle covers nature's face,
And decks with beauty winter's darkling reign,
Clothing with brightness, and with airy grace,
All in the sunshine of December's wane.

But Christmas, blithe, comes with his jocund train
Of dancing joy, light-heartedness, and mirth,
To cheer the spirit, raise the heart again,
And give to happy thoughts a cheerful birth.

Let sportive childhood's noisy bliss return,
 When spectral flames throw ghastly hues around,
 When bobbling apples 'neath the brandy burn,
 And raisins snap and cheating cherries bound.

Nor less regard the sobered peace of age,
 When conning tales of many a bye-gone day
 And reading once again the lettered page
 That shines beneath soft memory's mildest ray.

Good-bye to thee, thou hoary headed chief,
 That fast art hasting to the tomb of time;
 What sorrows have been soothed, what joys been dashed
 with grief,
 Between thy sire's dark exit and thy passing chime.

But lo commingling with the midnight blast,
 A low and muttered sound is heard abroad!
 All, silent, list—a breath is drawn—'tis past,
 And now the by-gone year is but a word.

REVIEWS, &c.

Heads of the People, taken off by Quizfizz. 8vo.
 London: Tyas, Cheapside.

THIS is altogether a work of a peculiar and very original kind. It professes to embody the representatives of different orders in society in its pages, so that they may form a school of life—an aggregate melo-drama of the pathos, the whimsicality, and the strangeness of the world; and what it professes is with singular ability executed. The high and the low, the refined and the homely, are brought into unwonted juxta position, and the characters detailed may truly say, that the skill of the artist and the talent of the editor have made them acquainted with strange mate-fellows. This first number contains four characters, illustrated by most exquisitely engraved woodcuts. We say *exquisitely* engraved, for they are undoubtedly the most felicitous depictions of racy humour and

correct knowledge of life which have ever issued from the press. They are full of character and replete with expression, yet without the slightest tinge of vulgarity about them.

The heads included in the present number are *The Dress-maker*, *The Diner-out*, *The Stock-broker*, and *The Lawyer's Clerk*. The first is rich in deep and right-hearted feeling, full of faithful representation, and breathing with life. We extract a portion of it as a specimen. The author has just been speaking of the light and girl-like alleviations which the excellence of the female character will extract, even from the worst of earthly ills, where the heart is not torn, and he continues:—

These, however, are green, sunny spots in the life of the Dress-Maker's Girl; as she grows towards womanhood, years bring with them a deeper sense of her forlorn and unprotected condition; effacing her beauty, saddening her mind, and making her taste all the bitterness of that bitter morsel of bread, earned by tasked needle-work. Her position as an attendant on the wealthy and the great, her almost daily visits to the abodes of luxury occasionally vex her rebel spirit; rising, as it will, against the insufficiency of twelve and fifteen shillings per-week, for raiment, food, and lodging. A thousand and a thousand times, she wishes herself a washerwoman—a hop-picker, any drudge of the lowest class, not forced, by the necessity of a "genteel look," to submit to deadly privations; to stint herself in the humblest necessaries of life, that she may, in her external appearance, "do credit to the shop." Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the Daily Sempstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft. Follow her to her room—the topmost nook of some old, gloomy house, in some gloomy court; survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want; to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the Dress-Maker, long since past her girlhood; the Sempstress, no longer out-stared in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—lied to; tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labour. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pit-falls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares: she has, in

the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure: has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light-heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and, arrived at middle age, she is still the working Sempstress—the lonely, faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem. Is not this the fate of thousands in this our glorious metropolis?

And yet, how much worse, how much more terrible the destiny of thousands of others; of poor, unprotected creatures, with hearts in their bosoms once throbbing with the best and purest hopes, once yearning with the noblest and tenderest affections—creatures in whom the character of wife and mother might have shone with the brightest lustre—cast abroad and trodden on like way-side weeds: loathed and scorned by one sex; outraged, bullied by the other; until deceived, wounded, and exasperated nature rises against its wrongers; and, denaturalized in voice, face, and feeling, we cannot recognise the Dress-Maker's Girl—the modest, gentle thing, with blushing face and dewy eyes—in that screeching virago, that howling, raving Jezebel; now stamping in the impotence of drunkenness and rage, at that stone-faced policeman; now tumbling, dead as a carcase, in the mire, and weeping maudlin tears of gin and vengeance! And why is this? What has worked this grievous transformation? What has effected this awful, this disgusting change? Alas! some ten—nine—seven—years ago, temptation showed its thousand gifts—apples of seeming gold, with ashes at the core—to the poor Dress-Maker; proffered life-long ease, all the happiness and luxury enjoyed by her high-born sisters; and, to assist temptation, there was a yearning of love—a faith, an easy credence in the woman's heart, that made her not altogether selfish, calculating: whilst, on the other hand, there was incessant labour, and pinching economy, and—and—but the story is the story of hundreds; she fell, and

"The once fall'n woman must for ever fall!"

The modest, virgin flower has become the scoff of the multitude, the mockery of a mob.

Alas! but too true a picture.

The Lawyer's Clerk is a composition of another kind. He opens his autobiography thus:—

Have you ever, reader, been present, either as principal, witness, or spectator, upon a Monday morning, when what are called the disorderly cases, at Bow Street, are heard? If you have, you must have noted the ambiguous manner in which most

persons reply to the oft-mooted question—"Who are you?" Cobblers call themselves translators, ballad-bawlers dub themselves professionals, tailors are decorative artists, and the very porter of an agency office is "a member of the legal profession." Sickened at such affectations, I, Kit Mark, announce, boldly and unequivocally, that I am a Lawyer's Clerk—aye, a Lawyer's Clerk; not one whose description requires the aggrandizing adjective "articled," but a Lawyer's Clerk, in the seedy-coated, napless-hatted, sadly-shod sense of that word.

The Managing Clerk is well worth looking at.

THE MANAGING CLERK

Was forty-six, but looked sixty-four. His head was small and shrivelled, his hair a light pepper-and-salt colour; his white neckcloth appeared as if it had been washed in camomile tea; he had a black coat, rapidly becoming brown; grey pantaloons, and black gaiters; and always a crape on his hat, though nobody ever heard of his having, or losing a relative. The four terms were to him the four seasons; Hilary—his Spring, Easter—his Summer, Trinity—his Autumn, and Michaelmas his Winter. He had never read any book but a law book since he left off studying "Vyse on Spelling;" and if he read a newspaper, it was that interesting portion headed *Nisi Prius*. His knowledge of the fine arts was confined to the pictures of the judges in the Court of Chancery; and he went to the play but once, at half-price, attracted by the trial-scene in "The Merchant of Venice," and "Love, Law, and Physic."

Joe Grainger loved his profession with a true devotion: he saw a beauty incomparable in a declaration, and was in extacies at a special plea: with what a chuckle of delight would he receive a rule for leave to plead several matters; what a delicious prospect of complication did it open to him—he dreamt of the replications! Joseph had no notion of any promenade save that from the office to the Inner Temple, or the Courts of Law; no idea of paying any visit but to the counsel retained for his client. His walk was a cross between a jump, run, and shuffle. He had his jests too: mirthful was he regarding such pleasant things as follow. One Salter (who was more devoted to pleasure than pleading) had attempted to serve a notice on another attorney; but that gentleman being from home, he had, as was the custom, affixed the said notice to the door of his dwelling, but, in the hurry of the moment, pasted it up with the written side to the wall. Here was a knotty point for the judges; the law never anticipated such a question; it demanded only that the notice be affixed, and, unlike the parents of *Billy Lachaday*, never intimated which side

upwards. Another exquisite piece of drollery, pieced with perjury, threw him into convulsions, even the thousand and twentieth time of its narrative. Mr. C— brought a demand of plea, when the opposite attorney was out, and put it through the interstice of the door into the letter-box, but instantly took it out again. He then signed judgment in default of a plea, and when it was attempted to set this judgment aside, he very coolly swore “he had duly served the notice by putting it into the letter-box of defendant’s attorney.” “He wasn’t obliged to swear that he *left it there*,” added Grainger, with a scream of delight.

We have carried our extracts from this number much farther than we are wont, but it is the first of the species, and, if conducted with the ability and principle which characterise it in the outset, is likely to do no small benefit to literature and the world.

The Book of the Seasons. By W. Howitt. With Engravings. London: Bentley and Co.

UNLIKE many other works of a similar kind, which the natural taste of our country is from time to time calling forth, this engaging volume is not a compilation of the remarks of others. Mr. Howitt, as a dweller in the country, gives us the average result of his own observations; and the general accuracy of the facts, with the freshness of feeling which pervades the relation of them, fully justifies the expectation we might form, both from the observer, and the nature of the things observed;—in truth, this little work is one of pure and simple taste and sentiment, regulated by a judicious and well-informed mind. We give Mr. Howitt’s own account of his plan, and illustrate the chief feature of it by an extract or two.

My plan has been to furnish an original article on the general appearances of Nature in each month, drawn entirely from my own regular observations through many seasons; and, finally, to superadd a great variety of facts from the best sources, as well as such as occurred to myself after the principal article was written. To these, a complete table of the Migrations of Birds; a copious list of Garden plants which come into flower in the month; a

Botanical Calendar, including a select number of the most beautiful or interesting British plants, and an Entomological Catalogue of about three hundred of the most common or remarkable insects; a notice of Rural Occupations, and, finally, one of Angling, are added.

The following are taken from the account of the month of May:—

In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the grey boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither disguised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that glows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed,—another is mottled with grey and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossom, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The beeches are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love “the wood-notes wild?” We again recognize the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it, has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness not merely from the *songs* of birds but from their cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet-weet*, and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *winkle-winkle* of the blackbird as it flies out of the hedge and skims along before you to a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings by three or four o’clock the fields are filled with a perfect clamour of

bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the wood-pecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chall sounds his two notes blithely on the top of the tallest trees ; and the voice of the long-tailed titmouse, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with crow-foot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges.

Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onwards by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The *spring* actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine, and melody which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. The hawthorn is in full flower ; the leafy hedges appear half-buried in the lofty grass. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower ; and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. Sheep-washing is begun in many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily, the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and snowy umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on the stormy ocean.

FLOWERS. The return of May again brings over us a living sense of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green ; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned ; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers ! As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the

flowery meadows like young fawns ; they gather all they come near ; they collect heaps ; they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart ; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers ; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

Having expressed our approbation of the execution of this particular volume, we cannot help observing, that all works of this character seem to be founded upon a very great mistake and wilful ignorance of the fact in one, and that a very important respect—we mean as to the religious or moral influence which the beauties of nature are supposed to exercise upon those who have the taste or the opportunity for enjoying them. Mr. Howitt, as a poet, may, perhaps, (if any one) be allowed the licence of representing the matter so, but it is one of the things of which we are convinced that men are wilfully ignorant, and that in contrariety to observed fact, that it is not so ; but a regard for truth, and for the interests of religion and morality, should compel us to admit what is the case. The fact is, that man is not naturally alive to the beauties of the Creator's works, as may be known to any one that is an accurate observer of the human heart. We are afraid that the ignorant poor of our villages are, speaking generally, too often insensible to the many proofs of Divine wisdom and goodness—the truth is, that the taste is the result, not of natural, but of a certain degree and kind of education ;

and even when from circumstances, there has been acquired a ready perception and enjoyment of the glorious works of God every where about us, it by no means follows that it is at all attended by any feeling directed to the Great Artificer himself—on the contrary, how often do we see the grandeur of a scene, the beauty of a prospect, or the wise adaptation of a single natural contrivance greatly admired, evidently without one thought or feeling entering the soul of the greatness, the goodness, or the wisdom of the omnipresent Creator. No—it is a fiction of the poet, that men “look through nature up to nature’s God.” Let our young readers, as they would really enjoy natural objects, remark the negligence of their own hearts in this particular, and guard against it—let them diligently cultivate the idea of God as of a sin-pardoning and reconciled God—let them feel, when in their closets, the glow of gratitude for spiritual and eternal mercies, vouchsafed to all that will embrace them; then when they walk abroad they will be doubly blessed in the enjoyment of God’s created works, while they say in the filial and sincere spirit of another and a Christian poet—“*My Father made them all.*”

The Chess Player's Hand-Book. The Whist Player's Hand-Book. 32mo. London: Tyas.

OUR publisher has, during the past year, been putting forth to the world a series of little books upon a variety of subjects, under the title of HAND-BOOKS, of which the two we have just named are a portion. They are very neatly got up, cheap in price, and contain as much information upon their respective subjects as could well be condensed into the compass; and we are persuaded that our readers will find them pleasing and efficient aids in that they profess to teach.

THE TRAVELLERS.

A FAREWELL TO 1838, AND WELCOME TO 1839.

Farewell, old fellow, Thirty-eight,
And thanks for favours past ;
You've looked upon us cool of late,
We've paid you off at last.

Like all your predecessors, Sir,
We've found you full of change,
Sometimes all bustle, noise, and stir,
Then sulky, dull, and strange.

But never mind, I wont complain,
You never injured me ;
And though you've caused to many pain,
Many have ill-used thee.

Farewell old fellow, Thirty-eight,
Excuse this fun of mine,
You know you're getting out of date,
Bear witness, Muses—Nine.

Come Thirty-nine, three hearty cheers
Shall greet thee into life ;
Come settle all our hopes and fears,
And free the world from strife.

Teach man to love his brother man,
His drooping heart to raise ;
And teach us all, as best we can,
To seek our Maker's praise.

Come Thirty-nine, with smiles of joy,
And smiles around thee cast ;
Bring happy days, without alloy,
And bring them to the last.

And may I live to sing of thee
When thy short days have flown,
To thank my God for help to me,
And all his blessings own.

WATER.

IN no one work of his hand is the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Great Architect of the world more clearly exemplified, than in the water, which we are so careless of. Whether we analyze the crystal dew-drop, or the waters of the "dark unfathomed" ocean, the sparkling liquid of the bubbling fountain, or the muddy water of the stagnant lake, omnipotent power, guided by omniscient wisdom and benevolent love, strike us as indispensable to form a liquid so perfectly adapted to the wants of Man—so necessary to his existence, so requisite to his comfort, and so useful in all the luxuries of life.

It has been remarked, by many keen observers of human nature, that we seldom appreciate those blessings or advantages with which we are, at any time endowed, until we have been deprived of them—till we look upon them with a retrospective eye as something "passed away," something we cannot think upon, without the soul-provoking phantom, self-reproach, dinning into our ears those maddening words "'tis too late." This remark applies, not inaptly, to water. The possession of plenty depresses it in our ideas below its proper value; but, placed in the sultry regions of the tropics, journeying under the scorching rays of an African sun, with what an eye should we regard the man who, so profusely as we should, uses the precious liquid. His presence would be avoided, as though stamped with every vice—his crime more indelible in our memory than though he had robbed us of our cash, or scattered the gems of Ophir in the sandy waste. However distant we may be from the proper degree to which we should appreciate water as a blessing; however, the sincerity and intensity of our thankfulness might be augmented by our being deprived of its benefits (were it possible for us to endure the trial) for indeed there must there will be, whose hearts are so barren of every germ of gratitude, as to be totally void of "wonder, love, and praise," when contemplating even the slight pellucid drop.

One glance through the microscope *must* inspire the first sentiment. Sterile, then, is the soul that can see these wonders ministering to its comforts hourly, and daily, forming the basis of almost every enjoyment, without giving praise unto whom the praise is due.

Services the most common and the most required from the frequency of their occurrence are *apt* to lose their importance in our eyes; but, setting aside the imperative necessity of water to the productions of the earth, not only to cherish them, during their growth, but to prepare them for our use—setting aside, also, its advantages to us as a beverage, both in its simple and multifarious compound states, can we imagine it possible for a rational and thoughtful being like man to dip the tip of his finger in the pure liquid of the fountain, without feeling the “benevolence of love” that has wisely adapted it to a purpose so necessary to our health; yet, to which every thing in nature, but water, is unsuitable. What would the rich produce of wine benefit us? Would the juice of the blood-red grape, or the aromatic distillations of the East impart that vigour to our frame, elasticity to our motions, and that blooming tint and freshness of health to our countenance? Would they brace the weak constitution, and quicken the languid pulse, as the cool waters of the rippling stream. No! deprived of the ablution that at once purifies and invigorates, the result hardly needs telling: suffice it to say, that, squalid with accumulating filth—eaten up with disease, the constant attendant, life would be dragged on in misery; and the riches of Peru, the spices of Arabia, the wines of Portugal or Burgundy, and the luxuries of the whole Eastern world would only serve to shorten, as well as to render more loathsome, the brief period of a wretched existence.

But there are many other uses which are equally the especial results of a benevolent Providence. Thus, though in it He gave us an article to keep our persons and our dwellings clean and healthy, to refresh us when we are “athirst,” and to serve us as an indispensable ingre-

dient or agent in preparing our food ; though, in it he gave us, in fact, something that, in its simple or mixed sate, furnishes man, and the creatures of his care, with almost every element of life, there are other uses than those direct ministerings to our bodily wants that proclaim the hand Divine. To discuss all its direct uses would be a task herculean ; but, to *enumerate a tythe* of its *indirect* beneficial qualities would be impossible. The question would *not* be, where shall we find its benefits ? but, where shall we not ? Not where shall we find it necessary ? but where is it unnecessary ? The enquiry is here, however, unneeded. We shall therefore confine our observations to one of its qualities *i. e.* as a mechanical agent, as a moving power. As such it was our primary intention, when we prepared the grey-goose quill, to illustrate the importance of water ; but the freshness of the scenery tempted us to stray from the direct path ; and as we have come to the point, at last, and we trust not unbenefited, our circumlocution will be excused. The origin of the arts has been referred to a time antecedent even to—

“ When Adam delved and Eve span ;”

the time, when the consciousness of shame raised the dormant particles of ingenuity within their breasts ; and taught them of the leaves of the fig-tree to make dresses.

Of antiquity, hardly inferior is the application of water to mechanics as a moving power ; for, from time immemorial has man, judiciously availing himself of its course, or directing it to his convenience, turned its impetuosity to his benefit, by subjecting his machines to its continual impulsive power. Although antiquity may, abstractedly, be no infallible criterion of importance, in the present case its testimony is not to be despised ; for, by availing *ourselves* of the same power we at once demonstrate its importance. That this importance should be of the highest rank we need not wonder, when we consider that, independent of it as a medium for commercial communication, as a “ beast of burthen” between every town, city, nation,

and empire in the world, *in its simple state* it places in our power an agent capable of the most prodigious exertions, and inferior only to one in nature. Water then is *not the most important* mechanical agent, may be said, for there is another more efficient.

So there is, but that is but a modification of *the same*, "an old friend with a new face," *Water* in a state of vapour, instead of a state of liquidity. Water, when subjected to heat, throws off a quantity of vapour or steam; but when that heat reaches "boiling heat," it is that the phenomena, which has been turned to man's use, takes place. Thus the water suddenly dilates to above one thousand seven hundred times its magnitude, when in a state of simple liquidity; and that expansion takes place with a force more than double that of gunpowder. Effects so powerful could not remain for ever barren of benefit. The experiments made upon that vapour, suggested the idea of applying that energy to the interests of manufacture; by calling in its aid as a moving power, possessing an advantage over water in its liquid condition, not only in magnitude of energy, but in being able to be exercised in any situation; thus making manufacture overcome the disadvantages of locality. To an Englishman the merit is due of first carrying this design into execution; and from that period may we date a new epoch in our commercial annals. Nothing stimulates so much, nothing inspires the mind with such firmness for a further pursuit; as either having successfully terminated another, or beholding some other arrive at the goal of their enterprise. Thus was it with steam. The first successful adaptation of it to machinery, as a motive power, awakened the latent energies of many. An agent so powerful, so cheap, and (if we may use the term) so transportable, they perceived, *must* be capable of wonderful effects, and of unlimited application.

In fact, in it they beheld a power; which, had they but ingenuity to apply it, would perform anything. The field was open for them, and the pioneers of science no longer

rested on their arms. Success brought patrons—patrons brought more capital—capital fostered genius, by giving latitude to its action—and genius, in the short term of a generation, produced results that will never perish while time exists. And a few revolving years have sufficed, not only to apply the energies of steam to almost every description of manufacture, and every act of labour requiring extraordinary physical exertion, but by its application to the purpose of locomotion, to connect city to city, ocean to ocean, and continent to continent. Thus manufacture accelerated, and communication shortened, by increased speed, the labour once of a week is performed in a day. The journey of many days scarcely takes as many hours to complete it, and the order that would have taken months in being fulfilled fifty years ago, is received, executed, and the goods sent to their destination in as many weeks. And this has been brought about by the agency of a drop of water!! But it is not to be supposed that this state of things has been brought about without difficulty. Far from it, those who had acquired riches without the aid of steam, were not only bigotted in their own way, but prejudiced against what they termed, wild and theoretical innovations. The cry was responded too by an easily excited populace. Yet the clamours and threats of the mob of the “old school” Masters, and fanned to a flame by the ravings of interested demagogues, extinguished not, though it might for a time repress, the spirit of ingenuity. There were those whose eyes were not covered with the jaundiced film of prejudice, whose ears were not shut against the pleadings of reason, and whose minds were open to conviction. They saw the benefits to result from it, and they were not slow to seize upon them; what those benefits were, we have shown, and we need not ask, are their expectations answered? To convince a partial nation and a blinded populace, that they would be uninjured, much less benefitted by so novel an introduction as the Steam Engine was impossible, Experience alone could do that, and

has it done so ? Let our countless fleets, our busy cities, our vallies clothed with habitations, and our hills re-echoing with the rattle of numberless manufactories answer !! Yes let our sleek and well-fed citizens, our opulent merchants, our rich manufacturers, our clean, respectable and intellectual operatives answer. And let them say whether, in a country burthened with taxes, yet blessed with a flourishing revenue, and a money-spending as well as a money-getting population, thickly peopled, yet *none* deprived of the necessities, and *few* of the luxuries of life; let them say, whether the power which keeps capital too well exercised to decrease, and a people too well employed to be disaffected, has or has not, had some share in bringing about such a state of affairs. Reason says it has. A single drop of water is this power in miniature ! as a blessing, a benefit, a boon to man. On it another word is needless. Let those who despise it, because it has made England "a workshop," and Englishmen "a nation of shop-keepers," leave the land whose "Merchants are Princes," and exchanging peace, plenty, and industry, for pride, poverty, and idleness, seek some of those "*skies of blue*," where the smoke of the Steam Engine never obscures the brightness of day ; where the busy hum of commerce never disturbs the sleep of the slothful, or the day-dreams of fashionable indolence.

A REPLY.

A gentleman was asking a wit, the other day, the names of the greatest punsters of the time ; and was informed that Hood and Hook were the first in the last line of literary celebrity ; his informant immediately adding—

'Tis thus that greatness fades away ;
Behold it ending in D. K.

A TRIP TO THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

" And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear ;
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

BYRON

IT was in the Summer of 1835, that being on a visit at the great naval depôt of Plymouth, I was invited to become one among a party who proposed making an excursion to that wonderful structure the Eddystone Light-House. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, more especially as we were to embark in one of those beautiful yachts so common on our southern shores, and at once the pride and delight of all lovers of aquatic amusement.

The morning proved most auspicious, not a cloud appeared to dim the bright blue sky, while a slight breeze just rippling the before placid wave gave hopes that as the day advanced we should be favoured with an increasing gale to waft us over the briny sea to the object of our expectations. Alas, poor human nature ! this was as yet but the morning of our hopes ; how soon to be obscured in the dark and howling storm of night,—but I must not anticipate.

Fortunately, we had not long to wait the arrival of this party of pleasure on our decks, in consequence I presume of the absence of ladies. On any other occasion they are delightful, but in an excursion to sea, I would for their own sakes wish them at home. I am in error, however, when I say that we were without the gentler sex, for one, more intrepid than is common, and leaving behind the usual accompaniments of parasol and bandbox ; overcoming, too, the idea of sea-sickness, and anxious to obtain a sight of an object of which she had heard so much, was prevailed upon to accompany her father, an old post

captain, and owner of the vessel in which we were to set forth, and in which he had spent so many happy hours.

We slipped our moorings from the beautiful harbour of Hamoaze with the wind from the Southward, but the tide being on the ebb, and a fresh breeze springing up, it was determined that we should spread our canvass and beat her out, the well known sailing qualities of the pretty *Nina* leaving no room for doubt as to our completing the distance in a few hours. In consequence of the wind being against us we were under the necessity of tacking from shore to shore, which, however, much heightened the pleasure of our excursion, enabling us as it did to view with far greater facility the numerous points of attraction every where presenting themselves. The first object which claimed our attention was the magnificent victualling establishment for the navy, named after his late Most Gracious Majesty, then in course of building, on a point of land called (in vulgar parlance) the Devil's Point, why, I know not. After running our boltsprit within a few feet of the quay (the great depth of water permitting this near approach) and admiring much the splendour and solidity of its architecture; our second reach brought us under the woods and shade of that beauteous retreat, Mount Edgecumbe. As I sat gazing on the varied tints which appeared to become richer and more autumnal as our boat glided towards them, I was struck with the picturesque situation of a temple, dedicated to Pope, rearing as it did its modest head from amid the amphitheatre of trees by which it was surrounded, while the birds carolling their joyful strains made it appear almost a Paradise; but how quick the transition when the helm having been put a-lee and our vessel filled upon the opposite tack, we discovered just to windward the swan-like form and buoyant grace of an American schooner, her hull, dark as the night, set off in bold relief by the bright and dancing sea beyond, with her taunt, reed-like masts rising from her in beautiful proportion. On nearing her she was recognised as a vessel which had been detained by one of our

cruisers in the Channel on suspicion of piracy, and never have I seen one either before or since, which so closely assimilated itself with that beautiful creation "the Red Rover" of Cooper. We passed close under her taffrail, crowded as it was by the dark and sallow visage of the Spaniards and Portuguese, whose savage and swarthy, though somewhat handsome features, had well nigh furnished subject for alarm in the feminine breast of our fair *voyageur*. The breeze, however, freshening, soon swept us past our pirate friend, and ere much time had elapsed our gallant little bark had passed through the somewhat intricate channel of a ledge of rocks, called the Bridge, which runs across the Sound. But now we approach that stupendous work of man's ingenuity and industry, as well as of his victory over the elements—the Breakwater, which should, we deem, be counted one among the wonders of the world, so triumphantly, yet so majestically, does it stretch its vast expanse of all but solid rock across the mouth of this estuary, taking under its protection, as it were, the placid lake, which shelters from storm and tempest those mighty fleets which have ever proved our surest safeguard, and apostrophizing the angry surge which howls without with, "Hither shalt thou go, but no further." Who that has ever beheld this glorious fabric placed as it is in the vasty deep, like a barrier to restrain the onward progress of the ocean, would not almost feel bewildered with awe and admiration, but that we experienced a keener sense of grandeur in the contemplation of a still more wonderful and triumphant object of man's wisdom, that of which we have yet to speak. But I must now reluctantly leave this interesting memento of British skill, for time and tide, waiting for no man, have already driven us from beneath its shelter, and we are now about to be tossed on the foaming sea which is laving the base of Penlee Point, and ere we leave that in our wake, I fear some of the landsmen of our party will thoroughly repent of their hitherto anticipated pleasure. But before we fairly launch on the tossing wave we must not omit calling

at that well known fishing, *alias* smuggling town, Cawsand, for we must here lay in our stock of brandy, in order to revive the fading spirits of our luckless companions, *eau de vie* being the invariable prescription when the eyes begin to droop, and a sickly pallor to succeed.

The bay of Cawsand prior to the construction of the Breakwater, was the principal rendezvous of our fleets during the last war, and many a gallant frigate has sailed from the bay of Cawsand to return perhaps riddled and all but dismantled, yet in her convoy a noble bark with the tri-color of Napoleon humbled, and hoisted beneath the red cross of St. George of England; many a lovely Susan too has sought here her sweet William, and the cliffs of Cornwall and Devon have re-echoed with the rejoicings of the brave.

Imagine to yourself, kind reader, our light and buoyant bark, at last fairly launched on the heaving wave, for bidding adieu to this fishing town, and leaving behind us the dark red slopes of Edgcumbe's Home, we are fast approaching a point of land named Penlee, which forms the most southern part of this bay, though immediately behind, and of course farther to the westward, a bold headland obtrudes its wave worn steep. This point goes by the name of the Ram Head, from its peculiar resemblance to that animal, it has a most wild yet picturesque appearance, surmounted as it is by a beautiful and fairy-like grotto.

The nearer we approach these headlands the more of old ocean do we open to the view, until all at once a burst of surprise proceeds from some half dozen voices exclaiming in a breath, "A Sail! A Sail! behold what a gallant ship bears down upon us," as a magnificent frigate, with studding sails low and loft, just heaving to the breeze, rounds the point, approaching with majestic mien and filling every breast with rapture and admiration. "Jenkins," exclaimed the skipper of our boat as he put the helm up in order to pass the bow of the frigate, "I doubt me if you vessel carries the ensign of Britain; for, in consequence of the frigate going dead before the wind, her

flag was hid from us, " though I know not what else she can be, since a Frenchman seldom honors us with his company." This was addressed to an old weather-beaten tar, who was leaning on the bitts,* scanning with eager glance the stranger, but who on the interrogation of our host, quickly recovered himself, as he answered with heart-felt disdain " No, no, your honor, he's no Frenchman, I'll be sworn, and as for British ? why I'd sooner see all Hamoaze in flames nor own such a craft as she'mong our Fleet. No, no, your Honor wait but the turn of a handspike and you'll see the Yankee stars on the blue ground hanging from the gaff." These words were scarcely uttered when the frigate having slightly altered her course passed in our wake and verified old Jenkins' assertion by our discovering the flag in question waving from her peak. " But what does she here, enquired again the Owner." " Ah that your honor's difficult to come at, seeing they keep these things close, but some say th' American Ministers a' coming from France, as these Furiners always do when they're in trouble, to old, England. " See," said the old man as he cast his eyes to leeward, " there goes her number and now then the salute," as the sound reverberated through the woods of Mount Edgumbe, and the smoke issuing from her guns, completely enveloped her. " That craft 'll never touch our Inconstant, (though *that's* an awkward name), she looks more lik' one of our East Indiamen nor a man of war." " Come, come, we must not be too hard upon our American brethren," retorted his master, " she is a fine ship, tho' perhaps not quite so rakish as the vessel you have mentioned." " I dont know, I dont like them Yankees, being as they are, half and half sort o' cheps, howsoever they've brought her up now, so I'll say no more," and with this consolation the old seaman jumped to his feet as the word was given, " let fly jib sheet," and our boat, obedient as a palfrey to its rein, shook herself up to the wind, and in another minute was fast leaving the hills of Dartmoor. I must here apolo-

* The bitts are those pieces of wood which confine the boltsprit in its place.

gize for having thus trespassed on my subject, but my readers will I am sure, pardon the digression when I inform them that the wind having veered some points to the eastward, enabled us to lay our course, and on easing away the sheets our boat, like a race horse relieved from the galling bit, bounding onward, quickly redeemed the time spent in frequent delay.

"Is that a vessel I see so far off?" asked the frank, blue-eyed Julia; "it seems to be so stationary that I almost begin to think it must be at anchor, and yet its sails are up."

"That vessel, as you call it," replied her father, pointing at the same time to a distant speck, "is the object of which we are in search, nor are you the first who has mistaken it for a distant sail; but look through my glass, and your doubts will be quickly removed;" and as the maiden exclaimed with glee—"It is, it is!" every eye was directed to the spot, and the Eddystone echoed o'er the wide waters.

"O, how beautiful it looks!" cried she again, "and yet how solitary. I shudder at the thought of what the inmates must endure when the wild storm bursts upon them; for if now, on this bright Summer day, with countless sails passing and repassing to gladden the scene, it seems sad and lonely, what must be its appearance when the thunder bursts upon the ear, and the lightning, illuminating the before dark expanse, discovers but one wide waste of sea and foam?"

"Why, I declare," said her fond father, "your description is quite poetical; but, come, turn we from the wild scene you would paint, and let our monotony be enlivened by one of your prettiest strains—let it be something lively though;" and the fond parent bestowed a kiss upon his playful daughter.

She needed not a second request, but, with a slight blush on feeling herself before none but the rougher sex, yet, in a tone at once soft and impressive, complied in the following

CHAUNT TO THE OCEAN.

Hail! thou deep majestic sea!
All hail, thy rippling wave!
Would that as happy and as free
Were the shores thy surges lave.

When with the sun the fitful haze
Floats from thy vasty main,
The wand'rer seeks, with anxious gaze
His homeward port to gain.

But as at eve thy waters clear
Are hush'd to sweet repose,
The lover's lute chimes on the ear,
Stealing from distant grove.

So when those twilight shades come on,
And tinge with sombre hue,
The mermaid's song is borne along
Over the waters blue.

Haste, then haste, ye Zeyhyrs bright,
And speed my buoyant bark;
For I seek in joy that Ocean light
Which tells of dangers dark."

She finished this simple strain with somewhat of animation beaming on her countenance; an arch smile, too, told of her secret delight, and her voice was scarce hushed, when the all but solitude re-echoed with the burst of admiration excited among her auditors. The effect upon her father was, however, still more pleasing, as in playfulness he said,

"My child, you have indeed surprised me; for though I am fully aware of the extent of your portfolio, still I confess never to have heard that song amongst those with which you are wont to beguile many a passing hour."

"Then should it be the more welcome," replied his bright-eyed daughter; and as the before almost torpid sail began to expand under the influence of the breeze, she seated herself to gaze on the rock we were fast approaching.

"I think it will not be amiss," said our intelligent host, "during the time which will intervene before our arrival at the Stone, to give a few particulars relative to the object you are about to inspect; they were obtained from one of the most experienced pilots in the Channel, even from an 'Eddy,' after whom, report says, the light-house was named."

"These rocks are situated in lat. 50. 8, N. lon. 4. 24 W., and are distant fourteen miles from the port of Plymouth, and three leagues from the Ram-Head, the nearest land; they lie about S.S.W. from the Port, extending for some fathoms in a north and south direction across the Channel, sloping towards the S.W. I need not give you a detailed account of the dates and structure of the three several buildings; suffice it, that two separate edifices having been destroyed—the one by fire, the other by storm—and the dangerous position of the rocks rendering a light-house indispensable, the present edifice was erected by Smeaton, in 1755, who, with a daring and a genius which our nation is happily seldom without in cases of necessity, undertook this wonderful task; wonderful, in the numerous difficulties which had to be surmounted—the Atlantic bursting in one unchecked body upon this spot, rendering it extremely difficult even to effect a landing; taking into account also the few days when work could be carried on, the distance likewise from the land, and innumerable other obstacles, too great a mede of praise cannot be awarded to the man who surmounted them. But now after straining our sight so long in anxious expectation, how amply are we compensated, for lo here it rises from the bosom of the deep, the monarch of all around, throwing completely into shade the numerous vessels that on so fine a day seek its neighbourhood, and rendering them but as mere specks on the picture. And now that we are within hail, let me attempt a description of its exterior before we launch our tiny boat to endeavour to explore its interior. Connected with the foundation, which is deeply seated in the firm rock :

the building rises from the face of the ledge with a large and swelling base, which is gradually reduced by an elegant curve into the form of an upright cylinder, from this form, however it again diverges, and towards the top swells outwards in a gentle curve, but of course of smaller dimensions than the base ; this completes the more solid part of the structure, and upon this is placed the lantern, composed of iron and thick plate glass ; a light gallery surrounds it, which is used as a place of look out, and from whence the inhabitants in fine weather catch a few fish ; the whole is surmounted by a ball, underneath which is the inscription ' Hope in God.' The total elevation from the face of the rock is about 80 ft." Having completed our survey of the exterior, we hove our vessel to at some little distance from the rock, and leaving her in charge of our old friend Jenkins, and a few of the less venturesome of our party, embarked in our little boat to explore this habitation of the deep. The entrance lies to the eastward of the building, and it being nearly low water, and the rocks forming a kind of basin, we were enabled to land with comparative ease, more especially on account of the swell having gradually subsided for a number of days previously. We were welcomed by the inmates in the most cordial manner, and conducted over the building, which is divided into four rooms ; the first is used as a kind of storehouse, wherein are kept the provisions, which are in fine weather conveyed once a week, but in winter they are often for a long time without seeing a human being. The other rooms are occupied as bed and sitting rooms, the floors of which are flat above, but concave beneath, and chains are let into the walls to prevent the floors from pressing against the sides : we were next conducted to the lantern, which is lighted by means of oil lamps, and most powerful glass reflectors, by means of which the light may be seen at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. We received much information from the men who have the charge of the Light-house ; they are three in number, formerly limited to two, but

one of these having died, it was deemed expedient to have the number increased to three; these are usually mechanics who follow their calling, and thus with the salary (about a guinea per week) are enabled to enjoy a comfortable living, at least so far as money is concerned. Having fully satisfied our curiosity, and purchased a few fish of these children of the wave, we prepared to take our leave, not however till they had recounted a tale or two of the frightful storms which ever and anon sweep over this waste of waters, dashing the foam and the billows far above their lonely home, and yet there it stands, firm as the rock which bears it, a splendid memento of what the mind of man can accomplish.

As we proceeded once more to trust ourselves to the keeping of the so called treacherous sea, I mechanically cast my eyes in the direction of the wind, and in so doing, could not help being struck with the visible alteration which had taken place during the short space of time we were examining the rock. The horizon all at once appeared misty and uncertain, the breeze, which till now had been fresh, was suddenly calm, while the heat in the atmosphere plainly indicated a coming storm: we therefore hastened on board to the no small delight of our companions and our pilot Jenkins, whose glance to windward was sufficient indication of *his* thoughts on the subject; the air being very light we were compelled to hoist all her flying kites, in order if possible to force her through the water and gain the port before the gale should overtake us; what little wind there was fortunately favoured us, and our beautiful boat began to steal along under the heavy press of canvass. No object can, I think, be prettier, than to see a vessel so crowded with sail as scarcely for her hull to be perceptible, gliding from billow to billow, the wind just sufficient to fill the light canvass, while going right before it, she appears as a bird on the wing, stretching forth its snowy pinions to catch the favouring gale. Even thus did we move, anxiously watching the threatening horizon, and giving utterance to hope that we might reach our anchorage

without dismay; we had not however proceeded very far ere the blast overtook us, and it required some little quickness to shorten sail in order to prevent springing any of our spars; having reduced our sail the squall merely gave us that impetus which sent us dancing along, while the foam flying from her bows told us that Hamoaze would soon be in sight. A run of about nine miles brought us into comparatively smooth water, and passing over the track we had traversed only a few hours before, we safely moored towards the close of the day, equally delighted with the hospitality of our host, as well as with the interesting object we set out to visit.

THE THEATRE.

AN IMITATION OF CRABBE FROM THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
 Our long wax candles with short cotton wicks,
 Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
 Start into light, and make the lighter start;
 To see red Phœbus, through the Gallery pane,
 Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury-Lane;
 While gradual parties fill our widened Pit,
 And gape, and gaze, and wonder ere they sit.
 At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
 Distant or near, they settle where they please;
 But when the multitude contracts the span,
 And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
 Now the full benches to late comers doom
 No room for standing, miscalled standing room.
 Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
 And bawling—"Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
 Yet onwards still the gathering numbers cram,
 And all is bustle, squeeze, jabbering, and jam.
 See to their desks Apollo's sons repair,
 Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair,
 In unison their various tones to tune:
 Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon,
 In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute,
 Twang goes the harpsichord, too-too, the flute,

Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp ;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hushed—but no! one fiddle will
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still ;
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man,
Then on his candlesticks thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.
What various forms our motley walls contain !
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane ;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more—
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;
Big-worded bullies who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even Axe St. Mary ;
And bucks, with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
And so the crowd of multifarious kind
In vain attempt to fill a vacant mind ;
In heavy dullness with gaping patience wait,
Through all the trail of mock heroic state ;
Of wit and sarcasm enjoy the joke,
And catch with eager heart each touching stroke
Of pathos, moving pity or delight,
Till down the curtain drops, to say—good night.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. V.

A TRIP ON SHORE, ETC.

THE first object, as I mentioned in my last, that attracted our attention, was ploughing, which was in progress on a plot of land within a stone's throw of the beach. A couple of poor half-starved bullocks were attached to a plough of quite primitive appearance, there being scarcely a fragment of iron used in its construction; indeed, it could vary but little from the same agricultural implement in the days of Elisha. The cattle, which are held together by an enormous yoke of wood, are forced along by the application of a goad, which is also very frequently needed to clear the superabundant soil from the wooden plough. The land under cultivation had been wheat the season preceding, and the only preparation it underwent, previous to sowing, was stubbing up the briars and thistles, which, in a few months, spread themselves in tiresome luxuriance. The man in charge of the team walked ten paces across the plot, and placed a stone; he did the same at the other end; after which his assistant dispersed the seed, and the former commenced turning the seed in with the plough, which does not make deep furrows. A large branch of some prickly tree was then dragged across the whole several times, and all is done!

"What!" exclaims a rural reader, "two years together the same sort of crop!"—"Yes, verily." "Why don't he use lime?"—"Because there is none." "But manure?"—"It is worth a great deal more, when dried in cakes, for fuel!" Oh, ye sticklers for courses, and laying in fallow, how would you be shocked at such barbarity! However, generally the crops are abundant; for the soil is rich, and by its productiveness well suited to a race whose indolence would often bring starvation were much labour required in cultivation.

The two husbandmen were attired in loose jackets of coarse brown cloth, with *shalivar* (breeches) to corre-

spond ; striped cotton shirts, folding across the breast ; and under this a white body shirt, with a profusion of buttons and loops up to the throat ; they had coarse muslin turbans, and, in place of shoes or slippers, the feet were cased in buffalo hide, fastened sandal-fashion with thongs of the same material. They were very talkative, and showed beautiful white regular teeth : one of them offered us a pinch of good brown rappee snuff !

The whole distance to the farm the soil appeared equally suitable for agriculture, and in various parts cultivation had taken place, smaller or larger, according to the means of the tenant of the land. There appeared no effort at choice as to site or aspect, nor any hedge or fence ; the only boundary appearing to be a slight trench round the respective plots. Through the plain may be traced the bed of a small stream, or rather the course of a mountain torrent ; the line being well defined by the verdure on the banks, and the number of trees and shrubs which thrive most near water. About half-way from the landing-place we had to cross a rude wooden bridge ; at this part it was a large pond for cattle. The approach was concealed by a profusion of reeds, very high and strong, much reminding one of the description of East Indian jungle—there the resort of tigers and elephants ; here a refreshing shade to the distressed cattle during the Summer heats. The buffaloes betake themselves to the water or mud, and lie snorting like so many happy swine.

Around the house a species of oak peculiar to Syria grows in profusion ; it is small, and of deep green foliage, like the holly bushes in our gardens, but the presence of large acorns marks the difference. The fruit, when collected, is often seen in the English markets, under the name of *Valonia*, and is a substitute for oak bark. During Autumn, many mercantile houses send down clerks to the coast to select and purchase the article ; this is considered a necessary precaution, as the natives consider it no crime to sell from a sample, and deliver an article not half so good.

Approaching the house the exuberant soil was covered with the finest mushrooms. Entering the court, and turning round, the view was indescribably beautiful. Below us the rapid current of the Dardanelles rolled majestically along, whilst at anchor were descried forty to fifty sail of all nations with varieties of streamers: here, in extreme distance, rose lofty hills, with noble forests on their sloping sides, interspersed with green patches, on which the sheep were pastured; and in another part, a fruitful plain, with natural hedges of timber, and several sparkling streams. On our return, part of the distance traversed was thickly covered with a species of dwarf thistle, which being dead, had become hard as flint, and left very unpleasant traces of its presence on our torn and bleeding feet and legs. We passed in a retired spot a group of large well-conditioned dromedaries, grazing unmolested, and without any guard. No game was started, though the quail and rabbits are abundant on the plain of Troy; but larks, in flocks that nearly obscured the sun, frequently arose within pistol shot.

A few days after I landed alone, and strolled a mile or two up the country, and the death-like stillness which prevailed, left the mind unfettered to wander in imagination over the pages of history. The great part of my way was through stunted bushes and dwarf oaks (producing gall-nuts), bringing me to an eminence which allowed an unbroken view of the surrounding scenery. It is scarcely credible, yet, in a compass of eight or ten miles, nothing broke the peaceful calm; here and there an orchard, or a shepherd with his flock, might be descried; but not a bird chirped gaily on its perch—no lowing herd—no sound of labour, nor hearty laugh;—but silence all! How strange, that this lap of Christianity should so entirely have lost its lamp, and forsaken the doctrines of the Saviour; and that this soil, which formerly supported thousands of individuals, should have become a desolation, surrounded as it is by nations which,

wedded to purer faith, have spread joy and peace in believing to the known world's boundaries!

Buried in thought, and agitated with mingled emotions, it was some time before my mind resumed its wonted course; what, then, must have been my surprise, when, on lifting my eyes, I beheld the Eagle under sail! Down I dropped, like an eagle from his eyrie, and speedily regained the beach. The boat put off, and, as it was only a puff of wind, we soon got on board; and, in a few minutes, the anchor was again cast, and another week of idleness and *ennui* was in store for us.

FLOWERS, No. II.

I wove a wreath of rosy flowers,
Whose blushing heads with dew-drops crowned
Seemed but to cheer life's lonely hours,
To shade young love's and beauty's bowers,
And shed their perfume round.

PAINTING of flowers has, by many, been considered a very childish and pusillanimous employment of time, utterly unworthy the practice of any man who would claim the title of an Artist, but the high estimation in which the works of Van Huysen, Van As, and others are held, prove such an opinion to be unstable and futile. In the collection of Pictures at Houghton, in Norfolk, were two, by Van Huysen, of flowers, valued to the Empress of Russia at the sum of one thousand two hundred pounds.

An anecdote is related of the distinguished Roman Painter, Pausias, being in love with a damsel named Glycera. To gain her affection he painted chaplets of flowers which she made; and she, to try his patience and prove his truth by tasking his perseverance, used her utmost skill in varying them. By this means Pausias became such a proficient in painting flowers that he composed a picture of his Mistress in the act of weaving

chaplets, which was so beautifully executed that Lucullus gave Dionysius of Athens two talents for a copy of it.

The Indians are accustomed to throw flowers and fruits into the sea, to ensure a prosperous voyage, and the Hindoos strew blossoms on the river when about to bathe. The love of flowers as ornaments has ever been as unbounded as universal, from the highest titled lady of the most refined land, to the wild savage of the Sandwich Islands. It has been said that about the year 1780, nosegays were in such vogue in England that servants were allowed a certain sum annually, to supply their mistresses with them.

The gardens of the Durham pitmen, who reside in cottages near the entrance of the coal-mines, are most carefully attended to, and the flowers produced from them have often been known to obtain prizes at Horticultural exhibitions. Of the *Rose* there are many species, some were introduced into England from Persia, some from China, some from the Levant, and others from Italy and the Alps; the *Tube Rose* came from Ceylon, and Japan; the *Rosa semper florens* was brought from the East Indies. The *belladonna lily* is a native of South America, and the *chequered lily* of Hungary, from whence it was brought in the sixteenth century. The *Guernsey lily* derives its name, not from being a native of that Island, but from the circumstance of a ship from Japan having been wrecked off the shore. Some lilies which were in the vessel floated ashore and took root, these were soon noticed, preserved, and henceforth were known by the name which they now bear.



THE UNCERTAIN SEA.

TRUST thee—yea, thou know'st that I did trust thee,
Thou dark, and treacherous, and stormy sea.
Thy billows were as ripples of bright light,
That gemmed and sparkled far beneath the height
Of noon-day brilliance—and thy varying green,
Through many tinctures, and in beauty's sheen,
To deep cerulean hue did softly shade,
As if thou hadst for peace alone been made.
But treacherous thou art, thou mighty main,
As pleasure's smile, that woos us, and again
Doth darkly change, soon as the youthful view
Hath grown to manhood's prime ; and now thy hue
Is black as midnight, and thy foamy crest
Breaks upon the spirit with death opprest,
Or fears as dark as death—or, darker still,
When yawning wide before the wayward will,
Judgment shall awake, and dread eternity
Its prospect ope of endless misery.
But blow ye winds, and loud ye tempests roar,
Your fiercest rage I tremble at no more ;
For He it is who guards me in this hour,
That with a word can still thy wildest power :
E'en He, who when thy battling surges rose,
And strove in vain to break his sound repose,
Did o'er the sea his softening love spell cast,
And " Peace—be still," o'erwhelmed the raging blast.
In him through all my life I'll fondly trust
In him repose, till down I sink to dust.
Away, then, fear ! e'en mid the ocean strife,
For safe with Him I am, and e'en in death have life.

ROSSLYN CASTLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE expedition on which Lord Aylmer was commissioned, had for its object too delicate a task, and one too nearly affecting his own happiness, to suffer his eyelids to find the sleep they sought, however much his wearied frame might need repose. The dripping boughs of the lower branches of the trees had been hastily lopped away, round a little glade or open space which lay not far from the edge of the high forest, for the more comfortable abiding of the officers of the troop. High through the topmost twigs, the thin turrets of the keep gleamed faintly in the moonlight, glistening slightly with the moisture which had fallen so plentifully during the day. A sort of tent or marquee had been hastily spread over them, strung by cords to the clefts of the branches, and his companions relying on the vigilance of their leader, were each in his riding cloak fast wrapped in the arms of sleep, and lay in the flickering obscure motionless as the logs around them. Lord Aylmer lay for a while after the breathing of his companions told him of their oblivion, resting on his elbow, regarding first with earnest gaze the little windows of the turret, which as if in the midst of the air, shone more and more strongly in the mild light beneath which they gleamed, then looking through the darkness he could barely perceive the recumbent persons of the soldiers, who, stretched at their length, had happily followed the example of their superiors, and lay silent as the darkness. One stalwart form alone was leaning against a tree, his spear stuck in the ground beside him, at intervals gleaming brightly in the gloom like the light of a glow-worm, when the moonshine fell occasionally on its point between the branches as they swayed heavily in the night wind. To his left nearer the outskirts of the wood were the two troopers, whom he had appointed for a watch.

Between these an earnest conversation seemed to be proceeding, and Aylmer occasionally observed the least

of the two using violent gesticulations of anger to his comrade, who apparently stoical as the wood against which he leaned, made little effort either to retort his companion's anger or to appease it. At the period of which we write, the conquest of the principality of Wales had been completely established, and numbers of the natives of that portion of the country had entered the royal service, but jealousy was still prevalent between the two people, and the differences it excited not unfrequently led to awkward broils, and though in actual warfare, the two worked well together, and even were generally on fair terms, yet, at the least excitation, their natural tempers rose into ebullition. For this reason their commander had selected one of each country for the advanced watch, hoping that the circumstance of their being of different countries would keep them more upon the alert than others in the troop, after the fatigue of their long march; and trusting to his own discipline and their prudence for preventing any disturbance arising that would militate against the general safety. For a moment he lay looking upon them, till, his eyes growing more and more dim, he also was added to the number of the sleepers.

The two men, Grayson and Evans, the former a tall, robust, and powerful fellow, from Yorkshire, and the latter a fiery, little, yet active man from Wales, appeared to understand the reason of their appointment, and tacitly entered into an agreement to be neutral in all points of mutual disagreement. For some time the neighbourhood of their commander, and the importance of their post, served as sufficient preventives from their breaking out into any noisy brawl. The Englishman, indeed, kept in close silence, and appeared to be indulging his natural stolidity at the expense of his companion's patience, and Evans, after a few ineffectual coughs to break the ice, at last firmly commenced proceedings in a regular manner, and having attempted in vain to be interested in every thing around him, said, in a low, husky voice, as if mistrusting his own good will towards an amnesty, "Ver well, Masther

Grayson, her doth opine that she ith nothort of companion for any gentleman of good family."

"And why, Master Evans," returned the Yorkshireman, doth *she* opine anything of the sort."

"Because," answered the Welshman, "every gentleman strives to make himself agreeable to other gentlemen."

"And pray, my short-legged mountaineer," rejoined his companion, "what could I be talking to your worship about."

"Don't be after short-legging me, Masther Grayson," said the Welshman, endeavouring to suppress his rising anger, and looking unutterable things.

"No need for that, I dare say," said Grayson, "for they are short enough already," and immediately added, that "he dared to say that, notwithstanding, they were still long enough for the last deer he stalked."

Less than this would have been sufficient to bring the little man's ire into flame, and bursting with anger, he strode up with a menacing aspect to Grayson, who was at that moment adjusting his spear in the ground, and glaring in his countenance with a face of fury, demanded an instant apology for the insult.

"Keep off, you beast of a hog driver," cried Grayson, coolly putting him aside with the butt end of the weapon he held.

"Hillths and thunder," cried the Welshman with a suppressed scream of absolute frenzy, and leaping past his guard fastened himself upon Grayson's breast with the snarle of a tiger. The dirk glittered above his head, and in another moment would have been buried in his throat, before Grayson from surprise at the suddenness of the assault would have had time to defend himself; but in the act of its descent Evans felt his arm seized by a grasp too powerful to be resisted. In another moment it was shattered against the trunk of a neighbouring tree, and he himself lay prostrate and almost senseless from the force with which he had been thrown down.

"Wretch," exclaimed Aylmer, for it was he, who,

sleepless from anxiety respecting his mission, had been attracted to the spot by the suppressed sounds of the brawl, "would you murder a comrade for a jest. And you," he continued, turning to Grayson, "is your Yorkshire pate so thick that you must broach lava for a joke."

The kindled eye and flushed countenance of Grayson sunk beneath his commander's glance, as falling out of the rigid posture into which he had involuntarily thrown himself, he replied, "Please you, my lord, it was only a jest merely to keep the watch alive—the creature meant no harm, I dare say;" and pushing with the staff of his spear Evans, who, cowed and overwhelmed with shame, was creeping hastily from before them, he exclaimed, "Spur about ye Welsh sheep you, or you'll get into Serjeant Smithers' rent roll;" and then proceeded to patrol the little glade with as much earnestness as if nothing had occurred.

Aylmer perceiving that the momentary anger which had been excited was appeased, was unwilling to notice the offence of which they had both been guilty in the neglect of their guard, but turning on his heel resumed his walk, and was intently occupied in watching the narrow window at the top of the keep, which was now clearly discernible in its outline, and bars in the bright moonlight. He had been thus engaged only a few minutes, and was looking with considerable surprise at the changing hue of the casement, which from the white reflection of natural light was now plainly illumined by a taper or torch within, when De Lorlme, his lieutenant, joined him, and laughingly, inquired whether he were studying the stars.

"No," replied Aylmer, "but I am anxious to ascertain what that casement in the turret contains."

"By my troth I cannot say," returned his companion, "but if it be a lady fair, as a true knight might opine, I would be her devoted for ever, if she would admit us to a sight of the fire which that taper resembles," and turning round he kicked his iron-shod boot against a tree for warmth.

"Peace, De Lorlme, and tell me, I pray thee, if thou observest ought, or hearest ought of disturbance in the Castle," enquired Aylmer.

"There would be more reason for peace," said De Lorlme, "if I did but know why our wise-headed Henry has sent us to dance attendance to the bats here."

"I will tell thee," answered Aylmer, "if thou wilt but curb that prate-apace tongue of thine."

"I am all attention, most sage counsellor," answered the lively Lieutenant.

"A lady in whom the king holds much interest," returned Aylmer, "has unfortunately fallen into the hands of her relative and pretended guardian, Lord St. Clair, and is this night to be betrothed against her inclinations to holy mother church, the said authority, and her dependants, and the Lord St. Clair, being nearly equal sharers in the lady's possessions."

"Who may the lady be, whose knight errants we are become?"

"Dost thou remember," said Aylmer, "a certain lady whose dark locks encircled by diamonds, and high pale brow, thou admired so much at the joust near Leeds?"

"Oh!" significantly, replied De Lorlme, "the dame with scarlet scarf, who looked so pleasantly on a certain good cousin of mine."

"The same," replied Aylmer, blushing unconsciously; "our sovereign, who thou knowest seldom looks lightly on any infringement on his prerogative, has taken a fancy that his lordship of Clair is not likely to prove so excellent a guardian of the broad lands in England, to which the Lady Marn is entitled, as your most unworthy relative."

"So, my Lord Aylmer, sets the wind in that quarter?" returned De Lorlme playfully. "Then how means your lordship to come at this dove at a distance?"

"That is just the difficulty I am in," answered Aylmer, and what to do I cannot tell."

"Perhaps this hog can give us a hint," said his lieutenant, jogging the form of their guide, who, bound so that

he could not escape, lay as if dead asleep at the foot of a tree. "He was remarkably ready to join the mountaineers to day, and I am much inclined to suppose that he knows his way into this castle better than either of us imagined. We will inquire." So saying, he gave the Scotsman a push with his foot, which effectually dispelled his real or feigned slumbers. He rose with difficulty, and stood for some moments staring with apparently vacant astonishment upon the querists. The mutual efforts to understand each other were equally unavailing, and it was not until they called Evans to their assistance that they succeeded in making him perceive that they desired to get into the castle. When he first appeared to comprehend their meaning, the wildest surprise was pictured in his countenance, but at length by significant signs he stated that he was both competent and willing to conduct them.

At first they hesitated as to the amount of confidence they should put in his good faith, but dismissing their apprehensions, and having put the troop under the command of a junior officer, they unbound his hands, and prepared to follow him. With surprising agility, he broke through the tangled brushwood immediately to their right and for a few moments they conceived that he had fairly left them, but he almost immediately appeared nearly above their heads, and pointing out, as well as could be seen through the obscurity, the path by which he had ascended, they followed his example, and soon were placed on a projecting knoll of rock, which overlooked the top of the forest, that ran round by the hill, and waved its sea of foliage at their feet. Assured by this little incident, they followed their guide with more confidence, though with considerable difficulty and some fatigue, as he wound with the utmost facility through the unevenness of the ground until he came to a high patch of ground, almost on a level with the top of the castle wall; where, waiting until they joined him, he sprang over the parapet into a sort of causeway, which gradually descended until it became a

dry moat, which appeared to surround the castle on every side. After proceeding for some time they came to the trunk of an alder tree, the branches of which were just darkly visible in the night air.

Having by signs enjoined silence, the mountaineer immediately began to climb the trunk, motioning them to follow him. With some difficulty they attained the highest branch which would bear their weight, and springing from thence were safely landed upon a ledge, which served for the watercourse of the wall, when stepping over the top they found themselves on a broad terrace in front of the chief apartments of the edifice.

A large window, with the casement open, was before them, and upon the invitation of their guide they immediately entered. Aylmer's spirit for the moment misgave him, and the imprudence of trusting himself within the very power of the lion in his den flashed strongly before him; but a remark from De Lorlme, who was highly amused at the adventure, induced him to proceed. Their guide appeared to be well acquainted with the place, for he led them with the utmost ease through a long suite of apartments, and then through passages, again through other apartments, apparently avoiding the busy parts of the castle, until having passed through a sort of drawing-room, he touched a spring, and placed them at the open space of a door, which communicated with the gallery of the castle chapel, where they became the spectators of a scene which wound up the feelings of Aylmer to the utmost pitch.



THE NORTHERN SLEDGE.

THE carriage of which the engraving above is a representation is the common means of conveyance among most of the northern nations of Europe, and especially among the inhabitants of the northern provinces of Russia, where for the greater portion of the year the ground is covered with snow. They are frequently made of an elegant shape, and when harnessed to a good steed are both a speedy and pleasing means of transport. After the snow has fallen some little time it becomes hardened by the frost, and forming a level and smooth surface, the sledges traverse it with the utmost rapidity. Drs. Grenville, Lyall, and E. D. Clarke, give some very striking accounts of these carriages, stating that they present a very singular and interesting spectacle in the fashionable drives of St. Petersburg, where numbers of them are seen darting along upon the icy top of the frozen snow, and with their drivers enveloped in their rich furs presenting a strong contrast to the whitened scene around, while all their movements are performed in perfect silence, seeming to the observer who stands at a little distance, like the pageant of a panorama, with mimic figures in motion, rather than the hurry of a real scene.

In the Siberian governments, as well as in the district of the White Sea and of the Uralian Mountains, rein

deer are used to draw the sledge instead of horses, and evince a power of endurance that would hardly have been expected from their outward frames. It is said that they will perform journeys of as much as two hundred miles at a stretch, without being taken out of the harness, and frequently finding their scanty food, during their brief rests, by turning up the snow.

In Kamschatka the large dog of the country is used in long teams for the same purpose, the driver directing them without any reins, simply by his voice alone, or by the aid of a stick, which he throws at the dogs when he wishes to correct or urge them forwards, and then recovering it again with great dexterity as he passes the spot where it has fallen.

Thus is the sledge adapted for the frozen regions where it is employed, and where a wheeled carriage would be clogged and utterly useless, a sledge proceeds with safety, facility, and speed.

TO MY WIFE.

Dear Helen we have lovers been,
And now are man and wife;
But still we love, and love the more,
The more we see of life.

'Tis not by mingling with the throng,
And running pleasure's round;
'Tis not in wealth and worldly fame
That happiness is found.

For worldly fame may flee away,
Riches may prove a bane,
And sad experience often shows
That pleasure ends in pain.

Best 'tis when hands and heart unite,
By holy marriage bound,
Though riches fail, though cares assail,
Still happiness is found.

Then let us love as we have lov'd,
Till death our bond shall sever,
And let us hope when time shall cease,
To live and love for ever.

P. T. O.

EVENING.

Sweet minstrel of the sky ! thy vesper hymn
 Of praise and gratitude thou pourest out ;
 While in the west slow fudes the light of day,
 And, with a stealthy pace, comes evetide grey,
 Sending her dusky shapes, and shadows dim,
 To brood upon the hills, and float the vales about.

The rivulet, whose waters kiss my feet,
 Glides onward with a dream-like murmuring ;
 The tall grass rustles to the passing breeze,
 And a low sobbing sound is heard, where trees,
 That on the verdant slopes and hillocks meet
 In groups and clusters, to and fro their branches swing.

Glide on, with murmurs soft, ye gentle waves ;
 Sing on, sweet lark ; ye grasses of the fields,
 And trees that stand in leafy majesty,
 With sighing breezes, swell the symphony ;
 'Tis nature's music that my spirit craves,
 None other to my breast such consolation yields.

Oh, Nature ! unto those who love thee, thou
 Art a kind parent, and thou ledest up
 Thy children, step by step, until they thread
 The heights, where God his dwelling-place hath made
 Before the great First Cause of all to bow,—
 Quaffing of pure delight from out a crystal cup.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

THE Golden Pippin is a native of Sussex, and is said to have been first reared in Parham Park, which is situated on the north side of the South Downs. The Dutch acknowledge it to be an English apple in their catalogue of fruits, where it is called the "Engelsche good Pipping." The French call it Peppin d'Or, which is a translation of the English name. Catherine, Empress of Russia, was so fond of this apple, that she was regularly supplied with it from England, and that she might have it in the greatest perfection, each apple was separately enveloped in silver paper.

REVIEWS, &c.

The Life of William Cowper, Esq., compiled from his Correspondence, and other authentic sources of information. By Thomas Taylor. London. 8vo. Seeley and Burnside.

WE cordially recommend this volume to the attention of our readers. It is the production of one very competent for the work he has undertaken, not only by his knowledge of the man, but much more by his acquaintance with the Christian character of Cowper. No one is competent to write the life of a sincere and practical believer in the Christian truths but a person himself well acquainted from experience with the working of those truths in the spirit, and such Mr. Taylor appears to be. Cowper was eminently a dweller in the country, and looked upon the works of nature, not merely with a philosophic and a poet's eye, but with a deep and filial sense of their omnipresent author. His letters (among the very foremost models of epistolary excellence) derive, like his poetry, much of their interest from this cause. We shall, however, prefer to be the means of circulating some general truths of a more solid character.

The principal subject of general interest in connection with the life and character of Cowper is that of religious melancholy. That not religion, but religious enquiry, should be the source of much solicitude, and even positive unhappiness, seems very natural, when we join together the concern which the thoughtful mind must necessarily feel upon so important a subject, the natural ignorance respecting it with which the most gifted must enter on the enquiry, and the helplessness from naturally perverted habits of thought and feeling which the enquirer is under when he first seeks an entire renovation of his whole soul. Respecting the much canvassed subject of the poet's misery from this source, the editor has given the following very satisfying and convincing account:—

Various causes have been assigned by different writers for the

melancholy aberration of mind of which Cowper was now, and at other seasons of his life, the subject; but none are so irreconcilable to every thing like just and legitimate reasoning, as the attempt to ascribe it to religion. That unjust views of the character of God, and of the nature of the Gospel, may occasionally have been the predisposing causes of great and severe mental depression, we are not disposed to deny; though we think this a case of unfrequent occurrence, and one in which the individual must be in a state of great ignorance respecting the fundamental truths of religion.

The impression which haunted his imagination, during the partial derangement which closed the latter period of his life, was not simply erroneous or unscriptural; it was wholly out of the line of religious belief. It had no relation to any one proposition of theology; it was an assumption built upon premises completely fictitious; all was unreal but the anguish and despair which the delusion of his reason produced. The letters he wrote to his correspondents, and the hymns he composed, prior to this second attack, prove unquestionably that his views of religion were at the remotest distance from what can be termed visionary and enthusiastic: on the contrary they were perfectly scriptural and evangelical, and were, therefore, infinitely more adapted to support, than to depress his mind.

He had not been led into it by any mental process, nor was it a conclusion at which he had arrived by the operation of either reason or conscience, for it was wholly unconnected with any tenet he held; but it had come upon him as a visitation, not as a judgment, from God, for reasons to us inscrutable, but unquestionably in entire harmony with his infinite benevolence. The sensation, however, was real; it could not be reasoned away, any more than the head-ache, or any other physical disorder. It was as clearly a case of hypochondriasis as those instances in which the patient imagines himself transformed into a block, a tree, or any other material object. If in this case the impression seemed more rational, it was far from being so in reality, as it is evident from the specific nature of the idea on which he fixed, that he was excluded from salvation for not having complied with a suggestion to extinguish his own life, which his hallucination led him to imagine was the command of God. It is impossible that religion could have given birth to a notion thus unnatural and monstrous; and yet that it was mainly this which produced his melancholy, none who have considered the nature of his case can deny.

Yet, in spite of the self-evident impossibility of his faith affecting a sound mind with such a hallucination; though a mind previously diseased might as readily fall into that as any other: in spite of chronology, his first aberration having taken place before he had 'tasted the good word of God;' in spite of geo-

graphy, that calamity having befallen him in London, where he had no acquaintance with persons holding the reprobated doctrines of election and sovereign grace ; and in spite of fact, utterly undeniable, that the only effectual consolations which he experienced under his first or subsequent attacks of depression, arose from the truths of the gospel ;—in spite of all these unanswerable confutations of the ignorant and malignant falsehood, the enemies of Christian truth persevere in repeating, ‘that too much religion made poor Cowper mad.’ If they be sincere, they are themselves under the strongest delusion ; and it will be well if it prove not, on their part, a wilful one—it will be well, if they have not reached that last perversity of human reason,—to believe a falsehood of their own invention.

Cataract, its Symptom and Cure. By John Stevenson, Esq., Surgeon Oculist to the late King. Highley, Fleet Street.

MR. Stevenson's high standing in his profession is the best guarantee that his observations on the disorder to which he has especially devoted himself are worthy of attention, while the extensive experience through which his present position has been attained, is a sufficient assurance to the readers that that which he himself may not be competent to judge of is as soundly correct in reality as it is plausible in appearance. The best professional testimony has indeed long since assigned to this gentleman the distinction he enjoys. Excruciatingly sensitive in its conformation, the organ of which cataract destroys the power was one with which medical men of all kinds were ever very chary of meddling. Sight is a blessing so important, and a means of enjoyment so extensive and delightful, that it will become every one who would act conscientiously by his fellows, to exercise the utmost caution in interfering with its economy while complete, or in attempting to restore its power when defective or destroyed ; and we cannot wonder then that notwithstanding the multitudinous improvements introduced in medical science, and the advance of surgical skill, that the treatment of the eye retained for so long a period the same

antique practice in its treatment when suffering from disease. Nearly the whole profession, a profession remarkably distinguished for acuteness and cautious induction, were agreed in the mode of its management; and it required, therefore, no little elaboration of thought, no small knowledge of the object of consideration, and deep and self-convincing confidence in the results at which he had arrived, for any one to attempt at once to overturn such an established usage, and chalk out a new line of practice entirely different from the system, and opposed to the prejudices of his professional brethren.

This Mr. Stevenson attempted, and did. The first operation for removing cataract on the new plan was performed by him in the presence of Dr. Marsden, at Nottingham, several years since, on the eyes of a poor woman who was totally blind. It succeeded perfectly, and a long course of usefulness has been awarded to the benevolent individual by whom it was performed. The little work before us contains his opinions upon the disorder of Cataract itself, the exhibition of the usual mode of treatment, a statement of its defects, and the reasons for his own course of management. The following is an account of the disorder.

The organ subservient to Vision may with propriety be regarded as a compound microscopical or optical instrument of wonderful adjusting power. It consists of three concentric coats or tunics:—the sclerotic or external,—the choroid or middle,—and the retina or internal;—the first,—with the supplemental portion, the cornea, constituting the fore part of the eye—giving form to the globe,—the second, vascularity,—and the third, sensibility.

These coats—which invest each other, like the layers of an onion—leave a cavity that is filled with the same number of humors; viz. the anterior or aqueous—the posterior or vitreous—which occupies three fourths of the whole space—and the intermediate or crystalline. These humours are obviously designed, by virtue of their transparency and respective though varying densities, to transmit and converge the rays of light to a point on the posterior and expanded sensitive membrane, the retina,—an elongation of the optic nerve originating in the brain. The impression thus made is conveyed through the medium of the

continuous nervous structure to the sensorium, and there produces, but in a manner totally incomprehensible, the phenomenon of sight!

So extraordinary are the powers of this little organ—in diameter not exceeding an inch,—that it enables us, in an instant of time, to perceive the disposition of a whole army, the figure of a magnificent palace, the variety of a beautiful landscape, and the glorious, the stupendous imagery of the starry firmament! “He, therefore,” says Stewart, “must be very ignorant of its structure, or have a strange cast of understanding, who can seriously doubt whether or not the rays of light and the eye are made for each other, with consummate wisdom and perfect skill in optics.”

But, if any of these humors should cease to preserve its naturally pellucid character, the function of the eye must necessarily be either interrupted or destroyed. Now, the disease designated Cataract, on account of its prevalence, the blindness it occasions, and its susceptibility of relief by a bloodless operation, has for ages been esteemed one of the most interesting among the numerous series of ocular derangements, as it is the most insidious of all the varied and terrible forms of blindness.

Cataract consists simply in an opacity of the middle honour—vulgarly termed the apple of the eye,—which, from its limpidity and fancied resemblance to crystal, and its geometrical or lenticular shape—is called the crystalline lens. It is, however, of so gelatinous a nature, and of such increasing firmness from its surface to its centre, as scarcely to be correctly termed a humour; but, like a double convex lens of singularly refracting power, is admirably adapted, by its locality, transparency, and peculiarly dense structure, to converge the rays of light in their progress through it to a focal point upon the retina—the immediate seat of vision. “Does it not,” says Dr. Roget, in the *Bridgewater Essays*, “argue the most profound knowledge and foresight in the Divine Artist, who has so admirably hung the crystalline lens in the axis of a spherical case, in the fore part of which He has made a circular window for the light to enter, and spread out, on the opposite side, a canvass to receive the picture?”

The lens is inclosed by, or rather suspended in, a small quantity of aqueous fluid contained within the enveloping and somewhat tenacious membrane, called its capsule, which occasionally becoming opaque produces capsular Cataract—facts of importance to be recollected, since they must occasionally be adverted to in the course of the ensuing discussion.

The crystalline lens with its capsule being imbedded in a depression on the fore part of the vitreous humour, is situated in the axis of the pupil, and in its altered state must of necessity oppose itself as a barrier against the transmission of luminous

rays to the interior of the eye-ball, and produce a degree of blindness proportionate to the intensity of the obstructing medium.

Next is a description of the phases it assumes in its progress to complete blindness. The details are clear, and will remove many an uncertainty as to this cruel affection, which might otherwise continue until the matter of doubt was past remedy.

So long as the rays of light are capable of penetrating even partially through the substance of the lens, the complaint is denominated an incipient cataract, the sight being only vitiated and impaired; but when its density is such as to exclude the luminous pencils altogether, the patient being able only to distinguish light from darkness, or at most the indistinct outlines of external objects, the disease is said to be mature or ripe.

In conformity with these notions of the ancients, a recent Cataract was supposed to be soft or unripe; and one of long standing, hard or ripe; from an erroneous belief that every Cataract passes through certain regular stages before it arrives at maturity.

The pathological relations or morbid changes in the organization of the lens exemplify, in a beautiful manner, one of the most important laws of the animal economy; namely, the disposition in diseased action to become stationary—except in certain specific maladies, as cancer, &c.—or circumscribed and limited to the particular tissue in which it commenced or was at first set up, where it exhibits, in common with textures of a similar character, the same uniformity of symptoms and appearance in whatever situation or organ such texture may be found. But for this salutary ordination of a beneficent and supremely wise Providence, a disease of the lens, or indeed of any other constituent part of the delicate fabric of the eye, would be liable, if not instantly arrested, to extend to the entire assemblage of structures, and involve them in one common and rapid ruin.

Fortunately, however, Cataract is a strictly local affection, occupying and being restricted to a comparatively minute portion of the small organ of vision, and induces blindness without necessarily implicating any other texture, or the mental or general physical powers of the patient.

The earliest internal symptoms of the incipient Cataract—arising without an assignable cause, and which are experienced by the patient before any opacity is discoverable in the pupil,—are a slight sense of weakness and imperfection of sight, together with a settled mist, which serves to obscure all objects, and to confuse those that are minute.

A greater attention than formerly is found necessary to distinguish near objects, and when discovered, they are seen as it were through a semitransparent or somewhat turbid fluid, such as a few drops of milk would communicate to a small portion of water,—or through a glass which has been smoked,—or has received the exhalation of the breath.

This apparent mist, and the indistinctness of vision, remain permanent and unaltered so long as the affected individual continues in the same situation, and degree of light. The constancy and fixedness of these symptoms distinguish the complaint from many occasional and transient defects of vision arising from hysterics;—the sympathy of the eye with a disordered state of digestion;—as well as from ocular spectra,—the result of a derangement in the function of the retina or optic nerve,—namely, the illusory appearance of black specks, flashes of light dust, cobwebs, and other fantastic and imaginary objects which appear to the patient to float before him, in circumambient air.

The affected organ becomes also at an early period myopic, or near-sighted: viz. the field of vision is contracted, shortened, or restricted within narrower bounds, the patient being capable of discovering even near objects with only comparative ease and accuracy, the more distant appearing as if involved in a cloud or fog, which renders them very imperfectly distinguishable.

This defect is probably owing to the increased density or more impressive conditions of the lens, and produces the same effect as if the sphericity of the eye itself were actually augmented. At all events, on this supposition we can account for the advantage which persons labouring under Cataract usually derive, for a time, from the use of concave glasses.

As lenticular Cataract begins likewise, in by far the majority of instances, at the centre of the crystalline, those who are afflicted with the malady enjoy a greater share of vision in a moderate than in a brilliant light. Consequently, they see better on the approach of evening,—in a gloomy situation,—with the the back turned towards the window,—or through smoked glass,—than under the full influence of solar, or strong artificial, radiation.

To the same cause it is also owing that objects placed laterally are seen with more facility than those which are situated directly opposite the patient.

We are not aware that we could have brought a more useful work before our readers,¹ and sincerely commend it to them, especially pointing out a statement of the cases it contains.

South Australia. By Robert Gouger. 12mo. Darton, Threadneedle Street.

EMIGRATION is a matter in this thickly peopled country which comes home so closely to the business and bosoms of us all, that every information respecting our colonial possessions is particularly interesting, and when genuine, we may add particularly valuable. So general has been the efflux of those who are desirous of becoming denizens of the new lands dependent on the British Sovereign, that there are few families who have not either in their own members, or in their immediate connexions, some one in the far-off homes beyond the wide deep sea in whose welfare they take an earnest and anxious interest. No late settlement has deservedly excited more notice than South Australia. The means taken to secure its welfare combined in them so many seeming elements of good, that the colony offered as fair an opportunity of comfort and prosperity to the settlers as could possibly be imagined, compatible with an expatriation from the mother country, and the place therefore constituted as correct a criterion of colonial settlement as could be desired. Mr. Gouger was engaged there as deputy secretary, and left in consequence of a difference with the colonial treasurer. His work is well written, and contains much information; and if we could consider him as an impartial witness, presents that which would prove highly useful to the intending emigrant. We say an impartial witness, not that we have any reason to doubt the honesty and fairness of the writer, but there have been so many attempts to make South Australia appear a land of Arcadian beauty and Elysian comfort, that we are rather sceptical as to the unmixed advantages it is represented to possess. The foundation of its prosperity must consist in agricultural pursuit; and we are glad, therefore, to lay this little work before our readers, and we extract an account of the present state of the colony, in order that they may judge for themselves.

The only public building which was intended to be of a permanent nature, is the government-hut. It is sometimes called "Government-house," but I, who think the governor of South Australia ought to reside in a house capable of receiving and entertaining the colonists, and of impressing the passing visitor with an idea of gentlemanly style and English comfort, cannot dignify the place in which his Excellency resides as a "Government-house." It is constructed of mud, put between laths, supported by uprights of a native wood, and it is covered thickly with thatch. There are three rooms in it, with some little offices on one side, with a kitchen and servants' department detached. You will smile, when I tell you, that in the plan fire places were forgotten, and that a single fire-place and chimney has now been put down close to the front door; but recollect, that the architect was a sailor, and that the workmen employed were the seamen of the Buffalo, who, thinking they could "rig up a house" as well as a top-mast, would not allow any interference in their arrangements. The consequence is, that a place has been built, which might have made a good coach-house and stable at some future time, had it not been unfortunately placed in such a position as require that it should, as a matter of taste, be pulled down.

The only public offices worth mentioning are the land office and the surveyor-general's office. These have cost but little money, and will, if deemed necessary, last for years. They are built of deal, weather-boarded, and lined within, and are spacious and comfortable offices. There is an infirmary, under the charge of the colonial surgeon; but this and the colonial secretary's office are mere temporary buildings. The officers of the government, you are aware, have not houses appointed for them; and for many months I was obliged to make my private residence my office.

Stone houses are springing up rapidly; more than half the town being upon a bed of limestone, the proprietors of that portion, by simply removing the earth to a depth of about two feet, find not only stone wherewith to build, but limestone whereof to burn their lime. Thus, there is a great facility for building, and that in a very substantial way. Messrs. Fishers, brothers, sons of Mr. Fisher, colonial commissioner, are building of this native limestone a very handsome and extensive store in the centre of the town, which, when finished, will form certainly the most important structure in the place.

Upon land where limestone is not found, the most durable and the cheapest mode of building is the *pisé*. My own residence is thus built, and it is at once cool, substantial, and of a finished appearance. The process is simple, but to have justice done by the workmen, the constant eye of the master is required; with

this care a very excellent and cheap house can be erected. The walls are composed of earth (a fine friable loam is the best) rammed hard in a frame about six feet long by three feet high, and supported by moveable props on the walls. The wall can be of any thickness; and this should be proportioned to the height of the rooms and weight of the roof intended. Spaces can be either left for the doors and windows, or they can be cut out afterwards: but if the latter mode is adopted, it should be done as soon as the work is completed, or the mass hardens, and the operation of cutting out is likely to injure the work. Should you go to the province without making yourself practically acquainted with the mode to be pursued, so many persons are now there who do now understand it, that you will experience no difficulty. The cost of building the walls is about 4s. 6d. a square yard of a foot thick; it will require plastering, which will be about 1s. 5d. a yard more. By means of these data, you will at once calculate the expense of the walls of the house you think you may require. If you want your house otherwise than a ground-floor, the walls of the lower part should be two feet thick, in which case, of course, the cost of working it will be enhanced.

The operation next important to settlers after building a habitation is the fencing in and cultivating of a garden. I do not mean a flower garden, but one from which, in a few weeks, they might have salads and other green vegetables, without which, especially after a long voyage, health cannot be secured. To steerage passengers, more particularly, who have fresh meat but twice a week, green vegetables are most important. But by none should the garden be neglected; it is absolutely essential, and it may be turned, if well managed, to a very profitable account. The same vegetables that grow in England may be grown here, and it is well for each settler to bring with him a small assortment of the more useful kinds of seeds. No inconvenience, however, is now likely to be felt by new comers from the want of vegetables; gardening operations are being rather extensively pursued, and, I believe, uniformly with good effect. Mr. Hack has enclosed, and is cultivating as a garden, seven acres; Dr. Wright has two acres of garden; the South Australian Company, and Mr. Fisher, have also large gardens. But Colonel Light is the most successful of our gardeners; by mixing some of the river mud with the natural soil, he has produced by far better vegetables than any other South Australian.

Gooseberries and currants do not appear to be likely to succeed in South Australia, the climate being too warm for them. We shall, however, be amply compensated for their loss. Peach, nectarines, and other fruits of that kind; pine, melon, pomegranate, almond, orange, citron, and some tropical fruits will flourish admirably.

The fencing which is now being put up generally in Adelaide is a close paling-fence of stringy bark, about five feet in height. The cost of this, including the stuff itself, carriage, nails, and putting up in a workmanlike style, is about 18s. per rod. This is rather costly, but once done, it will last for years, is very substantial, and it preserves always a neat appearance.

A considerable rise has lately taken place in the value of rural land; this is, perhaps, to be attributed to a variety of causes. The great fertility of the land, and its permeation by rivers and small streams of fresh water, together with the excellence of the climate, are doubtless among the causes. Another may be found in the immigration of capitalists and labourers from Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales. About the termination of the year, several gentlemen left Van Dieman's Land, with their families, servants, and stock. The chief motives for removal, besides those mentioned, which they assigned to me, were, their wish to leave a penal settlement with its vices and annoyances, and the judicious mode adopted in the province of disposing of public land. I have no means of knowing the precise number who have arrived from Van Dieman's Land here, but I estimate it at about two hundred persons. Another cause is the great advantage of locality which the early purchase of land has given the original proprietors. The holders of the preliminary sections, who gave but 12s. an acre for their land, can now readily obtain 2l. an acre; there have, however, been but few transactions of the kind, the holders of the preliminary lots being far from anxious to sell. You will not be astonished to learn that this increase in price has taken place, when you consider the causes of rise in price just assigned, and more particularly the fact, that besides the sale of lands in England, prior to the emigration of a single settler, to the amount of 35,000*l.* the sales by the commissioners are going on much faster than the warmest friends and supporters of the colony ever contemplated. Thus, in the course of a year after the proclamation of the province, and while the groaning prophets, who condemned our plans, were maintaining that our notions were bubbles and the colony a juggle, our land was rising fast in value, and large sums were being invested in the purchase of our unlimited pastures. It is said, "all men are prophets;" it appears, however, that the enthusiastic and energetic are not always false ones.

But let us pursue this subject a little further. The original price of the land sold in England was 12s. per acre; of this, 437 acres were town, and 55,558 acres were rural land. In March, 1837, there were sold by auction, in the colony, 563 acres, the remaining part of the town, for which the sum of 3,594*l.* 4s. was paid. The outlay would then stand thus:—

437 town acres.
55,558 rural land.

	£	s.	d.
58,995 purchased in England, at 12s.....	25,397	0	0
563 town acres sold in the colony	3,594	4	0
<hr/>			
Total cost of the town and the preliminary sections.....	£38,991	4	0

The increase in the market value of this land has raised the town lots to an average of, at least, 100% an acre, and of the rural land, to at least 2% per acre. In return for the above outlay, then, we have the following result:—

	£	s.	d.
1,000 acres of town land, at 100%.....	100,000	0	0
58,995 acres of rural land, at 2%	117,990	0	0
<hr/>			
	217,990	0	0
Deduct cost of land....	38,991	4	0
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Balance	£178,998	16	0

This balance is the actual amount of profit gained by the purchasers of the town and preliminary sections, since the foundation of the province, a little more than a year. What a result! To obtain the foundation of this province, the sum of 60,000% has been expended; it has already created within itself, property which would more than three times pay the cost of its creation. But again, here is a subject for taxation! Profit has arisen to individuals to an enormous amount, and in a very short time, by means for the production of which the gainers have expended no capital. Here is that “rent,” scientifically speaking, that *accidental profit* which has always been deemed, by economists, the very best subject for taxation, because it is felt by no one; by the institution of this tax *now*, in the infancy of the province, it will be relieved from all debt, and need not be encumbered, for the sake of revenue, with either excise or customs.

Whatever may turn out to be the most profitable employment of capital, it is quite clear that the importation of an ample supply of sheep and other animals should early occupy the attention of the South Australian colonists. In November, 1837, there were not 5,000 sheep in the province, though the discovered country would feed more than 100 times that number; fortunately, however, the inhabitants of Van Dieman’s Land, about this time, were persuaded to send over sheep; and before I left that place the passage of many thousands was agreed for.

Unless this had occurred, the colonial commissioner would doubtless have been obliged to import sheep for the maintenance of the emigrants.

Thus, at the end of five years the 500 sheep originally imported would have increased to 1,477 ewes, 1,182 lambs, and 1,602 wether sheep, and 1,182 lambs. I shall not carry on this statement to money results, but this can be done by any one who chooses to calculate it. The cost of fine-woolled ewes, two and four teeth, in Van Dieman's Land, in January, 1838, was about 18s. each, and the net cost of freight to South Australia from Launceston is about 10s. a head.

Oxen and cows again are a very fruitful source of profit, and the luxuriant pastures around Adelaide keep them always in excellent condition. I am by no means going beyond the fact when I declare that oxen in South Australia worked hard up to the day of their being slaughtered, make as good beef as the best I have tasted in Van Dieman's Land and quite equal to any commonly sold in the English shambles. Pigs maintain themselves and get fat in the swamps of Glenelg, without any care being bestowed upon them; they are increasing very rapidly throughout the province, and some very good breeds have been introduced.

Poultry of all kinds succeed very well, and are increasing fast. These again require but little attention, finding in the grasses the insects almost sufficient food to support them.

There is an apparent good sense about all this which speaks well for its author and the colony, whither we understand he is about to return. We hope shortly to give an article on the subject of emigration generally, and we may possibly then recur to the work in hand.

THE COTTAGE CHILD.

CHILD of the turfy cot, if aught could move
The coldest heart to pity and to love,
'Twere surely found in thee!—stern traces mark
The brow of age, where age impresses dark
The stealing line of sorrow, but thine eye
Wears not deceit, or pride, or cruelty.

Thy tear is soon forgotten: thou wilt weep,
And then the wintry winds will lull thy sleep,
As 'twere with some sad music—and thy smiles,
Unlike the world's, oft hiding cruel wiles,
Befit thy helpless innocence, and lend
A charm might win mankind to be thy friend.

BOWLES.

STEAM LOCOMOTION. No. I.

IN a former number, when speaking of water as "a blessing, a benefit, and a boon" to man, we supported its claim to such on two heads—its direct and indirect uses. Direct, as an essential to our health and comfort; and indirect, as a motive and locomotive power. Some now who will agree with us as to our conclusion will not accord with us as to the test which we have given of it. Thus they will agree with us that its direct benefits, which we have named, and many of its indirect uses, which we have not, entitle it to a high place in man's estimation, and call for the highest tribute of man's gratitude; yet will not allow that, as a mechanical or motive power, it is of any consequence. These are, "like angels' visits, few and far between." *Experientia docuit.* The school of the world and the smiles of prosperity have gone further to remove this doctrine than the whole artillery of eloquence when directed by the most perfect logician. The few who have held this opinion merge into the many who now hold one partially the same. These are they who denounce steam as a LOCOMOTIVE power; and who will not allow that this, therefore, can be any test of water being a blessing. The prevalency of the opinion demands attention, when it will be found that this denunciation of a power yet in its infancy is, like most popular antipathies, groundless.

There is, and always has been, in the world, a prejudice against men, discoveries, and inventions—a scepticism as to their benefits, and a proneness to multiply their disadvantages; such being the case, it is not difficult to see that the balance inclines to the disadvantages, and that the invention is generally neglected as worthless, and decried as an innovation productive of any thing but benefit to society. The almost universality of this sentiment need not be wondered at; for it may be referred to a principle inherent in an Englishman's breast—that prin-

ciple of firmness, constancy, and self-reliance; the boast of the Briton, yet, at times bordering on stubbornness, and which is displayed in that hatred to change, veneration for ancient customs, &c., and detestation for "new fangled fancies," most prominently in those parts of England where the rules of *haut ton* are disregarded; for, within the precincts of fashion, continental customs and French fashions have brought in their train continental love of change and French fickleness.

To this English principle, heightened greatly by the fears of interested ignorance, and the endeavours of those who will be injured by them, may we refer a great portion of those opinions injurious to modern improvements. For the introduction of new principles, and improved agents, must supersede the old—the improved banish the imperfect, and consequently affect a large community, who were receiving benefit from these very deficiencies.

" Since men, like fishes, on each other prey,
Both faults and failings must their forfeit pay;
Thus Lawyers' bliss is found in others' strife,
And Death to Doctors is the food of life."

That Steam Locomotion should escape the common condemnation was not to be expected, especially when we consider that the benefits it promises are so great and various, the changes which it must bring of such consequence and magnitude, that the intellects of the many are unable to comprehend them—like the sun its very magnificence confuses the mental vision—and unable to examine doubts and prejudices condemn it as unworthy. Thus the boon is unappreciated, and the blessing denounced as a negative one.

For better consideration the opposers of steam travelling may be divided into three classes.

Those who consider it as an impolitic agent, because, say they:—

1st. Its injuries or disadvantages will be greater than its benefits.

2ndly. It is incapable of accomplishing what is promised.

3rdly. It is dangerous.

1st. This, if true, is certainly a solid objection to its being classed amongst our blessings. But *what are the benefits?* As by steam, as a *motive* power, labour was accelerated; so by it, as a *locomotive* power, is distance diminished. And is not time money? Is not time power? Is not time gained in transmission equal to time gained in execution? They are synonymous, and their benefits equivalent. England itself is an index of the benefits of the latter, and analogy tells us the importance of the advantages that must accrue from the former.

So much for it in a pecuniary sense.

But will the power that brings the ends of the world together, that carries man with the speed of the wind over the waters of the ocean, unaffected by currents, winds, or waves, produce none but pecuniary profits? Far from it; the application of such vast energies must produce greater improvements and more beneficial revolutions in the condition, comforts, and conveniences of the world, in a few years, than centuries have witnessed. For man, through its aid, possessing almost omnipotence and ubiquity, and flying, without toil, from state to state—exploring the unknown courses of the ocean, and carrying in his train the blessings of religion, the comforts of civilization, and the triumphs of learning, must produce a moral and intellectual regeneration that the pen is inadequate to depict.

If the power that produces our articles of manufacture be a blessing, is not the power that diffuses them with unexampled speed from pole to pole equally so? If religion be a blessing, is not that which spreads it from region to region one also? If learning be a blessing, is not that power which trumpets its achievements and engrafts its branches on the bleak soils of barbarity one also? If civilization be a blessing, is not that power

which carries its charms and conveniences into the remote deserts of the globe, one too? Yes! to all, reason answers, yes! Oh, but, say some, it is placing in the hands of foreigners a power dangerous to our interests? Illiberal argument! A blessing which others participate in is not one in this creed. But rail-roads, to which this *argumentum captandum vulgus refero*, and which it virtually pronounces as the precursor of prosperity and happiness to all the world but ourselves, will not shut us out from sharing some of the advantages: for as steam-boat communication may be regarded as the grand instrument to accomplishing those national improvements, and changes in the economy of the whole world, so may we look upon railways as the chief agents in effecting the same improvements in the domestic or internal economy of our land. "But what will be the return of this outlay? Will one shilling go further than it does?" say some of our writers. Literally it will! For by a more speedy communication, and its sequents, quicker return of profits, more competition, and less carriage expense (a tax that heavily presses upon all articles that now enter the markets of our metropolis and cities), we may expect, independent of improvement in condition, by being quickly despatched from the place of production, no small decrease in the price of provisions, and other necessaries of life.

This is *one* of the fruits all may expect to taste from the railway system, "when," as an anti-railway writer remarks, "the grain of mustard-seed shall have sprung up into the goodly tree," and "when the finger of scorn will point to the—

" 'Toto penitus divisos orbe Britannos.' "

Another is, that discords and dissensions must die—civil feuds be suppressed, and the blessings of peace almost perpetuated, by the promptness and despatch by which legitimate power may be brought to act on any emergency. Sure it is a pity that "future Papineaus will feel, with Othello, that, 'their occupation's gone.'"

But our subject is Steam Locomotion in general, and, as to railways alone, we will only, with one of the most able periodicals of the day, say that "the country where the railroad system shall be first extensively established will have gained a start over all others, whether we look to agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, which we venture to pronounce is beyond the means of human calculation.*

We have adduced claims sufficient to entitle Steam Locomotion to be ranked amongst our blessings in every sense of the word. Its benefits, as the mainspring of commercial improvement, foreign and domestic, and as the agent, or (in the language of Blackwood) "Steam Giant, dragged forth from the caverns where unknown it lurked, and subjected to man's dominion, carrying him over illimitable seas, storm defying," to produce a religious intellectual regeneration are apparent; where then are the injuries to nullify them? Nowhere. Local and personal injuries will, in many cases, result from the adoption of an agent so novel and powerful; but it is not our duty to stop the march of improvement, or reject designs *pro bono publico*, because temporary or professional injury may happen to individuals. The complaints of those who profited by the former inconveniences—the confusion amongst old customs and prejudices, may for a time blind a few against the advantages of Steam Locomotion; but most will see, and experience will teach all, their preponderancy.

2. We come now to the second objection. If we examine its general origin we shall have some insight into its justice. Though, as we have said, the predominant feeling of Englishmen is the antipodes of that "ever changing, ever new" spirit, if in any thing they allow themselves to be "humbugged," if they ever let fancy usurp the seat of prudence and to hold the reins of reason, the chance is great indeed that it will be connected with some "desirable investment" or "profitable speculation." Thus when the promulgators of this objection beheld the

* Quarterly Review, No. 84.

steam-power work such wonders in our manufactories; when they saw it with incredible ease and regularity produce the most ponderous and the most delicate, the most costly and the most common, the most complicated and the most simple productions of art, and that with an immense saving of time, attendance, and expense, their prejudices gave place to the desire of sharing the advantages. When then that power was applied to Locomotion, their favourable prejudices were *already* enlisted; the current of anticipation rushed forcibly along, and measuring its achievements by the standard of distorted imaginations, visions of wonders passed in prospect before them. It is needless to say that they have been disappointed. Their mentally coloured schemes are as yet unaccomplished, and once more prejudice is predominant. They consider not that steam is yet in its infancy, and that to judge of the future by the present is unfair. We judge not of the physical powers of the man by the tottering of the infant ere his feet have learnt their office; nor of his eloquence and wisdom by the indistinct murmurs of "a mouth unmoulded to the guile of speech," and the careless freaks and wayward fancies of a mind as yet unimpressed by the seal of thought. But let it not be supposed that we *fear* to examine what Steam Locomotion *has done*, that we *fear* to test its progress for the future by the present. Reasonable anticipations cannot have been disappointed when it is considered that in 1814 one steamer of 69 tons floated in solitary loneliness upon the British waters, while in 1839 there were 1000 vessels belonging to the British Empire, with an aggregate of 130,000 tons burthen, carrying the activity and animation of commerce into every port in Europe. Nor does it stay its progress, but seems to proceed in geometrical ratio. Already has the grand problem of the practicability of steam navigation across the Atlantic been solved with a success the most sanguine hardly anticipated; for in little more than twelve days after leaving England, were two vessels safely anchored in an American

harbour. And four times in the space of ninety-two days (or in fifty-nine days of sailing) did one of these noble vessels, without accident or delay, cross the ocean, and perform the voyage that speculative prejudice declared impossible. Desideratum as has been supplied, it is not the ultimatum. The triumphs of the East must be added to those of the West; India annexed to the list of the conquests of steam—and the measure will be full! Ere long it will be so. Stimulated by what has been achieved, persevering genius must succeed. Cheering too as the retrospect from 1814 to 1839 is, with regard to steam navigation, its strides henceforth must be of a more gigantic nature; and the last year forms a memorable epoch in the past, and the beginning of a new era in the future history of Steam Locomotion. For in it has the hand been put to the plough—the Rubicon passed, and we cannot turn back. And I hold in my hand no contemptible first fruits of an act so lately begun—the prospectus of the “Pacific Steam Navigation Company.” Its importance needs no comment, when I say that its object is to establish steamers along the coast of the Pacific, between Valparaiso and Panama (embracing all the intermediate parts of South America), and, in conjunction with steamers to the West Indies, to promote a rapid and regular communication (by the Isthmus of Darien) between England and Peru and Chili: thus reducing the voyage of four months to one of thirty days.

THE VILLAGES OF ENGLAND.

The Villages of England,
How pleasantly they lie,
Beneath the mellowed brightness
Of a summer evening sky.

The roses richly cluster
Round the porch and latticed pane,
Where the sunset flings its glory
In floods of golden rain.

And mark each tiny garden,
How the flowers gaily bloom,
What a perfume and a freshness
Deck the English peasant's home.

What depth of gentle beauty
Is in each verdant nook,
What softness in the ripple
Of the slowly gliding brook.

The air is rife with music
As the breezes winnow by,
And the wild-bee blends its murmurs
With the songsters of the sky.

But see—the shadows lengthen,
The bind-weed shuts its bell,
The rooks have ceased to clamour
From the lime-trees in the dell;

And pleasantly, yet mournfully,
The slanting sunbeams shed
Their now departing lustre
O'er the grave-yard of the dead.

The landscape rests in shadow,
But beauty haunts it still,
As the stars steal out and glisten
O'er the gently swelling hill;

The watch-flower* of the garden
Spreads her blossoms mid the gloom,
A lone and lovely mourner
O'er her kindred's hidden bloom.

The moon goes up in beauty,
And through the hush of night
Broods bird-like o'er the hamlet
With wings of silver light.

No sound breaks Nature's Sabbath,
The winds float softly by;
Oh! Villages of England,
How tranquilly ye lie.

* The Evening Primrose.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DEW-DROP.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning of my awaking into life and exercise was one of unutterable magnificence. Never reigned there such a serenity throughout the entire universe as on that day, for it was the first Sabbath of time. The Almighty had chosen those hours for the purpose of sacred repose; He having completed the creation of all things in heaven and on earth, in the unsullied richness of their pristine beauty. Oh! it was a day wherein all nature might well rejoice and be glad, for never since hath a brighter dawn greeted the organs of a mortal's sight.

I had been reposing, until that hour, on a tender plant which grew in the garden of Eden; enjoying the glowing prospect which surrounded me. There, I beheld Adam walking in the glory of his innocence, among the many trees of his beautiful domain, where millions of glittering particles like myself were appointed to adorn each leaf of the vegetable kingdom.

In a few hours, I was destined to leave this lovely abode of man's first parents, and to wing my way, together with a vast multitude of my companions, towards the heights of the newly-formed mountains. While floating there, in the full brilliancy of a dazzling sun-ray, I lost my view of earth and remained ignorant for awhile of what took place in the bowers of paradise. At length, after many dew-drops had been gathered together into one mass, a decree went forth that they should descend and water the earth, and cause it to bring forth the grass of the field, together with the tender herb. Then it was, that, being among that number, I became once more a visitant to the garden of Eden; where, for the first time, I beheld theauteous Eve attendant upon her husband, and listening with delight to the full melody of their harmonious converse.

In this way I arose and fell for many days, each morning and evening, and had the opportunity of witnessing

numberless blessings from the hand of God, showered on those who were the objects of his divine love. I saw the glory of the celestial world, when the fulness of heaven's brightness was unveiled. I heard those tones of sweetness which accompanied the song of the morning stars; and listened to the tuneful strains of angelic harps, which were sounding day and night before the throne of the mercy-seat. I was present when the groves and fountains of paradise were vocal with the warbling of feathered songsters; and dwelt beside the rivers of Hiddekel and Euphrates, when the setting sun became mirrored in the surface of their waters, or the pale moon meekly hid herself behind the foliage of their borders. Here I also heard Adam, with majestic speech, assign a name to every living creature, and witnessed his walk and conversation with her whom the Lord had given him as a companion and a helper.

Thus was I in the midst of bliss, while all things around me were in the same delightful bonds. But at last I quitted this abode, and was once more deposited among the treasures of the dew. When I again visited the habitation of every green thing, I beheld a change, as of deep and troubled sorrow. Blackness and horror followed the sounds of Almighty wrath, which had banished Adam and Eve from paradise; and now I saw the man once the image of his Maker's perfection—but I heard not the same voice, nor did he greet Eve with those kind accents as he was wont to do; nor she in return issue from her lips those heavenly sounds I *once* heard, and which mankind have never recovered since the fall. Alas! that ever that evil one should have been permitted to wage war with the noblest part of Jehovah's creation!

Often at eventide did I hear, while pending from some lowly leaf besides Adam's tent, the sobs of Eve while she pressed the tender Abel to her bosom, and spoke to her unconscious babe of the Almighty's promise; when her seed should triumph over the head of the cruel serpent. And then would she look in calm sorrow up to the starry

sky, and, with a voice still bearing the essence of heaven in its sound, proclaim how unspeakable the glory of that divine majesty, whose fiat had wisely mingled her cup with bitterness and tears.

It would fail the language of all created beings, to tell the numberless tasks it was my duty to perform, during the many ages in which I was a constant visitor to earth, and had the opportunity of witnessing the different changes and perplexities attendant upon mortals. Sometimes I was wafted with an immense concourse of brilliant dew-drops, through the wide abyss of the blazing firmament. At others I rode on the wings of some zephyr to the thousands of fragrant flowers beneath; and there with my aid revived the languor, and preserved the beauty of my charge. Sometimes I traversed the trackless pathway of the ocean, on pinions of the wild water-fowl; and at others, slept soundly on a craggy rock, while the sea-foam surges swept by in terrible motion below. Still, with some degree of order, I will endeavour to make a disclosure in part, of those most wonderful things, of which the world is so full; that, at least, a few of nature's children may profit by the powerful lessons which past ages teach.

The dawning of that day was clear and bright, when the youthful Abel brought his last sacrifice to offer to the Lord. Indeed I was among the fruit of the vine, which Cain bore so gracelessly to the spot where the two brothers daily met with their morning offering. But how shall I describe his wickedness, or name the crime which made Cain a fratricide? Truly the blood 'of his brother cried unto the Lord from the ground! But we may not look farther, nor pause here.

After this deed, mankind increased tenfold in the same works of iniquity, and although thousands were distinguished for mighty acts, I would forbear to record them, since they all appear assimilated with evil. Nor did good follow, until the Eternal One had cut off, in the midst of their wickedness, the whole world, save Noah and his

children. In this fearful judgment, I became numbered with the drops of rain, which fell forty days upon the earth.

Never shall I forget that dreadful morn when summoned to inflict that fearful judgment. I was asleep on the petal of a beauteous flower, that just tinged with the bloom of its own loveliness, seemed to have wandered from Paradise, and meekly bending with the weight of myself and fellow-drops, had sipped from each her nectared drink of life. There was a rushing of a mighty wind. We knew that wrath had gone forth, and trembled with anxiety and fear. A calmness preceded, and then the summons came. No messenger was seen, no voice was heard.—It seemed as if the bright denizens of heaven themselves had dreaded to leave the covering of their Lord—but it was felt: we dared not, would not, could not disobey. Already were the heavens black with the threatening clouds. Gusty dreadful blasts drove them hither and thither before the sky till they were huddled together in stormy masses of portentous hue. Though we knew that dark array was composed of our brethren, we feared to look at them. At length we rose together, I looked across the waste and paused. It was one broad interminable plain, glistening liquid, colourless, shadeless, tingeless. Silence, universal silence, reigned—then a soft yet plainly audible sigh accompanied our progress—it seemed that mercy was leaving the earth—till we reached the region of the storm. Darkness, with clinging shades of fret light enough to show its reign, brooded over the mountains and the vales—seen only in one spot. Distant in an open plain was a little mound. From it ascended a spiral wreath of feathery vapour. It was the smoke of Noah's sacrifice. Still all was misty blackness. Then the dreadful mandate came, I tremble as yet to speak of it.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. VI.

FIRST VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE only fresh features in our sojourn at Point Barbieri were an application from the captain of a French brig of war for London porter, and Cheshire cheese; and the other a sort of fête or collation given on shore to a party of officials from the town of Dardanelles, under a tent; but as there is not much pleasure in scanning delicacies through a telescope which are not to be partaken of, one glance was sufficient.

At length, on the morning of Saturday, December 7, a southerly breeze was perceptible at day-break: from that moment there was no lack of excitement. Imagine such a large number of vessels anchored close together, all endeavouring to weigh at the same moment; in some instances the cables awkwardly crossed, in others, vessels falling foul of each other from the lightness of the coming breeze; and then, when doubling the point, as the Dardanelles is here little more than a quarter of a mile across, the naval jockeyship of crossing a rival ship's bows, or keeping the wind out of her sails, was amusing enough to a mere spectator. At length, to the number of 100 sail, we got all into ample sea-room; Barnes was the last to heave up the anchor, by which we not only avoided any collision, but got our sails unfurled to the breeze at the moment it began to be really serviceable; by this means we were soon a-head of all but three or four.

Passing Abydos, one is tempted to wonder what great feat there could be in swimming from Asia to Europe, for the places are not directly opposite, but, unless during an exceedingly strong south wind, any attempt to return must end in destruction; and the wind is seldom in this quarter, except to blow very gently, seldom continuing more than two or three days at a time.

The strait from Point Barbieri to the sea of Marinnora is about twenty miles, when both wind and current are

less material, as there is room to tack. Marmora is about one hundred miles long, by an average breadth of six ; but occasionally objects may be seen distinctly from the deck of the ship on either shore. There is one island of considerable dimensions, named after the sea, from whence almost all the white marble which is used in such profusion in Stamboul is brought ; it is of dazzling whiteness, and little, if at all, inferior to the Parian marble.

At five o'clock P. M. we came fairly abreast of the city of the Faithful. It was a glorious evening, and the declining sun with golden tint illumined each lofty minaret. The number of these attached to the noble mosques, white as driven snow, the tapering and ever verdant cypresses, the gaudy colours of the palaces and public institutions, and the leaden domes of the Khans and baths, resembling the huts of some Hottentot Kraal—indeed the *tout ensemble* was striking in the extreme, apart from its novelty. The cluster of islands called Prinkipos on our right, stood out in dark but bold relief ; a-head might be discerned not only Scutari and its grove of cypresses, but the course of the Bosphorus, Galata, and Pera (the former the place of business, the latter the residence of the European merchants), rising gradually from the water's edge at the opposite point to the seraglio, could be distinctly seen.

From the great depth of water, you can sail within an oar's length of the wall of the seraglio, which we did ; and the first object was the "Gate of the Sun," blazing as it had been refulgent gold, carrying one back to the days of the Genii ; and the contemplation of the gardens, for ages shut out from the world's gaze, sets imagination busily at work, on the scenes of joy and of sorrow to which they have been silent witnesses, and how many aching hearts have sighed away their lives amidst the incense of ever-blooming flowers.

Just when only the dim outline of the barracks at Scutari began to disappear we entered the Golden Horn,

which is the port of vessels of all nations. This beautiful and advantageously-placed branch from the sea of Marmora, after winding for three or four miles, terminates at the outlet of a small fresh water river, leading to the valley of Sweet-waters.

The wind dying away, and the current no longer being of any assistance, we were obliged to think of bringing up under the seraglio walls; when just at this moment, what was my delight at espying my employer standing erect in one of the native caiques, looking anxiously among the crowded shipping for the "Eagle." My pleasure will be participated by all or any who have left their native land for a distant port; where they have not more than one friend, and that one may be sick or absent, and you with not so much in your purse as will re-land you on your native soil! It is surprising how very forcibly such feelings as these are increased on board ship, where there is nothing of sufficient personal interest to paralyze their force. Our greetings over, R. hailed some sturdy Greeks on shore to give us a haul with a rope: for this purpose native subjects are allowed to ply along the space between the seraglio wall and the Horn. Half an hour's toil not bettering our position much, we brought up for the night.

All was silent, and the evening remarkably mild—suddenly the splendid band of wind instruments struck up, and put me in raptures; instruments being intermixed whose sound was strange to me; and an air sometimes plaintive as a mother's lullaby, at others like the wild Indians' war cry, sometimes mellowed by distance, at others borne on the breeze in an avalanche of rushing sounds. At such moments, unconscious of the misery of the city within, and forgetful of its frightful scourges, I dreamed away some hours of my first evening at Constantinople, where ignorant and bigoted Turks *are*, but where Greek emperors *were*, by whose munificence nearly every noble aqueduct and church were built, or from whose designs the present possessors have

stolen what little they know either of the useful or substantial.

Next morning, being Sunday, I went ashore, for the purpose of attending the American Missionary service, there being then no English Church. Landing after a heavy fall of rain, the streets presented a degree of filth beyond even the average; and it would not be fair to describe the condition they were in. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the Mission House, where, in an upper chamber, "prayer was wont to be made," and the precepts and doctrines of the Gospel faithfully enforced.

HEATHS.

It is well ascertained that there is not a single heath to be met with throughout the whole of the two Americas.

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD.

By one of the Beely's.

I stood amid the glittering throng;
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!
And there I stood confoundedly long,
Like the fine folks whom I stood among.
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!

I stood and star'd, and star'd and stood,
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!
To have seen me stood, would have done you good,
For I stood just like a log of wood.
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!

And I stood, and I stood, till the dawn of day.
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!
Then I stood amid the throng so gay,
Yes! I stood still at last—I went away.
Fiddle de dee, Fiddle de dee!



SIR ANTHONY VANDTYCK.

THE FINE ARTS. No. III.

It has always appeared to us that much unnecessary complaint has been made respecting the degeneracy of the Fine Arts in the present age. To laud the divine sculptures of antiquity, to speak in ecstasies of the sublime conceptions of the old masters in painting, of the middle ages, has of late been considered to evidence a taste and refinement unequalled by any qualifications, but those which are exhibited in the contempt and abuse of our own times. To this, we must acknowledge, we are not altogether equal, and can see neither the wisdom nor the charity of placing in invidious competition the productions of men whose styles of execution are so radically different, and whose thoughts and conceptions must necessarily be diversely expressed. To place the works of two masters of the fine arts in juxta-position, and then deduce a comparison between their respective merits, can never be wise, and *must be*, at all times, unjust. Not that all men are equally excellent, but it should be recollected that there are styles as well as degrees of perfec-

tion, and that, though he most certainly is the greatest man who can accomplish most in the highest style, yet we are not, on that account, to under-rate the merit of another, whose genius may take a different, though a lower flight. The softness of Raphael, the splendour of Titian, the nature of De Vinci, the force of Angelo, the depth of Rembrandt, are, it is true, each inimitable in their style, and incomparable in beauty; but to these it may be added, that granting the full measure of fame which is due to them, we must not be considered as attempting to depreciate, when we say that time has softened the rudeness of the one, raised the dullness of another, mellowed the colouring of a third, and century by century has confirmed the opinion entertained of the grace and beauty of the whole. To place any in competition with men who have filled the world with their glory, may appear ridiculous and assuming, but we trust that we shall be acquitted of a vain nationality, if, for once, we attempt to vindicate the rights of our countrymen to a high place on the rolls of fame, and look upon Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, Landseer, Danby, Martin, Lawrence, Wilson, Morland, Reynolds, West, Bacon, Nollekens, Westmacott, Flaxman, and Chantrey, as men who shall, hereafter, give laws to their profession, and teach the double enjoyment of nature and her representative.

Every day's existence shows us that time throws a colouring over all things, and the slightest observation is unnecessary to prove how much inanimate, as well as animate objects, partake of this change. All that is of art is altered, and though the sparkling river, the smiling landscape, and the towering hill, may see ages pass by, and be still the same; yet not so is it with all that the finger of man has touched. This we cannot but state, and though our opinion may expose us to the sneer of the bigoted connoisseur, we must continue to affirm, it is one, and no very inefficient cause of the sweetened beauty, observed in all paintings by the old masters.

The picturesque costume, and peculiar manners of the

period, gave them no small advantage; and, though the painters of modern times may glean a lesson in every touch of the efforts of their great prototypes, yet, at the same time, it must be allowed, that the field was, previous to their time, altogether unoccupied, and a merit for originality more easily obtained. Added to this, the glory of the men was the reputation of their country, and kings and princes vied in encouraging their talent, and rewarding its endeavours. With us, albeit the man may enjoy a far famed reputation, it is too frequently unaccompanied by either emolument or honour.

Another point remains to be touched upon. We conclude our notice of a subject in which, we confess, we feel a high, and we trust, if such an epithet can be applied, a worthy pride! To the present century we are indebted for the perfection of an art which most happily comes in as an assistant to the other two, and completes the magic number of the Graces. By engraving, the works of the great and glorious are no longer confined to the princely, the noble, and the wealthy, but become distributed, at an accessible rate, to every class of individuals; and, like a noble river, meandering with its fertilizing streams, through a wealthy land, contributes, by its influence, to the expatriation of evil, by the substitution and cultivation of the better principles of our nature.

To enumerate the names of those who are the leading magnates of this delightful art, would be only an unnecessary waste of time, for they are familiar to every one; and we trust to add some further interest than they already possess, by giving in a future number a brief history of the art which they have so materially advanced.

But it is time that we return more immediately to particulars, and illustrate the cut which stands at the head of our article. We have selected the portrait of Vandyck for our first illustration, because, in the first place, holding an eminent place among those who are termed the *old masters*, and though a foreigner, he yet owes his celebrity and his

fortune to the encouragement he met with in England, and, becoming almost naturalized, he was one of the first to adorn, and by his talents to found a school of painting in England. Most of the productions of his pencil are deposited in Britain, and in almost every mansion some one or other of his productions are carefully preserved. We cannot, therefore, do better than give a brief account of his progress to wealth, respectability, and renown.

Sir Anthony Vandyck was born at Antwerp in the year 1599, and early became a disciple of his equally celebrated master, Rubens. One day during their master's absence the pupils were at play in the painting room whilst one of his most famous pictures was on the easel, that which afterwards embellished the high altar in the Augustin church at his native place, when, through an accident, the colour which was still wet was brushed off the breast of one of the figures (St. Sebastian), and after much trepidation, Vandyck was engaged to recolour it, which he did with such truth and correctness; that his fellow criminals were in hope that Rubens himself would not perceive it. But in this they were mistaken, the eye of the master soon detected the flaw, and having discovered the offender, took him into his closet and there pointed out to him the line of conduct he ought to pursue. The result was a journey to Rome, partially at his master's expense. Thence he removed to Venice, where he was soon enabled to acquire the brilliant mellowness and harmony of colouring by which the painters of that school were distinguished, and he returned to Brussels one of the most accomplished artists of his day.

The temperament of his phlegmatic countrymen however was but ill calculated to bring out the powers of one comparatively new to his profession, and poverty and its accompanying inconveniences were constantly Vandyck's lot. Little inclined to be satisfied with such a state of things, he determined to try his fortune in England, and he accordingly came hither with but slender means (having borrowed ten pounds of his friend, D. Teneirs), but full of hopes of success.

Nor were even his most sanguine desires disappointed. Wealth and employment after a little time flowed rapidly in upon him. So numerous, indeed, were his commissions, that he was enabled to charge his own prices and is said to have constantly received as much as 400*l.* for a picture, an enormous price in those days. He married the daughter of lord Ruthven, earl of Gowry, and though he received but little dowry with his lady, he maintained her in every way that became her station. After an almost unparalleled continuance of pecuniary prosperity he died at the early age of forty-two, leaving as much as 40,000*l.* behind him.

The paintings of Vandyck are distinguished for decision, breadth, and depth, having ever been universally esteemed, and some of them are very highly valued. The one representing his great patron, Charles I., on his grey charger, now in the hall of the Middle Temple, has been valued at as much as five thousand guineas.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN one man confers an obligation on another, the first thing that is expected is gratitude, and where a person is deficient in this, he is looked upon with contempt. Gratitude is natural; some possess it more than others. It is not a mere expression of words; real gratitude is in general recognised by actions—the mind is overpowered and cannot utter what it would wish to express. A man when he has conferred some great obligation upon another, in his own mind feels happy; he walks with an air of gratification,—not of self-pride. Many may impose obligations with bountiful hands before the world, merely from a vain-glorious desire of fame; others conceal their actions from public notice, and trust to chance for their publication. A man puffed up by pride and vanity pretends to hide an obligation from the world, while he is secretly endeavouring to bring it forth—it is brought forth; this man's

No praises float with joy around—
 No hope is spread—
 Nor balm of holy music's sound,
 To raise the head
 That, bowed in mortal anguish there,
 Is soothed alone by filial prayer.

O mercy, lend thy gentle ear—
 Shed light and love !
 That faint one's desolation cheer,
 And point above :
 Be present, SAVIOUR—heavenly guide,
 Sustain through Jordan's trackless tide.

Nor leave her there, but upward still
 Her spirit raise,
 Obedient to her Father's will,
 To realms of praise,
 Where joy and peace, and sweet delight,
 In courts with varying glory bright,
 And Jesus beams the everlasting light.

VOLTAIRE.

IT is a common trick with infidels in their endeavours to delude the uninformed and thoughtless into the same unhappy condition as themselves, to deride death and laugh at eternity, as sophisms put before the world by superstitious and artful men, to serve their own interested purposes. Voltaire was one of these scoffers, one of the most constant and profane. But when he himself stood on the threshold of that unfathomable gulf which no eye can pierce, all his boasted philosophy forsook him. Truth in its naked majesty frightened his soul with the sublimity of its enduring terrors, and he sunk to the grave a howling and most miserable wretch ; and so will Satan, either in time or out of it have all his dupes.



REMAINS OF THE CAPITOL OF ROME.

Few places upon the face of the whole earth have excited, and justly excited more deep and continued interest than the capitol of Rome. The fallen columns, the ruined temples, and all those other relics of past grandeur, which are there so plentifully to be found, of part of which the engraving above is an excellent and forcible representation, bring back, with all the additional influence which is derived from the haze of distant ages, the mightiness and majesty of the great and extraordinary people, who so long held the government of the civilized world. This was the adytum of their glory. In the capitol of their imperial

metropolis were enshrined the choicest trophies of their most renowned exploits. Hither the processions of their citizen kings and their laurelled chiefs were directed, to consummate, in the eyes of the first nation of the earth, the high reward of a Roman triumph.

Hither the desponding eyes of the soul-sick barbarian were anxiously turned, as, in the native nobility of his soul, he wandered in spirit from the glittering crowd, of which he formed an ignominious and dishonoured appanage, to the scenes of far off happiness, where, a king and a prince, and a commanding chief, he swayed the destinies of countless tribes of his native land, who looked up to him in honour and in hope, in safety and in peace, and then turned again to the melancholy object which the chances of war had made him. Around, in the pride of their splendour, as if built for eternity, stood the temples of the diabolical nothingnesses which, while unceasingly robbing the Lord of his praise, were made the shame, and at length became the ruin of those who raised them. Brave in the panoply of their worldly glory, the shrines of "Gods many, and lords many," reared their noble summits in the dark, deep blue calm of an Italian sky, gilt by the passing radiance of the golden light, and brilliant with the luminance of a southern sun. Truly, earth had few spots to match its beauty. But how are the mighty fallen? The desolation of desert solitude now sits brooding among those broken fanes where, once, supreme in her power, Rome on her Capitoline Hill controlled the world.

The appearance of this celebrated Hill is very different to that which it wore in the day of its might, though still bearing the impress of its former greatness. But desolation seems there to have set up its standard. The mound still remains, but its temple and its fortress have nearly disappeared, and the classic appellations of Capitol, Capitolum, and Mons Capitolinus, have degenerated into the modern name of Campidoglio. Rising on the eastern skirts of the modern habitations, it divides them from the

Forum and the other parts of the ancient city. It is of an oval form and about a mile in circumference at the base, and is divided from the Quirinel Hill in which the pillar of Trajan still stands. To the east was the Forum of Augustus, and the Via Sacra, which divides it from the Esquiline Hill. To the south-east is the valley of the Forum Romanum, which divides it from the Palatine Hill; to the south, the Forum Boarium, and the Aventine Hill and the Tiber. There are two summits on the mount; one to the north, on which a Franciscan church and convent now stand, and the other towards the Tiber on the south, where the palace of Cafarelli is situate, on the Tarpeian rock, down which state criminals were cast. The height there is about sixty-five feet on the highest spot above the Piazza Montanara, but the natural height has been much reduced by the low ground being elevated by rubbish and ruins, and the rock itself having been sloped down. But the most elevated spot on the rise is at the pavement of the church of the Ara Cœli, on the northern summit, where it is about one hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the Tiber.

The hill was originally called Saturnius, but when the Romans built their city on the Palatine Hill they chose the opposite one for their citadel or strong hold. During their first war with the Sabines that hill was taken possession of by their opponents through the treachery of a woman named Tarpeia, the daughter of the Roman commander, who was killed by the satisfaction of her own request, she having petitioned for the bracelets worn upon the left arms of the soldiers, but met her reward by being overwhelmed by their bucklers. In digging the foundations of a temple, which Tarquinius Superbus was anxious to erect, it is said a human head was found, quite fresh, whence they interpreted that this was to be their chief place, and called it from that reason the *capitol*. In the course of time the whole mount was covered by splendid temples, and an all but impregnable fortress, the approaches to which, as

well as its interior, was afterwards the scene of many a deed of valour.

The principal buildings of the modern capitol are three palaces, erected by Michael Angelo, which form three sides of a square, having in the centre of the space an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and being open on the north-west towards the modern city. Facing it is the palace of the senator of Rome, to the left of which is the *Palatio de' Conservatori*, and to the right that of the Capitoline Museum, an exceedingly fine collection of sculpture. The whole of these buildings stand between the summits previously noticed, having two ways of descent which lead down by the senatorial palace into the *Campo Vaccino*, as it is called, or ancient Forum.

Such is the present state of this far famed fortress, pouring forth its glory from beneath the mantles of a hundred ages, and looking down upon the seat of an empire infinitely more influential in its imposition upon the happiness and minds of men, than ever was used by ancient Rome in her most august and palmy days; yet the grass waves in silence and in solitude in the deserted courts of the mouldering hold, and the light breeze sighs through the sinking columns of the dilapidated temples; the darkness of an iron superstition broods over the land and has converted the garden of the earth to the barrenness of a smiling wilderness.

ROSSLYN CASTLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE door at which they had been placed entered immediately upon the gallery of the chapel, which, running round three sides of the sacred edifice, terminated within a foot of the eastern wall, leaving the whole fascia for the full display of the elaborate carving; exhibiting on each side, nearly level with the foot of the gallery, the armorial bearings of the family of St. Clair, most beautifully executed. Above these, and uniting the two

others by the scroll work of the mantel, was another emblazonry of most singular device. It bore the ecclesiastical ensigns and the arms of the bishopric of Dunkeld, with the niece of the prelate of which see a former lord of St. Clair had intermarried, and who had required, as the price of the honour of the alliance, the privilege to inscribe his arms above those of the family itself, having also appended to it the right of perpetual guardianship, vested, *ex officio*, in the see, over all the descendants of that marriage. Lord St. Clair had long resisted this infringement upon his seignoral rights, but he could not tear from his heart the passion by which the artful priests sought to enslave him; and the lady for whose sake he was called upon to make so great a sacrifice, although in herself of noble character, had been so swathed in the bands of superstition by a long course of artful tutelage, that while seeming to herself to be only following the dictates of religion and right principle, she was most effectually performing the part of a tool of designing and selfish men. Their arts were successful, and Lord St. Clair from thenceforth threw a chain round his own freedom, which both he and his descendants had many a cause long afterwards bitterly to repent. Above this escutcheon were the emblems of the Saviour's crucifixion, while beneath, in the purest white of Parian marble, gleamed the golden inscription of the two tables. The latter, enclosed in a framework of rare device, the whole embellished with crimson, cobalt, and gold, most tastefully and brilliantly intermixed.

Standing on a raised platform of delicately veined marble, which was reached by three steps of the same material, the altar table of alabaster was supported by four standards, apparently of solid gold. Upon the table six massive candlesticks of great height stood on either side of a crucifix, exquisitely wrought in ivory; the former bearing large wax tapers proportionate to their own size, and which shed a full and lustrous light on the gorgeous screen behind it. An elliptical row of metal rail-

ing separated the holy spot from the rest of the chapel ; a chandelier of brass hung at a considerable height from the centre of the ceiling, making the whole of the interior as light as day ; the effect being heightened and completed by the sober colour of the deep brown oak of which the paneling was composed.

On the lowest step of the altar, and looking towards the assembly in the chapel, stood the Lady Marn. Her tall and graceful form was enveloped in a flowing dress of the purest white, which nearly covered her feet before, and lay in a gathered train behind. Her hands, clasped in each other, were raised as in expostulation or supplication, while the long and ample lappets fell from the points of her elbows nearly to the ground. A single band of gold encircled her slender waist, while a bandalet of pearls round her head served to set off the darkness of the raven hair that, parted in front, fell amply on her shoulders, and hung low behind.

Her clear and changing complexion was eloquent with the shifting blood, while her full dark eyes, shaded by their long lashes, were full of expression and earnest feeling. She turned towards the bishop, who, arrayed in the full panoply of his canonical vestments, and with his mitre on his head, was pointing with his crosier to the arms of his see and a brief extract from the agreement which was written beneath the shield, while, with a severe and menacing expression, his countenance was turned to the Lady Marn. On the other side, and within the rails, stood the abbot of his monastery, clothed in the white surplice of his order, and with the broad black cross embroidered on his breast, the ring of his hair, now partially changed, encircling his closely shaven crown. In the middle of the chapel stood the foster-sister and waiting-woman of the lady, weeping in bitter silence, while a little in advance and near the rails stood a knight, richly attired in a bridal dress of green and gold, his countenance dark, and forbiddingly expressive of mingled pride, offended feeling, and covetous desire. His fea-

tures were strongly marked, his eyes large, beneath bushy brows, his face pale, his figure tall, and his presence indicative of middle life. A diamond hilted dagger gleamed in the band that bound his vest, while a sword, similarly ornamented, in a crimson sheath, hung at his side, with its silver point seen beneath his lengthy mantle.

Behind the bishop and the abbot were numerous monks, grouped thickly together, and clothed in their priestly habits. Farther from the altar, and a little behind Lord Ruthven, the chapel was nearly filled with his retainers and dependents, a guard of Highland soldiers keeping the front rank with their spears and targets. A few of the servants, both male and female, unable to find room in the body of the edifice, had taken their places, and were hanging over the ends of the gallery to view the proceedings.

A perfect silence reigned for a few moments, during which the lady, lifting her eyes with supplicating earnestness to heaven, seemed entreating its protection and assistance, and then turning with majestic dignity towards the bishop she slowly unclasped her hands, and in measured accents, said, "My lord, I repudiate your testimony and deny your power."

"We ask thee not, Clara de Marn," returned the bishop, "whether thou inquirest into our testimony or no. It becomes our duty to make every wilful child of our Holy Mother, the church, feel that she has the power to vindicate her authority, and we could command thee to complete these agreements into which thy natural guardians hath on thy part entered. But we would not rule by power, we would draw by love, and we therefore urge thee to accept the offers of this noble lord, whose love thou hast so well approved;" and he took her hand to lead her forward, while Ruthven with glistening eye advanced to meet her.

"Urge me not, my lord, urge me not, I pray you," returned the lady, "I cannot in this oblige you;" and she

pressed his hand with both her own with trembling earnestness.

"Daughter," answered the prelate, "speak not thus to us of willingness to oblige when we are bringing thee to happiness. Come"—and moving towards the rail, he endeavoured to draw her onward.

"Oh! no, my Father, no; do not thus press an helpless child. Think, oh, think of her, whom as a child you loved, and who now looks down from her abode of bliss upon this sacred place. Do not, do not, Holy Father, urge me thus;" and she bent her tearful eyes upon him with grief that would have moved any heart not steeled by pride, cruelty, and superstition.

The bishop was for a moment rebuked; the affections of early days broke through the gloom and pride of state, and for a moment he forgot the prelate in the man, and a drop of tenderness fringed his eyelid. But self had had too long the sway, the recollection of the addition of the broad hands of Marn, the necessity there was of increasing the interest of the church just at that period, when daring and uncertain speculations began to be already entertained of the infallibility of her truth, and all his softer sensations were stifled. Gently pushing the lady from him, he waived to lord Ruthven to advance. Bowing low upon his breast, the knight laid his hand upon the rail—but stopped, as with her heart swelling with uncontrollable emotion, and her soul harrassed with deathly fear, her eyes swimming with tears of unutterable anguish, she sunk before him, sobbing forth in broken and interrupted accents:—"On my knees I pray thee, Father, spare thy child. Press me not, I would but I cannot. At least allow me time. Allow me to reflect. Oh! do not, do not urge me;" and she sunk almost fainting to the floor.

"Daughter," the bishop replied, "be patient and obey." "My lord Ruthven, I give this maiden to your charge to wed and have to wife;" and he endeavoured to join their hands together.

But the spirit of the maiden was wounded to its utmost

height—the deer was stricken and turned to bay. Springing to her feet and spurning Ruthven as he laid his odious grasp upon her arm, while she essayed with her feeble strength to push the prelate wildly from her, her eyes beaming the fire of her soul, and her whole action expressive in the highest degree of energetic dignity, she exclaimed, “Never, never, disgraceful son of a perjured church—mean-souled parasite of a selfish priest, never shall Clara de Marn be made the wretched minion of your cruelty and hateful lust of wealth. Here, by this altar, do I claim protection, and you, if you be men,” and she threw her eyes in earnest gaze around, “I call upon you to rescue an injured maiden from the grasp of her oppressors.”

Two of the retainers rushed from among the crowd at the farthest part of the chapel, almost overturning Alice in their progress to protect her mistress, but ere they reached the altar, one was weltering in his blood by the dagger of Ruthven, and the other was powerless as a child in the hands of his fellow-servants, for immediately on the exclamation of lady de Marn, the Bishop foaming with rage, and every feature distorted with excessive passion, cried out to her attendants, “Seize her! Seize the heretic.”

A rush was made on the part of all the ecclesiastics towards the lady and her maid, but the hearts of the retainers of Ruthven had been moved by her heroism and beauty, and scarcely had these priests laid their hands on their prisoners than a simultaneous movement was made by the hardy peasants who had been summoned to witness their lord's unusual bridal, and a body of them hastily advancing towards the altar, tumultuously demanded thin instant relief, and pressed upon the ranks to release them. But their lord recovering from the sudden surprise with which these strange circumstances had overcome him, pushing them backward, motioned to his highland soldiers to clear the space. They, ignorant of the language which was used, and confounded by the scene, had remained silent spectators of the whole. Immediately on their lord's

command, however, they began to use their weapons rudely, and quickly beat back their opponents, while the priests secured their victim.

But a new actor appeared. With a confiction of feelings which deprived him of utterance, he had looked upon the strange circumstances below during the short period of their occurrence, but the moment he perceived the endeavour of the prelate and the knight to control the lady Marn, he attempted, his heart bursting with indignation, madly to leap over the front of the gallery, but a powerful arm pinioned him behind. De Lorme, whose feelings were not so deeply engaged with what was occurring before him, had witnessed a certain sign of low cunning twinkling in the eyes of their highland attendant, and was prepared to act on the moment. Without an instant of hesitation, when he perceived his friend grasped behind he sheathed his dagger in the throat of the miscreant who held him, without giving him even time to cry. The thrust stopped his pulse and his voice together. Then touching the arm of Aylmer, he hastily exclaimed, "Come with me, speak not till you are down."

Aylmer replied not, but hurried after his friend, who throwing his foot over the parapet, leapt at once among the assailants.

Scarcely were they down, than the former almost breathless with excitement, endeavoured to make his way towards Ruthven, exclaiming in his progress, "Dastard! wretch! turn and defend thyself."

Twenty swords were in a moment presented to his throat, but his own excellent swordmanship and the skill and activity of De Lorme soon cleared away the impediments that surrounded him. Well indeed did the high spirit of his young lieutenant second lord Aylmer in that hour, for thinking only of Clara, and regardless of himself, his object was to reach his enemy. Ruthven, on his part, required no second invitation. Breaking through the mass of his attendants and outrageous highlanders, he made even more way than his opponents, whose long

sweeping strokes were fast thinning the thronging ranks of those who sought their death. Amid the wild confusion of terrific combat the altar space was left inviolate. Alice, almost dead with terror, tried her utmost effort to soothe and support her mistress, who, exhausted by the force of her previous emotions, lay almost as senseless and pallid as the marble on which she reclined. The more timid of the priests with the Abbot among them were crowded together in the corner of the chapel, while others attempted but in vain to stay the scene of carnage and of blood. The bishop alone, like a rock amid the storm, stood speechless and immoveable. A sense of the dignity of his high office teaching him alike to despise the death, and to refrain from the strife into which his spirit prompted him to mingle. He was desperate, yet motionless. At intervals brief and hurried, a wild cry of anguish or of hatred was heard as a death or fearful wound was dealt, but otherwise one dread struggle went on. The tumult was the tumult of clashing weapons which waived, and rose and fell, gleaming with light, or crimsoned with the life blood of a foe.

But a change came over the appearance of the strife, all regarded the new combatants as enemies, and scarcely had Aylmer and Ruthven crossed their weapons when De Lorlme fell stunned and wounded to the earth. The followers of Ruthven pressed closely and quickly on his friends, and for a few minutes it required the utmost skill of Aylmer to defend his own life; but Ruthven became impatient of delay, and pushing back those around him with the strength of a giant, he cried in a voice which made the rafters echo, "Stand back, this business is mine."

With one accord they fell back and left an open space, for a sense of honourable fight generally prevailed, even in their wildest moments, in the feudal ages. The very pause recalled Aylmer to himself. In a moment he lost the hasty valour with which he had hurried into the fray, and though much fatigued by his previous exertions, felt prepared to enter on the deadly contest.

Well did he need his care, for Ruthven was an enemy worthy of his sword. Like Aylmer, he had learned the new arts of defence which at that time began to prevail on the Continent, and indeed calculated on making the Englishman an easy prey. A few passes served to undeceive him. With a skill as graceful as it was forcible, Aylmer poised his weapon like a wand. His body, kept on a perfect equilibrium, was ready to throw its weight on any point in a moment with the nicest delicacy of movement, while his eye, quick as thought, read the soul of his opponent. Ruthven was a man of powerful form, and sought at first to overreach the guard of his opponent, but Aylmer possessed a springing energy and a firmness of muscle which nearly placed him on a level in strength and gave him far more activity. For a moment their swords rested in counter poise, then Ruthven, raising his hand to tierce, made a sudden and furious movement at Aylmer's breast. The latter in a moment caught the intent and parried the thrust, but perceiving the force of his foe remained still on the defensive. Again, again, and again was the attempt made to overreach his guard, till, wearied and impatient, his adversary made another and unusual stroke, and Aylmer making a half lunge forward, his weapon drank deeply of the life blood of his foe, and Ruthven fell heavily and speechless to the earth. The sword had pierced his heart.

A wild cry of fury and despair burst from the assembled throng, and all without exception burst like wild beasts upon their prey. Even the monks joined in the onslaught, and Aylmer, feeble and exhausted by his previous efforts, gave up the hope of escape, and only determined to sell his life dearly as possible. A tread of one of the retainers of Ruthven roused De Lorraine from his stupor, and again at the side of his friend, he fought bravely for honour and for life. Pressed on every side, the two retreated, step by step, to the altar wall, where, hemmed in on every side, they were prepared to die. Insensibility saved Clara and her attendant from the

dreadful scene. The pavement, slippery with blood and covered with the bodies of the dead or dying, while it presented a sight in horrible contrast with the place, prevented the destruction of the English nobleman so speedily as it would otherwise have taken place ; but it was only a momentary hindrance, and they had given up all for lost, when a multitude of voices, in the corridor of the Chapel, stayed for a moment the hands of their opponents, and gave them time for breathing and relief. But it was of short duration. A murky and thick vapour eddied beneath the roof, and began to fill the place. The tumult thickened without, and the door was burst open, and a torrent of Aylmer's retainers burst into the place.

"I told you it was so, Master Evans," exclaimed Gregson. "I knew he had gone to Church."

"Blood and thunder, Master Gregson," returned the Welshman, have at them, for the honour of a gentleman.

"Charge !" cried Smithers, and without waiting to see whether he was obeyed, commenced the attack. His followers quickly followed his example, and the combat was renewed on more equal terms. But it was soon evident how it must conclude. The Highlanders, though ignorant how to yield, and not thinking of retreat, were no match for the trained and well armed Southrons—they fell like corn beneath the scythe. But their numbers were great, till Aylmer and De Lortme, again refreshed, placed themselves at the head of their men, when the order of discipline had its usual effect, and the Scottish combatants were scattered to the winds, some making their way by the gallery, others by the door, and the English were left in possession of the place. The monks, pale with terror, were the first to fly, bearing their bishop with them.

Their first efforts were to restore the lifeless form of Lady de Marn and her attendant, in which, after some time and difficulty, they succeeded. But little time was left for removal ; for the fire, which had been communicated to the building, soon began to be influential in its

destruction, and now raged wildly throughout the castle. Carefully securing their tender charge with her faithful Alice, Aylmer led his men at a smart trot down the hill, and scarcely had they regained the opposite rise, when flames, towering on the midnight air, showed the complete destruction of the castle. The next day they were safe beyond the English border, and a few months sufficed to make the leader of the expedition lord of the lands of Marn, as well as of the noble and dignified Clara.

ARNOLD, OF BRESCIA. No. I.

A Reformer of the Twelfth Century.

FROM the first ages of Christianity, there have been individuals who have ventured to question and reject particular points of faith, generally received by their contemporaries. Such have been stigmatized heretics, anathematized by councils, and persecuted and suppressed by the aid of the secular power. Yet, as the corruptions of the church increased, and as the authority arrogated by the Roman Pontiffs became insolent, men of real piety were scandalized, and irritated to opposition. From time to time, there appeared some, whose unperverted judgment plainly saw the abuses of the church and priesthood, and how directly they were at variance with the spirit of christianity; and whose religious principles induced them to attack so corrupt a system.

Such a man was Arnold, a native of the city of Brescia, in the first half of the twelfth century, who was the head of a numerous sect, called after him, Arnoldists. He had already entered a clerical office, when an invitation from the celebrated Abelard,* induced him to visit

* Peter Abelard, better known to posterity as the unfortunate lover of Heloise, than by his labours as a scholar, was one of the most learned men of his age, and taught rhetoric, philosophy, and theology, with such distinguished reputation, that the most eminent individuals, Pope Celestus II., Peter Lombard, St. Bernard, &c., were among his pupils. But the freedom of his opinions, more than once, drew down upon him

France, in order, that under his tuition, he might gratify his eager desire for learning; nor did he fail to make the acquisition he so zealously sought. Inspired by the boldness of Abelard's opinions, enlightened as to the evil spirit of the priesthood and the church, and exercised to a life of penance and privation, by severe discipline, he returned to Brescia with another spirit. Here he accepted the office of lecturer or reader, the very lowest of any in the Romish church; nor does he appear to have ever aimed at one more elevated: on the contrary, he entered on a career that must have led him directly from his object, had that object been promotion in ecclesiastical dignity. This zealous, persevering, and indefatigable activity, seconded too by the hardihood of his frame, was entirely applied to the abolition of whatever he considered to be errors, either of doctrine or practice, such as were then universally prevalent; and he strenuously laboured to substitute for them the truths which they had supplanted, and which he strove to recal, both as dogmas of faith, and as maxims of conduct in the affairs of life. But what he considered as important truths—of such importance, that he was ready for their sake, to expose himself to the persecution of the highest powers on earth, his contemporaries termed *heresies*.

Commenting on those words of Christ, wherein he says, that this kingdom is not of this world, Arnold had the rashness to maintain, that it did not become the Pope "to aspire to the rule and government of the Christian World; that churchmen should possess neither princely revenues, nor princely authority; all which belonged to the secular power, intended for worldly interests, and worldly dominion. It was for governments to provide for the priesthood, but its members ought to live with the

the charge of heresy. In 1122 he was accused before the Council of Doissons, on account of a treatise on the Trinity, which he was compelled to burn; and in 1140, his former pupil, St. Bernard, although reluctantly, denounced his doctrines as unsound, before that of Sens; nor was it without difficulty that he escaped imprisonment. He died 1142, at the age of 68.

sanctity becoming their profession ; imitating the apostles, both in their poverty, and in their zeal for the conversion and improvement of the people. It was not in accordance with the christian doctrine, that priests, abbots, and monks, should indulge in banqueting, luxury, loose revelry and jests, and dissolute habits. Neither was that which the church taught, respecting the sacraments of the eucharist, and baptism, conformable to the genuine christian faith."

These opinions, so new, and so opposed to the then state of things, consequently terribly heretical, were delivered, by Arnold, with an eloquence, that his adversaries affected to despise as a mere fluency of words ; although, even according to their own testimony, it was attended with effects not to be produced by language that merely captivates the ear, but only by a spirit that shakes and penetrates the soul, overpowering the mind by an irresistible energy. The influence of his oratory was rendered still more efficacious, by his austere and irreproachable manners, to which all his contemporaries, and even his enemies bore testimony ; and which formed so striking a contrast with those of a haughty and luxurious priesthood. No one saw him join in the pleasures of the table, and all regarded with wonder his rigid abstinence and simple habits.

The boldness of Arnold's preaching captivated many, and every where gave rise to much reflection. The clergy became objects of contempt, the pope of odium, and the monks of ridicule ; but the nobles and secular authorities countenanced the new doctrines, as being favourable to their own interests. In consequence of this, feuds arose between the ecclesiastics and laymen, at first in Brescia, and afterwards in other cities. The bishop of the former place preferred his complaints to the Pope, intreating him that he would silence the heretical preacher : yet, it is probable, that his holiness did not content himself with merely recommending a discreet silence to Arnold, for the latter began to fear, that he was no longer

safe in Italy; he therefore escaped, first to his friend, Abelard, and afterwards, in the year 1140, across the Alps, to Zurich, where he met with support and protection. His opinions now began to spread still more; and even the bishop of Costnitz, and a legate of the Pope's, two persons whose interests hardly prompted them to uphold the new doctrines, listened to him with attentive regard, and satisfaction. Either, they had minds open to conviction, or such was the fascinating power of Arnold's eloquence, that it subjected self-interest to reason and truth.

At this period there arose an adversary against the daring preacher, whose influence and authority nothing could withstand. This was no other a personage than St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, a man of severe morals, of powerful intellect, and of not less knowledge of mankind; a bold orator, who regarded nothing as impossible, and who, moreover, possessed no ordinary share of theological learning. Beneath the veil of a humility that appeared to reject all temporal advancement, he concealed an ambition which aimed at no less than the highest objects. He was the general adviser of the western church, and displayed an activity and influence paralleled by nothing but that of the Jesuits, when their order was in the zenith of its power and popularity. Nothing escaped his restless observation: at the elections of popes, or the coronation of princes, in all state intrigues, in crusades, and in the foundation of religious houses, he could effect as much as when he laboured to quiet the scruples of a pious maiden, to reprove an incautious churchman, correct a dissolute monk, warn against want of orthodoxy, or fulminate against heresy. This was the aim, at which all his numerous letters and treatises, and his long and various journies, which were never undertaken without some object of policy, invariably tended.

No pontiff, no pontentate was so mighty as the unpretending and incorruptible Bernard. Incessantly involved in business, his influence was equally felt in Spain, in

Ireland, in France, and in England; in the German Diets, and in the Roman conclaves; in the senate of princes, and in the cells of monks. He punished with inflexible severity, and without any regard to the rank of the offender, whatever seemed to him to violate decency and morals, or the established forms in matters of faith or government; nor did he even forbear to have recourse to external modes of coercion, whenever he found that moral force was ineffectual. And, whether applied to or not, Bernard invariably took a part in every event of importance.

In several points, there was no inconsiderable resemblance between the champion of the church and the reformer. Both renounced almost all the comforts of life, despised every species of luxury, and viewed with abhorrence the dissolute manners and haughty arrogance of the clergy. Yet each acted upon different principles; for, while Bernard renounced wealth for his own use, he employed all his power and influence, for the advantage of the church; Arnold taught, that it was the duty of an ecclesiastic to devote himself to poverty, in order that he might not fall into temptation; that the monk could possess no property, the prelate no principality; these belonging exclusively to laymen and secular princes. The former neglected nothing that could tend to add new power to the hierarchy; the latter invidiously examined it by the test of faith and morals, and estimated it according to the purposes of civil government. Bernard addressed the great and powerful; Arnold appealed to the people, and pointed out to them their interests.

No sooner did Bernard receive the tidings of Arnold's daring preaching, than he determined to oppose, and to silence him. He said, that his discourses were honey, but his doctrines poison; that he was a dove in front, but a scorpion behind, and warned both churchmen and laymen how they listened to his seductive subtleties. From the time that Arnold had quitted his native city, he had every where persecuted him by his letters, and when

he learnt that the bishop of Costnitz and the papal legate had patiently listened to him, he wrote to both, with a warmth and bitterness that left no doubt as to his feelings towards Arnold. Accustomed to do nothing by halves, he applied to the Pope, and prevailed on him to pronounce his ban of excommunication against the reformer. His Holiness anathematized him as a heretic, gave orders for his imprisonment, and passed sentence of excommunication against all his followers and adherents. Yet, before these orders could be put in force, strange events took place within Rome itself. Their ancient spirit of liberty had never entirely deserted the Roman people; many of the nobles were animated by it; nor was it till long afterwards, that it was extinguished. Whether, therefore, this spirit was already excited, or whether it was roused by Arnold's eloquence, the Romans rose against the Pope, proceeded in a body to the capitol, determined to restore their ancient form of government, and the pristine splendour of their city; renounced their allegiance to the pontiff, and transferred the chief power to the senate.

RECORDS OF A RAMBLER.

CHAPTER III.

The separated Graves.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed,
 Around one parent knee!—MRS. HEMANS.

Hitherto, I have only named Rebecca, who, at the time of which I now speak, had attained the age of womanhood, distinguished by all those graces which adorn the female character. I will now introduce a younger sister, and a brother whose years never amounted in their number to nineteen, but who was several summers older than Mary Ann. Of William I entertained the highest esteem, and therefore, I hope to be pardoned for thus abruptly bringing him before the reader's notice.

For some months, during the spring and summer of 183—, while staying in London, William became the companion of all my enjoyments, whether recreative or mental; and it may reasonably be expected, that a sudden separation from one whom I regarded as a brother, would leave an impression upon my mind, which time would not easily efface.

That day we followed him to the last place of resting, prepared for him on earth. Solemnly indeed were the services on that occasion conducted, and deeply in our bosoms sank the lesson which they brought. The evening of the day was devoted, as such evenings should be, to reflections upon the nearness of our own souls to the dark tomb and eternity! Nor will the recollection of that sorrowful night ever leave me. Then it was, that all his virtues and all his endearments were brought to mind; and in soft accents a weeping sister spoke of her brother's worth, and showed some relics which remained of his affection while living; and then too, were the notes of our evening praises sent above to the throne of the eternal.

Many events since that day have brought me in connection with the two sisters, and many a tributary sigh to a brother's memory, has told me *he* was not forgotten by them; and on many a page has the name of 'Poor William' been inscribed by those who loved to call forth the retrospect of one, who for his gentle qualities was ever courted as a friend. Often has it been my lot to converse with Rebecca of the immortality of a better world; and I can truly say, that the loss of one in some degree awakened in the minds of those who remained a desire to pursue after the unimpaired bliss of a heavenly mansion.

Oh! it is a vain world, which shows its gilded toys, and lures millions on in a mistaken path, at last to hurl destruction on their heads as a recompense.

Of Mary Ann, I have a few words to say, upon this subject; for not only did she strive after those better objects, which her brother had gone before her to enjoy,

but kept in mind his dying consolement with her, that they should all meet with their parents above ! To this end were her spare hours devoted ; and although all around beheld her pale cheek, and brilliant eye, as the prophetic messengers of wan disease, yet she perceived not the approach of the King of Terrors, until he had announced the very words of his summons. Then, like a flower of tender hope, the fairest, and youngest departed ; to take up her rest where there is neither sorrow, nor weeping any more.

TO THE ASPEN-TREE.

See how the wind enamoured aspen leaves
Turn up their silver linings to the sun !
And hark ! the rustling noise that oft deceives
And makes the sheep boy run.—CLARE.

Why dost thou quiver, O Aspen !—say ?—
Why dost thou quiver and shake ?
'Tis a mild and a balmy summer's day,
There is not a breath the green boughs to sway,
Or rustle the grass on the brake :
Dost thou tremble with fear ?—no woodman is near
To tell thee thy race is run ;
Dost thou tremble with joy, like a light-hearted boy
That gambols and leaps in the sun ?
Why dost thou quiver, O Aspen !—say ?

The pendulous birch, and the poplar tall,
The beech with its shining leaves ;
The ivy, that o'er the old abbey wall
A net-work of emerald weaves ;
The willow that bends where the waters flow
To kiss its own image that's mirror'd below ;
The fir with its column-like stem ;
The chestnut, the sycamore—hazel slim,
The elm, and the oak with its giant limb,
And its sun-tinted diadem ;
Are motionless all ; not a sound doth fall
On the ear, save the hum of the bee,
Or the twitter and "cheep," of the birds that sleep,
Each one, on his favourite tree.

Even the ring-dove hath ceased to woo
 His tender mate, with a faint "coo-coo,"
 And hath folded his snowy wing,
 O'ercome by the sultry heat;
 Even the squirrel hath ceased to spring
 From bough to bough, and is resting now,
 In his well-stored snug retreat;
 The blue campanula's fairy bells
 Are void of motion; in the dells,
 The purple foxglove stirreth not;
 The lily, that bendeth o'er the stream,
 Is still as a maiden in a dream,
 With pleasant feelings fraught.

The slender reeds, with their russet heads
 That wave with the slightest breath,
 And the flags, are calm in their oozy beds
 As the dreamless sleep of death;
 In the golden gorse and the feathery fern
 No motion can the eye discern,
 But still as branching coral, seen
 Far down in caverns submarine;
 And the dandelions in the field,
 And the nettles on the hill,
 And the slender woodbine stems, which yield
 To the balmiest zephyr's will,
 Are all quiescent as the forms
 In a picture seen, which no life warms,
 Or a stream by the frost congealed.
 Each thing in slumber seems locked fast;
 Yet thou dost shake and shiver,
 Like a naked beggar exposed to the blast;
 Why thus do thy green leaves quiver?

"Oh 'tis a sorrowful tale to tell?
 (Thus answered the Aspen-Tree)
 And when it is told, thou wilt know full well
 That to shiver and shake,
 And for evermore quake,
 Good cause and sufficient have we.
 It is not with fear, it is not with dread,
 Let the axe be ever so keen;
 Be my limbs lopped off, and my lofty head
 Laid low in the forest green;

What mattereth that? we must one day fall,
And 'twere better to save mankind,
Than to wither away by the hand of decay,
And stand like a spectre, lank and tall,
Exposed to the wintry wind.

“ It is not with mirth, it is not with glee,
That my foliage danceth tremulously,
But grief—deep, unspeakable grief!
And horror, which curdles the sap in my frame,
Then maketh it rush like a fountain of flame,
Till I tremble in every leaf:
Draw near! for such things in a whisper should
Be told ;—when OUR SAVIOUR died,
The cross was made of the *Aspen wood*,
Whereon he was *crucified*!”

REVIEWS, &c.

The Weather Almanac for 1839. By P. Murphy, Esq.

There are few things in which our rural friends are more intimately concerned than the weather, and few subjects on which so much uncertainty has prevailed. When the Weather Almanac came out last year the object it professed to attain, a prediction of the weather, was looked upon by the generality of the enlightened public as so utterly beyond the reach of human calculation that the idea was conceived to be preposterous, and he who propounded it little better than an imposter. A few days at the commencement of the year, however, most singularly fulfilled his prophecies, and though in wonder at the result, and at a loss to account for it, the public felt compelled to give in to his belief in the author's possession of some singular power of ascertaining this hitherto most dubious matter. The almanacs of olden sages, including Messrs. Francis Moore and Co., had made such outrageous claims on the faith of their readers, and so grossly abused

the confidence reposed in them, that the hydra-headed tribunal to which Mr. Murphy submitted the result of his lucubrations, could but look with a very suspicious glance, and that even askance, on any new aspirant for their belief. The cold weather came. The prediction and the fulfilment were wonderfully close. John Bull warmed into admiration, and the exuberance of feeling broke forth from his heart for the injustice his incredulity had inflicted on the prophet, and Mr. Murphy pocketed several hundreds for his trouble. Messrs. Whittaker sold some fifty or sixty thousand of his book. But alas! there is a change in all things, and poor Mr. Murphy got into the wrong house. The weather and his book would not run together at all. His old friend turned round with redoubled indignation at what he conceived to be this second take-in, and fairly spurned him out of every thing like respect, and his standing fell as low at the latter end of the year as it had been high at the beginning. Mr. Murphy, however, is not so to be shut out. He feels that he has a good thing in hand, and he again makes his appearance with another declaration of his perusal of the heavens. He again modestly states his claims to attention, and that too very reasonably. Jestings apart, the present number of the *Weather Almanac* is well worthy the attention of sensible men. Whether the science of meteorology has yet attained to that degree of certainty which the author of this pamphlet would assert, we are not competent to judge, but we have had too many instances of opprobrium having been thrown upon those whose discoveries have led mankind ultimately to an advanced stage of knowledge, to view this attempt to rectify our notions on a very important matter with contempt, or even indifference. We trust it may lead to more extensive enquiries into the matter of which it treats, and prompt an excursion into those lands of science and thought, which lie beyond the pale of present knowledge, and are not even "dreamed of in our philosophy." Seriously it may be incumbent upon us to state that upon the prognostics contained in those

few pages, we do not place much reliance, but we look upon it as the precursor of new thoughts, new labours, and new knowledge ; and beside its weather predictions, it contains much valuable matter.

The Little Villager's Verse Book. 1st and 2nd series, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Canon Resedentiary of Sarum.

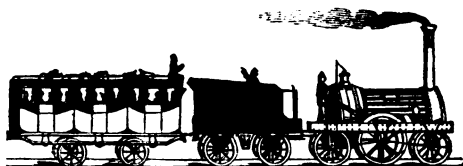
These little but most pleasing books need no recommendations that we can give. Their amiable and highly revered author has long since taken a position in the republic of letters alike beyond the reach of our praise or blame. But here *criticism* is not our office. Our first object is to lead the notice of our readers to such works as are likely to interest or to benefit them, and we therefore readily comprehend within our pages Mr. Bowles's delightful and simple verses. They have already obtained a very extensive reputation and justly so, for they breathe all the sweetness and purity of Village Life. We have selected a fair specimen of the volumes, and can cordially recommend that of which it forms a part to the attention of our readers.

HOURL-GLASS.

As by my mother's side I stand,
Whose hairs from time are few and gray,
I watch the hour-glass shed its sand,
To mark how wears the night away.

Her sight, by age, is now decny'd ;
The spectacles, to aid her eyes,
Upon the Bible-leaf are laid,
That open in the window lies.

Though age must many ills endure,
As time for ever runs away,
This shows her Christian comforts sure,
And leads to Heaven's eternal day.



A LOCOMOTIVE TRAIN.

STEAM LOCOMOTION. No. II.

BUT the objection probably refers only to railways, since from the connection they bear to each other, it is impossible to tell the extent of their benefits as yet. The chain must be perfected ere we can put it to full use. Man is not made of any one member, but by an union of many. Yet, imperfect as the system is at present, who is there that can take a bird's-eye view of England, and say that nothing has been achieved? Is it nothing, in a brief period of a few summers that we have a direct communication between London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, at a rate varying from twenty to thirty miles per hour. The average on the Birmingham and London line is twenty-eight miles per hour. Is it not something that we may "within the limits of a day" visit each of those vast emporiums of trade, and rest at home at night? Yes, this one example, out of many in operation, is sufficient to remove this objection as to what *has been* accomplished. As to what *will be*, out of a multitude (the fact that in 1836 'and 1837, forty-five Railway Bills passed through Parliament, authorizes the term), two lines, the one bringing into direct and daily communication the north and south, the capitals of England and Scotland, as well as the numerous intermediate cities; and the latter joining the east and west, the Humber and the Mersey, Hull, Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool, will be sufficient to controvert the objection.

Where then is the defalcation? Where has theory failed in practice? *Verbum sat sapienti.* Nowhere!

3rd. The third objection is "neither frivolous nor vexatious," but both well grounded and important. Were we to deny *the former*, our assertion would be as "*telum imbellè sine ictu*," and deservedly make no impression; for the experience of the last few months, thronged as the retrospect is with "explosions," deplorable losses of life, &c., &c., must overthrow any argument to the contrary:—the latter is a natural sequent to the former. But let us not be misconstrued, let it not be supposed that we are the supporters of this objection, for it is by no means so. So far do we agree with the supporters of it that it is well founded, and as *such* so important to all her Majesty's subjects as to call for legislative interference; but as to the nature of that interference we differ. For, in our opinion, that call is for preventive regulations, and not for the abolishment of the system. We would cultivate, not uproot. It would be absurd in us to call for death to prevent the pains of illness; reason tells us we should do it more effectually and consistently by guarding life. So with regard to steam power, it is our duty to use the advantages, which for his wise purpose God hath given us, not to spurn the gift because its possession may be dangerous; but to apply our energies to discover the source, and to guard as far as possible against the recurrence of that danger. For nothing human can be perfect: the gold is not without alloy, and the rose has its thorn. Yet the farmer can sort the tares from the wheat; the purifying flame separates the dross from the pure metal; and the pruning hook removes the obnoxious thorn. Thus the corn is rendered more useful, the metal more precious, and the rose not less beautiful gives its fragrance without a sting.

By those, however, who oppose all interference with the system, it may with *some justice* perhaps be urged that in proportion to the traffic and business performed by Steam Locomotion, the accidents will in the aggregate be less than by the old method of communication; but, on the

other hand, we cannot hide the truth, that, when these accidents (by steam) do happen they are most frequently of a more serious and extensive nature ; and as such call forth a greater proportion of *public sympathy and public fear*, than though the same amount of misfortune had happened at different times, under ordinary circumstances and in isolated cases.

This is a peculiarity in our nature so well proved that it may be mentioned as a fixed principle, that our emotions are far more powerfully exercised, our pity and our pain at once more permanent and poignant, at beholding at once the aggregate amount of wretchedness or misery, than at viewing at different periods the separate and component parts. The former, like the polar winter, which at once benumbs our every faculty, and renders powerless every nerve, strikes the chord of our sympathies with a blow so heavy that the effect for ever remains; while the latter, like the succession of our own seasons, which day by day prepares us for the future, by each successive stroke rendered less harsh by the soothing influence of intervenient time, makes our sensibilities less tenacious of the past, and less susceptible of the future. The principle is one of body as well as mind ; for it is well known that the same portion of the deleterious drug that taken at once destroys life, will if swallowed in small doses have hardly any effect upon the functions of the body.

But the "*public sympathy and the public love*," which we spoke of above, has been, and is at present, aroused. The cry of danger has, with electric speed, traversed the length and breadth of the land. The tocsin has been sounded, and prudence has seized her arms, and from city to village, from castle to cottage, is the watchword, "No steam travelling," re-echoed. Here then is the subject important to the *supporters* of Steam Locomotion : confidence is lost, and, till it be restored, the most profitable source of support (passengers) is vitally injured : for, says Miss Martineau (*How to Observe*), "reck-

lessness of human life is one of the surest symptoms of barbarism ;" and the antithesis of this, a corresponding care in preserving it, is the characteristic of civilization. That confidence, it is evident then, can only be brought back by a regular and fixed system of surveillance, guarding, as far as possible, all sources of danger. What that system should be, though a subject demanding the prompt consideration of our legislature, is one that is not alone to be confined to the stormy arena of politics, to be tinged with the prejudices of party, but, as standing prominently before, and individually affecting the whole community of England, one that is open to, one that is worthy of the attention of all. As such we feel no *delicacy* in either examining the efficiency of those regulations which have already been recommended, or in suggesting new ones.

Nearly all accidents on steam boats (for it is to them that the objection chiefly applies, as on them has the greater portion of those melancholy losses of life which have seized on public attention lately happened) may be referred to two causes, viz., deficiency in management, or construction. To remedy the ill effects, or prevent for the future the recurrence of the dangers arising from these, it has been proposed that there should be a heavy fine levied on the proprietors of those vessels where accidents have happened. This it should be remembered has been tried (for it is in the power of a jury to lay a deodand, or fine on vessels where loss of life has taken place) and it tends little to diminish the causes of danger. Another fine will fail likewise ; for severe penal statutes prevent not crime, when the officers of justice are relaxed, so much as a vigilant police with less punishments. Man will tempt Fortune, and the *chance* of escaping "scot-free" or receiving heavy punishment is preferred to the *certainty* of a less. Thus would it be with steam vessels : the cheapness in point of cost would tempt many to open *one* door to danger, by having inferior machinery ; while the love of profit, or a spirit of opposition, combined with the probability that nothing would happen,

would still tempt them to open that door still wider. Our plan must be not to prevent the future by punishing for the past! The next plan is, that all new vessels be carefully examined and declared "safe" ere they are allowed to sail. So far so good; but it goes not half far enough, as the greatest source of danger, improper management, would still be untouched. The plan would ensure a safe and properly constructed vessel *at first*; but it would *not* ensure us that the repairs which work renders in the most perfect vessel necessary would always be properly made: it would *not* make us certain, that, through opposition, gain, &c., &c., motives equally pervading the breast of the vessel owner and coach proprietor, the vessel and its engine were not required, were not made to perform more than they were constructed to perform with safety. It would *not* convince us, that the person who had the management of that vessel was either professionally or morally worthy of being trusted with our lives and properties; and that, through carelessness, a desire to beat others, to please employers, to make up lost time, or a thousand other reasons we cannot anticipate, we should not be blown to atoms, or, *some small comfort*, left among the

"Rari nantes gurgite vasto,"

to sink at last "unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unrun." Till then we are, as far as human prudence is able, made safe on these points, confidence cannot be restored: and all plans failing to do this are useless.

But how are we to be assured on these points? Take our own suggestions, though not beyond amendments they will be found to guard both sources of danger.

1st. Let there be a board of (say three) steam directors, appointed: let these be men of both practical and theoretical knowledge in engineering and mechanics. Also let these appoint a body of inspectors; as many as they think proper to reside at each of our chief ports.

2nd. Let no steam vessel be allowed to sail without a regular license from government.

3rd. Let one or more of the steam directors examine every new vessel, and affix the maximum pressure to which the boilers must be subjected, and the maximum speed that the vessel must at any time sail (along with such other regulations as they shall determine upon), on a prominent part of the vessel.

4th. Let no license be granted to any steam vessel without a certificate from the board, that this examination has taken place.

5th. Let all steam vessels pay a duty, fixed, according to their tonnage and power, at such a rate as to pay the engineer's salary.

6th. Let all engineers, ere they are allowed to act as such, pass an examination before the directors, not only as to their professional abilities, but also as to their moral character : and let such as pass creditably receive a certificate of capability.

7th. Let all engineers on (application for one, &c., from the owners of vessels) be chosen or appointed by the directors.

8th. Let all engineers' salaries be paid by government out of the steam boat duty—for these salaries there must be a fixed scale according to the tonnage and power of the vessel.

9th. On the immediate arrival of a vessel in port, let an inspector go on board and examine her condition, &c., and take an account of her speed from the self-recording log, with which all vessels must be provided, and to which the inspectors alone must have access.

10th. Should the inspector find that the engineer has violated the regulations, let him deprive him of his certificate to act, till the directors can hear the case.

11th. Let it be in the power of the inspector to remove the engineer from the vessel, should he be found (on complaint from his superior officer) to have failed in obeying him in any duty, *not contrary* to the directors' regulations.

12th. Let no vessel be allowed to leave port without a certificate of "sea-worthy," and "all right," from the

inspector, which certificate must be placed in a prominent part of the vessel.

This plan may be objected to, and the *modus operandi* probably may be improved; but till the principle be adopted the evil cannot be cured. One source of danger, deficient construction, in the present advanced state of the arts, is easily guarded against, but the other, improper management, protean alike in cause and effect, requires a change in the system, for there the disorder lies. Scrutiny may satisfy us that the vessel was at first sea-worthy, but *bad management* can make the same unfit; and want of ability, attention, or a wilfulness arising from the desires and interested motives we have spoken of above, still exposes us to a danger greater than is apt to be imagined. To this then shall we be exposed till, as in the above suggestions, the plan of operation is enlarged, till the eye of scrutiny pass over the *manager* as well as the managed, and till the engineer be a man to be depended upon as a *safety guard* to the passengers; a man holding the tenure of his office from a source with which his best recommendation will be, the exercise of care; acting under the strictest regulations, and infringing them on his own responsibility. Yes, till thus circumstanced, till, by this responsibility, removed both from bribery and intimidation of his superior, the engineer be not at the beck of whims and fancies of captains, &c., which are so often dangerous to all, we shall look in vain for a return of public confidence.

To those who may fear that this system of steam surveillance would be very expensive to the country, it need only be said that the expense will be compassed by a very few thousands. This cannot be of much consequence, when we look at the millions lavished on the numerous commissions, and preventive services: moreover, *quicquid est utile est etiam leve*; and *what commission has a more important object* than that which tends to the extension of Steam Locomotion? *What preventive service is of more consequence than that which prevents the loss of human life?*

THE SHEPHERDS OF SCOTLAND.

THERE is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish-schools afford; are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures of truth; deeply read in theological works; and really, I am sorry to say it, generally much better informed than their masters. Every shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he do not manage it with constant care, caution, and decision, he cannot be employed. A part of the stock is his own, however, so that his interest in it is the same with that of his master; and being thus the most independent of men if he cherish a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he lose the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE THREE TREASURES.

Man has three treasures in this life,
Which with him unto death's door go,
First gold—the worldly man's whole strife—
The source and balm of ev'ry woe.

Friends and relations next appear,
The tribute of their love to pay,
E'en to the grave they venture near,
Then—to his home each turns away.

His good works last—the greatest friends,
Which man doth not enough embrace,
Alone with him to God ascends,
And there find Mercy, Truth, and Grace.

ARNOLD, OF BRESCIA. No. II.

ON the news of this insurrection, Arnold quitted Switzerland with joy, and came, probably in consequence of being invited by the Romans themselves, to their city, in 1144, full of fresh hopes and projects, for in these popular commotions he beheld the effects of his own eloquence.

In the meanwhile dissensions arose between the Pope and the Magistracy, and the people went to the Senate, and put themselves under the control of a Patrician of their own choosing. They demanded of the Pope that he should renounce all secular power and jurisdiction in Rome, and its territory, in favour of the newly-elected Patrician, and that according to the example of the first bishops he should content himself with tithes, and the contributions of the faithful. In this emergency the Holy Father applied to the German monarch Conrad, of whom he earnestly solicited assistance; but that Prince could not resolve upon coming into Italy, being partly hindered by the domestic affairs of his own government, and partly by his apprehension of the contagious malady that then raged in Italy, especially in Rome itself. The Pope therefore shifted, as well as he was able, for himself; with an armed force he seized on the capitol, where the new Senate was assembled, but was obliged to retreat, so sorely wounded by a shower of stones flung at him, that he shortly after died. Eugenius the Third, who was elected as his successor, secured himself from the insurgents and their demands, by immediately quitting the city, privately attended by a few cardinals, and seeking refuge in the Convent of Farfa. Arnold now appeared publicly before the Roman populace, to whom he spoke with enthusiasm of the ancient glorious ages of Rome, and of its decline owing to the bad government and vices of the clergy and its Popes; exhorting them to seize on

the capitol; advising reform of the nobles, the consuls, and the tribunes, and exhorting them to abridge the injurious power and influence of the ecclesiastical order. These addresses were attended with a fearful efficacy: all the passions of the populace were kindled; the palaces of the Cardinals and nobles were stormed, plundered, and destroyed. The incensed mob did not even spare those strangers who had been induced to visit Rome from motives of piety.

During these scenes of violence, the Pope did not remain a passive spectator; but as he was in a place of security at a distance from the city, he passed sentence of excommunication on the Patrician and his partisans; and, with the assistance of the inhabitants of Tivoli, so far reduced the Romans, that they were obliged to beg for peace, and to promise that they would completely restore the government of Rome to its former footing. The Pontiff entered the city in triumph on Christmas eve, 1145, amid the acclamations of the same multitude that had attempted to deprive him of all his secular authority. Yet in the very next year the same disturbances broke out afresh, and with such violence that the terrified Pope was again obliged to escape from the city; and he repaired to France, the usual asylum of those Pontiffs who quitted the seat of the papal government.

Notwithstanding the frenzy of their excesses, the Romans perceived that they could not long maintain themselves without a powerful protector; they, therefore, applied to the German Emperor Conrad, informing him by repeated letters, that all they had done had been merely out of fidelity and attachment to him, and to preserve the imperial power; being desirous of restoring the Roman state to what it had been in the times of Constantine and Justinian, who had governed the whole world by means of the Senate and the Roman people. It was with this view that they had restored the Senate; and had seized on the strong holds and palaces of the nobles who opposed his right, many of which they had destroyed.

Yet, having suffered so much for his sake, they now earnestly entreated that he would lend them his support and hasten with all despatch towards Rome, which he ought to make the seat of his power; since having put down the authority of the churchmen he would here be able to govern all Italy and Germany, with greater authority and independence than any of his predecessors.

The German court deliberated as to the policy of listening to these dazzling proposals; and Conrad was for a long time undecided as to what course he should pursue. But the representations of the legates despatched by the Pope, the eloquence of St. Bernard, and the hazard of attempting to transfer the seat of the imperial court to Rome, above all, the well known insincerity, fickleness, and weakness of the Romans themselves, determined Conrad to reject this offer, and to declare himself in favour of the Pope. He, therefore, confirmed the church in its former authority and privileges, and sent Abbot Wibald, of Stiblo, to the Holy Father, to assure him of his support. Yet he proceeded no farther than promises; for the following year he set out on a Crusade to Palestine; and, in consequence of the fatigues he underwent in this expedition, was attacked with an indisposition shortly after his return, which carried him off in 1152, at Bamberg. A short time previous to his decease he expressed his wish that his nephew Frederic, Duke of Swabia, should succeed him in his German dominions; nor did the Electoral Princes attempt to oppose the choice of their dying sovereign.

Frederic the First, surnamed Barbarossa, Conrad's successor, 1152, was then in the prime of life, and had already acquired considerable reputation both for military valour and experience, and for his ability as a statesman. He was, therefore, unanimously declared worthy of wearing the imperial crown. To the graces of a beautiful person and an engaging address and demeanour, combined with great personal courage, he added a fiery eloquence that displayed itself in energetic language. A bold ro-

mantic turn of mind ; a persevering and active courage, an unshaken perseverance in the execution of his designs, a remarkable quickness of penetration, but also a strong and somewhat wayward self-will, these are the qualities that the history of this prince's reign manifest in the clearest manner.

For a prince of such a character, the idea of securely maintaining the imperial authority, and obtaining a complete dominion over Italy, was the most captivating that could occupy his fiery imagination. He was anxious to sustain the character of the Romish emperor in all its dignity, and in the most brilliant light. This wish influenced all his actions, and involved him in a multitude of intrigues, that tended in no small degree to prevent that repose so little suited to his disposition. There had now for many years been no Emperor in Italy, where the greatest confusion had prevailed. The Roman republic, as it was called, had already attained its tenth year, less, however, through its own power and the real excellence of its constitution, than by extrinsic circumstances, particularly the frequent changes of the Popes, and their political weakness. Arnold's democratical doctrines had been favourably received, not only in Rome, but in most of the cities of Lombardy. The burghers, fully alive to the advantages and influence they had acquired by industry, aimed at independence, and endeavoured to give a republican form to the government of their cities ; in each of which the chief power was generally entrusted to three Consuls elected from the three classes of the people. Every burgher was entitled to the dignity of a Knight, and the rank of a military commander ; they all exercised themselves in the profession of arms ; and a single city frequently represented a numerous army, ready to fight in defence of their property and liberty. Great obstacles, therefore, presented themselves to Frederic's design of accustoming the Italians to an unlimited exercise of the imperial authority. In the mean time, he summoned all the vassals and states of the empire to attend him in

an expedition into Italy, on the pain of forfeiting their fiefs. Yet, notwithstanding that they all bound themselves by oath to the performance of this duty, several remained at home, for which contempt they subsequently incurred punishment. Frederic entered into a preliminary treaty with Eugenius, at Costnitz, in which the Holy Father bound himself to receive the Emperor as a faithful Son of St. Peter, and to excommunicate his enemies: on the other hand, the latter promised to reduce to obedience the turbulent and seditious subjects of the papal see, and to do every thing for the protection of the church. But Eugenius did not live to receive him; and his successor Anastasius dying shortly after, the papal chair was filled by Adrian, an Englishman by birth, the son of a poor peasant, but a man of superior talents.

Frederic collected his army on the banks of the Lech, and entered Italy by way of Brixen and Trent. Some of the Italian cities opposed the Emperor, from whom they, in consequence, incurred severe treatment. The Veronese refused to let him pass through their state without receiving a considerable sum of money for the permission to do so; some of the principal citizens accompanied the Emperor for the purpose of receiving the stipulated price, which was paid to them according to agreement; but they were afterwards hanged, although that article was not in their contract. The city of Tortona was, for its refractoriness, plundered and burned, the inhabitants having been compelled to surrender at discretion. But it was the Milanese who behaved with the greatest insolence; Frederic had even when at Costnitz despatched envoys to them with his commands, but his letters were torn to pieces, and the imperial seal trodden under foot; and when on approaching part of their territory, he employed the Consuls of the city, as guides in his march, they led him for three days through wild and almost desert tracts, where his troops could not meet with even the most common necessities of life. Suppressing his indignation, the Emperor advanced to the fertile district

around Milan, and pitched his camp about a mile from the city. In vain did the inhabitants strive to appease his wrath, by destroying the houses of those who had acted so treacherously; Frederic's pride was too much offended, especially at perceiving that the Milanese considered him mercenary, and weak enough to pardon them, if they treated with a show of severity the inferior places in their territory. Yet, as his force was not then sufficiently strong to enable him to attack the city itself with any chance of success, he satisfied himself with destroying some of the castles and places in its vicinity. This indeed was but a petty employment for his restless and turbulent soldiery, who were craving for some enterprise of magnitude. So frequent too were the combats between the German Knights, that Frederic was obliged to compel them to promise him on oath that they would not wear their swords within the camp; and to threaten that, in case of disobedience, the guilty party should forfeit either his hand or his head.

As soon as Frederic had been crowned at Pavia, as King of Lombardy, he hastened to Rome, for the purpose of there receiving the crown of the empire. But his approach threw both the citizens and the Pontiff into great perplexity, since neither party knew on whose side the Emperor would declare himself. The principal of the former, however, still continued firm in their resolution not to yield allegiance to the Pope as a secular Prince; in which determination those who began to hesitate were confirmed by the fiery eloquence of Arnold. They sent a solemn deputation to the Emperor, to treat with him as well respecting the views with which he came, as relative to his coronation. Yet Frederic was not disposed to accept the crown from the hands of the Roman Senate; hating both their democratic form of government, and Arnold himself, who had stirred up the populace to demand their freedom. He clearly perceived, too, that the haughty Romans wished to make him only their general, and commission him to reinstate their city in its former

liberty, and re-obtain for them their lost possessions. These considerations inclined him so much the more to listen to Adrian, who willingly consented to crown him on the same conditions as his predecessors.

The Pope even went to meet him at Viterbo, having previously received the most solemn promises, that neither himself, nor any of his cardinals or their followers, should receive the least personal insult. But a trifling circumstance had nearly destroyed again this good understanding, almost as soon as it was formed. Frederic advanced to meet his Holiness near Sutri : here on the very same spot where, a hundred years before, Henry III. had deposed three Popes, did the haughty Emperor kneel before the head of the church, expecting that he would condescend to salute him with the kiss of peace ; but the arrogant churchman, who had risen from the meanest condition, was offended that the Emperor, instead of holding his stirrup that he might alight from his mule, took him familiarly by the hand to conduct him to his tent ; and he rejected his embrace, saying that he had not shown him those marks of humble deference which former Emperors had ever displayed towards his predecessors, out of regard of the Apostles and the Holy Church. Unaccustomed to yield the least of his imperial privileges, Frederic asserted that the Pope had no right to expect such a humiliating condescension from him ; and this difference of opinion as to a point of etiquette gave rise to a serious discussion during the whole of the following day ! At length being assured by some of the German Princes who were present that he had sufficient precedent for so doing in Lothaire II., who had shown to Pope Innocent the same marks of respect as those now demanded, the Emperor yielded. The scene of their solemn meeting was accordingly performed again the next day, when Frederic advancing a short way alone to meet the Pontiff, performed the indispensable ceremony of stirrup-holder to the *lowly* successor of St. Peter.

When, accompanied by the Pope, the Emperor and his

army had approached within a few miles of the city, they were met by ambassadors from the Roman Senate, who came to treat respecting the terms on which he was to enter the city, and to receive the imperial crown. They wished him to free them from the papal yoke, and restore the splendour of the Imperial dignity; but they gave him so plainly to understand that he was indebted both for his title as Emperor, and his authority over Rome, solely to the act of his being crowned, and to the free election of the Roman people, that their offers gave great offence. They demanded no less than that he should solemnly promise by oath to restore their ancient rights, customs, and privileges; to defend their territory against any enemy, and moreover to pay the sum of five thousand pounds of silver; on which conditions they agreed to bestow upon him the Imperial crown. Hearing these arrogant demands of the haughty and impoverished Romans, Frederic instantly dismissed the deputies; despatched with all haste a troop of cavalry to the city to secure the church of St. Peter, and hinder the citizens on the other side the Tiber from making any resistance to the ceremony of his coronation. On the following morning he himself proceeded thither with his army, and was received by the Pope, who conducted him to the high altar; and from whose hands he received the crown on the 18th of June, 1155. The ceremony was finished almost before the Romans were aware that Frederic was actually within their city.

Immediately after he had been crowned, the Emperor mounted a stately charger and rode back to his camp with the newly-received emblem of imperial power on his head, passing under the walls of the city; while the Pope remained in the Vatican. But no sooner did the Romans perceive his retreat, and his success, than they rushed over the bridge across the Tiber, and slew several of the soldiers, several too even within the portal of St. Peter's, or wherever else they sought an asylum from the infuriated populace. On being informed of this violence

on the part of the citizens, Frederic, alarmed for the safety of the Holy Father and the Cardinals, hastily collected his troops, and attacked the inhabitants. The fight commenced in two different places, close by the Castle of St. Angelo and the adjacent bridge, and on a spot where there was a fish-pond which has since disappeared. The contest was long and violent, for it did not terminate until the evening : but the result was the complete subjection of the insurgents.

THE ONSET.

Rush ! rush ! my brave warriors, on, on to the fray,
Be this to our country a glorious day.
Draw ! draw ! the bright steel, let the dark flaming brand
Strike down to the earth, every foe of our Land ;
Raise aloft our loved standard, tell yonder proud host,
To defend it each man thinks his life blood well lost.
Close ! close in your ranks ! sound the clarion of war,
Let the voice of our coming be borne on the air ;
With the antelope's spring, and the wild tiger's roar,
Urge forward your steeds, on the enemy pour ;
With the noise of the whirlwind, the force of the wave,
We will plunge on the foes, our loved country to save.

VICTORY.

Touch ! touch ! the lyre, and let the breathing flute
Sound forth its dulcet notes, let discord's drum be mute ;
Vanquished is the mighty, fallen are his powers,
For through the Lord of Hosts the victory is ours.
Strike ! strike the lute ! bid the harp resound,
Let gratitude and joy throughout the land be found.
Our victory shall teach this lesson to the world,
The banner of the brave in vain is ne'er unfurled.
Fill ! fill the bowl ! join the mazy dance,
To meet your brave deliverers, to the gates advance—
Spread your ample board, bring out wine and oil,
And welcome *those* again, who have freed their native soil.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. VII.

GALATA.—GENERAL APPEARANCE.

By sunrise on Monday morning I was on the alert for the caique which should convey my luggage ashore. These native boats, from the peculiarity of their construction, require not only the *persons* but the *property* of all passengers to be poised with great nicety, or in an instant you are upset. To accomplish this, the boatmen sway themselves to and fro, till all is fairly balanced, when off you go at the pace of a racehorse.

Although there is only one place where ships can unload, and even there only two at once, yet for the convenience of the caiques, numerous little wooden jetties, called here *scalas*, occur at intervals of a few hundred yards, and generally opposite the gates of Galata, which open into the principal streets. The contrast between landing here, and at almost any European port is very striking: in the latter, privileged porters are elbowed by half-starved creatures almost taking forcible possession of your luggage, for necessity makes them desperate: here the porters are a class of men, not only possessed of privileges, but with frames of Herculean mould to sustain these claims. These men, whose Turkish designation is *khamal*, are Armenians, wearing a crimson skull-cap of cloth, with a common black cotton handkerchief bound round their brows, not unlike a turban. The rest of their dress consists of a shirt of striped cotton, a jacket of extremely coarse brown cloth, and *shalwar* (trowsers) of the meanest canvas. No stockings are used in summer, but in winter a thick knitted sock, reaching to the calf of the leg is worn, slippers of red morocco, but not down at the heel, completes the costume. It being a cold December day, numbers of this class were reclining under a shed waiting orders, but never asking for employment. There were sundry hungry-looking Jews who hovered about, and would doubtless have been thankful to earn a few

piastres, but beyond carrying a parcel for a traveller, the porters interpose an insurmountable *veto*. Having agreed on terms, ropes are passed round the trunks, and a lance-wood pole being inserted, and the ends passed over the shoulders, the packages are conveyed to their destination. Should they, however, be of any considerable weight, a rest takes place, and your property is dropped on the miserably paved street, whilst the poles are at their greatest vibration; and should the cases be either rickety or badly packed, great damage frequently results, for which there is no redress.

Galata is described by Tournefort, in 1702, as "the handsomest suburb of the whole city." At the period he wrote, Pera could not have contained a tithe of the population it now does, and Galata, as an old commercial town, would then have a large portion of the mercantile class, not only with their places of business but residences within its walls. These latter having been under the management of the Genoese during the height of their maritime power, must have once been formidable; but now the moats are filled up, the walls in ruins, and all sorts of hovels and erections allowed to rest against them for support. The space between the walls and the *scala*, if cleared of all these wooden disfigurements, must once have allowed sufficient room for a garrison to oppose foot to foot the disembarkation of an opposing force. Now the little not built upon is used to deposit timber, iron, and other heavy and cumbrous articles landed from the different ships.

This used to be called the "Fig-tree quarter," but since the removal of the principal merchants to Pera, most of the gardens and vacant plots have been covered by large and prison-looking warehouses. The windows are few, and closed at night by shutters of iron, and the roofs are arched, as far as possible, to make them fire proof.

The place is built on a sloping hill, in many parts rising gradually, but by the street leading to Pera by

an extremely steep ascent. All the gates, which are opened at daybreak and closed at sunset, are attended by *capudgis* (doorkeepers), and when once closed, there is neither ingress nor egress by any except the one which opens into Pera. This, by special permission, is allowed to be opened at all hours on paying a trifling gratuity. The concession originated most probably in the unavoidable detention, at times, of the merchants at their counting-houses.

There is only one circumstance which recalls the mind to Constantinople, if we except the mosques, and that is a street of half a mile in length, called *sandukdgi sokak*, the street of the box-makers. With the exception of a few bakers shops, it is one unvarying round of carpentry, sawing, hammering, lockmaking, and painting, all being included in this country. In summer, when the trellises, which span from one side to the other, are covered with the foliage of the vine, excluding the overpowering rays of the sun, a walk along this avenue is very refreshing, the cypress and the cedar throwing out a scent that restores to their wonted calm, nerves which have been unstrung by the filth and many disgusting sights ever to be met with in every narrow street or little frequented quarter.

At the period of the Turkish day of sacrifice, in almost every shop may be seen a lamb, following a child of the owners, who is supplied with a handful of green wheat before it arrives at the ear, and numbers of these little animals become so tame that they are ornamented with ribbons and bits of leather. Many are the tears that are shed when these little playmates are separated.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of European establishments, there are still one or two quarters in which the stillness of a Turkish village still prevails. One in particular has a wide street, and some good houses, with a prospect over the lower part of the town, and commanding the Seraglio, Scutari, and the Prince's Islands; but all who cordially hate innovation, have long since betaken

themselves to Stamboul, or the adjoining villages, where the chances of infidel contact are less to be expected.

The streets are paved with round smooth stones, and not being more than three or four yards wide, the parapet is proportionately abridged. The sewer runs in the middle of the street, and all the spouts from the houses which are not used for collecting water to the reservoir, are directed to distribute their superabundance in that direction, so that in rainy weather you are driven to one of two courses—either to attempt the parapet, narrow and slippery as it is, and have your shins attacked by the hundreds of dogs; or walk in mid-street, receiving the copious streams which neither cheer nor inebriate. Early in the morning, too, you must pick your way amidst quantities of vermin which have been entrapped during the night. Nothing like uniformity is here maintained in building, a handsome stone house often being flanked by a wretched flour mill, and these, working by horse power night and day, it requires some time before a quiet night's rest steals over the senses of a new comer. The only *object* in the place is the "Tower of Galata," erected as a watch tower for ascertaining fires, and in which the present Sultan first introduced that detested thing to a true Mus-sulman—a *bell*. He pacified them by adding a clock, and requested them to regulate their watches when it struck the hours.

FLOWERS. No. III.

"I wove a wreath of rosy flowers,
Whose blushing heads, with dew-drops crown'd,
Seemed but to cheer life's lonely hours,
To shade young love's and beauty's bowers,
And shed their sweetest perfume round."

MANY flowers possess peculiarities so strange as almost to challenge belief; some open their leaves to receive

dews and rain, others close them at the approach of wet weather, thus acting as barometers: the common seaweed, if hung up in a room, will, in fair weather, feel quite dry, and at the coming of rain become quite damp; this power will last for many months. Some flowers blossom only during the day, others only during the night; some blossom at certain hours, the flowers of the *malea unguiculata* open at eight in the morning, and close at four in the afternoon; the *Ixia cinnamomea* expands its blossoms at sun-down. The poetical idea of forming a "dial of flowers" has been thus beautifully expressed by that highly gifted lady, Mrs. Hemans :—

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

In such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
'Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When the shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
Hath sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth.

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

Of some flowers there are innumerable species; of some there is but one, such as the *tamarind*; some are almost hidden by the surrounding foliage, while others (the *colchicum*, and many more) blossom before the leaves appear.

There is a particular kind of grass growing upon the banks of the Burrampooter, in India, which throws out a delightful perfume when crushed or trampled upon. Many flowers will live only in water, some will exist for months without any. There are some plants, such as the *sea-holly*, which though poisonous when grown in moist ground, become, when cultivated in a dry soil, not only free from any poisonous qualities, but nutritious, giving out an aromatic scent. The root of the *cassada* is said to be poisonous if eaten when first taken from the ground, yet in Sumatra it is made into bread, having previously only been washed, pressed, and dried.

Flowers almost change their nature by being transplanted; many wild flowers droop and wither when attempted to be cultivated in gardens. Flowers which in Europe have only one blossom, in the East, particularly in the island of Madagascar, have clusters; this is said to be the case with *hyacinths* and *tuberoses*; growing two hundred in a group, varying in colour, and diffusing a most grateful fragrance: it is also stated that the *jessamine*, white and scarlet, have fifty blossoms in a bunch, and that flowers which only blossom at stated periods here, there bloom the whole year throughout. The Cape of Good Hope produces, perhaps, the largest and richest flowers in the world.



THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

ALMOST every traveller who has had extensive opportunities of studying human nature has agreed that locality occasions or modifies character. Thus we have the phlegmatic Hollander, who, nurtured amid his native swamps, evinces little of that animation produced by the varied scenery of other states. We have the enterprising commercialist, who, born in a country offering no particular impediment to his intercourse with his fellows, and having his streams and seas inviting him to view the world abroad, exhibiting all that enterprize of spirit, and active energetic industry which has again elevated commerce to the position which it held among the merchant princes of Venice, in the proud and palmy days of her high prosperity. But no country, it is universally agreed, is so productive of marked characteristic as the clefts and the glens, the precipices and torrents of a mountainous region. We invariably find high and elevated feelings strongly developed in the characters of the inhabitants of such a district; a deeply imaginative cast also is invariably present among them. The variation of climate, the suddenness of storm, and the fierceness of its fury, inures them to the endurance of hardship, while the physical

exertion continually requisite, and the unexpected manner in which it has constantly to be displayed, renders them cool in times of danger, and ready at all times to encounter it, or whenever the necessity of life requires.

We perceive some of these traits most strikingly evinced in the conduct of the Highlanders of Scotland, those singular and noble sons of the north, in whom the individuality of selfishness seems almost a nonentity. Nor is there less superiority of distinguishing mark among the irritable, though inferior and fretful, denizens of the mountains of Wales. But these peculiarities are above all most interesting in the characters of those residents among the wild sublimities of nature exhibited throughout the higher Alps and most romantic districts of Switzerland. The hardy mountaineer of the Bernese chain has been placed altogether beyond the influence of the factitious principles of the world. The chase of the goat, or of the chamois forms at once his pleasure and support. Leaping from rock to rock, traversing tracks almost impassable to the foot of man, he pursues his game, undaunted and unwearied, until success has crowned his efforts, or night put a period to his pursuit; and then throwing himself at the foot of some jutting peak, which barely affords screen from the searching blast which moans through the darkness of those dreary and impressive wilds, he sleeps the sleep of innocence and peace, his rest undisturbed, save by the vision of the dear ones by his cottage hearth. Nor is his game unworthy of the toil. There is about the chamois a fearless boldness, and an agility and a speed, a reckless daring of desperate feats, which renders it an aim worthy of a brave man's thought to follow and make it his prey. A species of antelope, the chamois possesses the fleetness of his tribe, while like the ibex, he inhabits the loftiest range of the primitive mountain ridges, displaying all the restlessness and vivacity of the common goat. It is extremely impatient of heat, and during summer is only to be found on the topmost peaks, or in

the most retired glens of the district verging on the regions of eternal snow.

In the winter it takes a lower range, and then is the only time when it can be followed with any chance of success. Its senses of sight and smell are exceedingly acute, and it is said to be able to scent a man at the distance of half a league. When the hunters have ascertained where the chamois are assembled, they surround the place on all sides, when the animal perceiving those to the windward, retire, and are met by those on the opposite side. When first perceiving the approach of its foes the chamois displays the utmost restlessness and alarm, till obtaining a sight of the object of its fears, it leaps on the highest rock, and closely scans the whole prospect round, uttering at the same time a sort of suppressed whistle, and exhibiting the utmost agitation. Soon, however, as it obtains a sight of its pursuer it is off like the wind, scaling rocks which other creatures would not attempt, and if not interrupted by stratagem, soon finds safety in distance.

Nothing can be more striking than the agility with which the chamois ascends and descends rocks. It does not ascend at a single bound, but, leaping forward in an oblique direction, strikes the rock three or four times with its feet, and thus will descend a precipice nearly perpendicular, twenty or thirty feet in height, without apparently the slightest projection by which to hold on with.

The whole length of the body is about three feet, and the height about two feet at the shoulders, with a plain face and a pair of upright horns turned backwards at the tips, and rising on the forehead just above the eyes. The whole of the body is covered with long hair of a dark brown colour in winter, of a fawn colour in summer, and mixed with grey in spring. Beneath the long hair is a close coating of short wool thickly covering the skin, which well protects it from the cold of its inclement abode. Byron, in that sublimest of all his com-

positions—Manfred, has a beautiful description of the scenery, where the hardy mountaineers of Savoy follow their dangerous avocation.

The Mountain of Jungfrau—Time, morning—MANFRED alone upon the Cliff.

My Mother Earth!

And thou, fresh breaking day; and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful?

And you, ye craggs, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; where a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon the rocky bosom's bed,
To rest for ever.—

* * * * *

Ay,

Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well might'st thou whoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets. Thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision—

Chamois Hunter.

Even so,

This way the chamois leapt; her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
I will approach him nearer.

Manfred.

Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hunter. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damned like pebbles—I am giddy.

C. Hunter. I must approach him cautiously ; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren ; filling up
The ripe green valley with destruction's splinters ;
Damming the river with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—Thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it ?

C. Hunter. Friend ! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal !—for the love
Of Him who made you, stand not on that brink !

Man. (not hearing him.) Such would have been for me a
fitting tomb ;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth ;
They had not then been strewn upon the rock,
For the wind's pastime—as thus—and thus they shall be—
In this one plunge—Farewell, ye opening heavens !
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me—Earth ! take these atoms !

*[As MANFRED is in the act of springing from
the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and
retains him with a sudden grasp.]*

C. Hunter. Hold, madman !—though weary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—what art thou ?

C. Hunter. I'll answer that anon—away with me—
The clouds grow thicker.—There—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now, give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done,
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

*[As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the
scene closes.]*

We have been tempted by the beauty of the passage to transcribe more than was necessary for introducing the magnificent description of Alpine scenery which it contains to the notice of our readers, and to their imagination we shall leave it. Alas, that the spirit who conceived it should have faltered from the truth. Would that he had been imbued with the simplicity and sincerity of the plain mountaineer whom he here depicts.

THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS OF ENGLAND.

No where perhaps have the occupations of a people been so diverse, and yet at the same time so marked and important as in England. The density of population in this country, and the high influence and powerful position with which God has endowed it, have compelled an activity of spirit, and an energy of mind, which have proved, we might almost say miraculously, sufficient to render the contracted space to which its inhabitants are limited, and the variable and unfavourable climate in which they live, equal in their utility for all the great purposes of humanity, to the most extensive domains and the most benign skies. An examination into what philosophy would designate these strange results of natural circumstances has seldom been attempted; and a sound knowledge of the elements of our national greatness is rarely to be found. To attempt to specify them fully here would of course be futile. The space allotted for such a theme is far too confined for the purpose, and if it were not, the vehicle for conveying the information in a full manner is inappropriate; but a slight notice of the great divisions of the country is neither improper nor inconvenient, and may not to many prove uninteresting. We will therefore first consider the agricultural districts, and their appointments, and in our next number, *D. v.* take a review of the manufacturing interests.

The whole face of the country, according to the best authorities, may be fairly divided into six separate pro-

vinces ; the northern, the western, the midland, the eastern, the southern, and the south-western.

The first includes the principal part of Northumberland, the whole of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire and York, except the fens on the borders of Lincolnshire, parts of Stafford, Cheshire, and of the county of Derby. It is distinguished by the usual consequence of an exposed situation, and a hilly, or rather we should say, a mountainous district, a coldness of climate, and backwardness of seasons. On the western side of it, a great portion of the inhabitants are indeed engaged in manufacturing pursuits, and consequently agriculture languishes ; but on the eastern side it is carried to its utmost perfection, and nowhere in the country is greater skill and industry evinced than in the tillage of the shore-side districts of Northumberland, and on the banks of the Tees.

The western district extends from the Cheshire side of the Mersey to the course of the Avon in Somersetshire, being bounded on the west by the mountains of Wales, on the east by the lower hills of Stafford, and the high grounds of Oxford and Warwick, and on the south by the chalk hills of Wiltshire and Sedgemoor in the county of Somerset, consisting of an almost uninterrupted continuance of vales, which comprise the basins of the Severn, the Avon, the Mersey, and the Dee.

Nearly the whole of this extensive tract is devoted to the dairy, and, as might therefore be expected, exhibits some of the most pleasing as well as the best grass-land in the kingdom. With the exception indeed of the Cotswold and Mendip Hills, and the other grounds by which it is traversed, this is almost universally the case. It has many orchards, and produces much cider ; Herefordshire being included within the range.

The extent of the third or midland district, perhaps the most important in an agricultural point of view of any in the kingdom, is marked by the mountains in the north,

and the chalk hills of the southern counties; the heights which divide it from the western district, and the marsh lands which constitute the eastern. Interrupted by few elevations of any particular magnitude, the whole of its surface presents one great and undulating plain, rich in the variety and amount of its produce, where, from the extent of the farms, the opulence and intelligence, and energy of their occupants, the science of agriculture has been most intensely and advantageously pursued. By far the greater portion of this tract of country is the property of considerable landowners, who have had the means and the liberality to lease out to their tenants for such times and on such terms, as have enabled them to turn the means within their power to profitable account, both for the country and themselves. It is particularly distinguished by its mixed cultivation, and "as a wide field of agriculture," says Mr. Marshall, "in which every branch of the profession is highly cultivated, it has been long known. Here, not only the spirit of improvement, but of enterprise, may be said to inhabit. The art, science, and mystery of breeding has been here carried to a height, which in any other country probably it never attained; the same enterprising spirit which led to this pre-eminence still continuing with little or no abatement." No part of the country, perhaps, is so much distinguished for its numerous and populous villages, many of them indeed emulating the size of towns, with numerous well built and handsome houses, with almost invariably the mansions of the individuals who own the chief part of the property of the place near at hand, with others of nearly equal pretension, specking the country thickly around. In that part of the country also, are probably situated by far the greater portion of the seats of the nobility and gentry of the land. We might especially instance Berkshire, Oxfordshire, part of Bucks, Leicester, Derby, Nottinghamshire, the western part of Lincolnshire, and the south of York:

the whole of which districts may be said to teem with residences of the first character.

The eastern department has perhaps the most peculiar and specifically marked traits of the whole. It comprises a little varied but extensive district—marsh land, in some places, as the fens of Lincolnshire, nearly the whole of Cambridgeshire, and part of Huntingdon, declining into water-meadow, and absolute flat; and in others, as in the northern part of the first county, and throughout the greater portion of its western boundary, variegated by gently elevated sand-hills. Where such is not the case, it presents a cheerless appearance of bare vegetation, and the stunted produce of sterile land hardly reclaimed from its original barrenness. It extends from the open and salubrious moorland in the neighbourhood of Scarborough to the wet districts of Essex, on the banks of the Thames, circling out to embrace a part of the county of Northampton; and is distinguished by its broad cast of turnip-seed, as well as other indications of extensive grazing farms.

The natural character of the southern district is indicated by the singular bed of chalk, which cropping out in some few more northerly spots, presents its decided appearance in the counties immediately south of London, and constituting the whole of the south-eastern part of the country and the Isle of Wight, passes under the channel, forming the main crust of the earth, until it terminates in the middle of Poland.

The land within several miles of the metropolis is chiefly devoted to producing a portion of its supplies, while the more remote parts of the district are occupied by immense flocks of sheep, the breeds of which, and their modes of management differ materially from those in the midland and eastern counties.

The south-western department comprises that largest peninsula of Britain which is formed by the Bristol Channel, the Severn and its tributaries, and the British Channel, stretching for nearly two hundred miles, and

connected with the rest of the island, where it joins the southern and western departments. Its surface is chiefly broken by sudden steep-sided hills of slate rock, a constituent but rarely met with in other parts of the country. These are intersected by vallies, the hills which divide them being in general fertile to the top. Agriculture here retains a very primitive character, being carried on in a way different to that pursued in any other part of the country, partaking greatly of the Roman method. Pasture, arable, and dairy-husbandry are frequently united; the practices which prevail in each being both peculiar and markedly distinguished.

Such is the way in which the country may be fairly divided. Arable farming is followed to the greatest extent in Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hampshire, Berkshire, Bedfordshire, Surrey, Sussex, Hertfordshire, Nottinghamshire, and part of Yorkshire, part of Lincolnshire, Durham, and Northumberland. The counties chiefly distinguished for dairy-farming are Cheshire, Derby, Shropshire, Gloucester, Wilts, Bucks, Essex, Suffolk, York, Cambridge, Dorset, and Devon; while those which are chiefly occupied in fattening cattle, or where the greatest number of fat cattle and sheep are bred, are Lincoln, Somerset, Leicester, Northampton, Leeswater in Durham, and Cleveland and Holderness in Yorkshire.

WALES stands but low in estimation as an agricultural country. Its towering hills and wild romantic wastes are ill fitted for the plough, and afford but little sustenance for the feeding of cattle. The mountains and sterile lands are chiefly devoted to the depasturing of sheep and lean cattle, while the fertile vales and other low grounds are occupied by a mixed system, comprising all the objects of an agricultural life.

With respect to the size of farms, Mr. Macculloch is of opinion that the greater portion of the land of England is parcelled out among small proprietors, not yielding on an average more than 150*l.* per year for every estate, and that consequently the farms themselves must

in the great majority of cases consist of but few acres. This to a considerable extent is no doubt true, as regards a part of the northern, nearly all the western, and a great portion of the southern departments which have been chalked out above, but would, we think, by no means prove to be correct respecting the others. He by no means allows the landed proprietors to be a wealthy set of men, and only estimates the whole amount of the rental of the country at 30,000,000*l.* a sum we cannot but conceive very far below its real amount, though, if the estimate be right which has lately been given, that the average rent of land in England is not more than 15*s.* an acre, it would seem by calculation to be nearly correct, there being something above 36,000,000 of acres comprised in the whole country. But according to the inquiries we have made in different parts of the country, this is below the real price of land, and a higher rate has uniformly been given to us.

Mr. Macculloch, after citing several authorities, gives the following Table as a correct account of the number of acres under the several kinds of tillage, their produce and money's worth.

CROPS.	Acres.	Prod. Per Acre. Quarters.	Total Produce. Quarters.	Price per Quarter.	VALUE.
Wheat.....	3,800,000	3½	12,350,000	50 <i>s.</i>	£. 30,875,000
Barley and Rye...	900,000	4	3,600,000	30 <i>s.</i>	5,400,000
Oats and Beans ..	3,000,000	4½	13,500,000	25 <i>s.</i>	16,875,000
Roots.	1,200,000	} 5 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> P.Acre	13,125,000
Clover.....	1,300,000	
			29,450,000		66,275,000

With other things not previously considered, such as too low an estimate for oats, he increases the amount to 72,9000,000*l*.

The quantity of land occupied as grazing ground, he estimates at 17,000,000 acres, and calculates its produce by the following items:—

Cattle, 1,100,000, at 13 <i>l</i> . each	£ 14,300,000
Calves, 200,000, at 3 <i>l</i> . each	600,000
Sheep and Lambs, 6,800,000, at 30 <i>s</i>	10,200,000
Wool, 338,000 packs, at 12 <i>l</i>	4,056,000
Hogs and Pigs, 555,000 at 36 <i>s</i>	1,000,000
Horses, full grown, annually, 200,000, at 15 <i>l</i> . each	3,000,000
Poultry, Eggs, Rabbits, Deer, &c.	1,344,000
Meadow Grass	13,006,000
Dairy produce, milk, butter, cheese	12,000,000
Total	<u>£59,500,000</u>

Which, together with the previous sum, makes up a total of £132,500,000. Others have estimated the total of farm produce at £136,000,000, while Mr. Young, in his time, about fifty years since, made it upwards of £145,000,000.

The total amount of capital engaged in agricultural pursuits is estimated at about 6*l*. or 7*l*. per acre, or £217,000,000, producing a profit in the dear time, of 1810 and 1811 of £22,106,147, with a rental of £34,330,462, the last estimate, by the by, differing from his former statement by nearly four millions and a half. But in this there must be some grievous miscalculation, for it appears evident that the whole of the produce, capital, and profit of the agricultural districts, must be very greatly underrated.

He states the inhabitants of the towns to be 4,048,000, thus leaving 9,049,000 as residents in the country, for we may fairly claim a great portion of those who live in the small towns for farmers, especially as we leave out those engaged in agricultural pursuits, who yet live in large cities

and other places, where there are more than 10,000 inhabitants. But, deducting even another million from the amount of population deriving subsistence from farming profits, we are reduced to the supposition that every individual engaged in such pursuits, or dependent for support on those who are so engaged would have on an average something about one shilling per week for providing food, clothing, abode, and all the other necessities of life, a conclusion which is a manifest absurdity, and opposed to the experience of every individual in the kingdom.

We own it is with considerable diffidence that we assume Mr. Macculloch's statements as precise data. We do not think them to be such, but considerably below the real amount of the several items which he specifies. They appear, the bulk of them at least, to have been drawn from official documents, and contain something of that trait which marks our fiscal reports, in which the declared value of the merchandise enumerated is known to be so widely different from its real worth. Nevertheless, they are good as far as they go, and the best we have, and his work on the Statistics of the British Empire exhibits, to say but little, great zeal and industry. It is much to be lamented, that the science on which he there treats is too young to give that valuable evidence for the guidance of legislation, and the direction of our internal national conduct, which is felt every day, and on every hand, to be so requisite. But though we cannot take them as perfectly correct, Mr. Macculloch's calculations are exceedingly valuable as approximations, and we will therefore briefly state, on his authority, in what the live stock property of the British farmer consists.

The horse is undoubtedly the most valuable animal the farm possesses, and much attention has been given in England to improve the breed of this noble creature. A return taken in the year 1814, when husbandry horses were taxed, was laid before parliament in 1830, from which it appears, that at that period, the number in

Great Britain was 1,204,307, but this account did not include post and hack horses, which were computed at 120,000 to 130,000 more, making the gross amount, taking into calculation the increase since that time, to be about 1,500,000, worth on an average 12*l.* to 15*l.*, (an average we cannot help repeating, which must be far too low), and consequently worth, in the aggregate, somewhat about £22,500,000.

Attention, of late years especially, has been so drawn to the production and improvement of stock, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the different breeds. According to Mr. Arthur Young's statement, the number of cattle in England and Wales in 1779 was 3,519,487; to this Mr. Macculloch adds an increase of 600,000 during the last half century, an increase which, in proportion to the population, the number of emigrants from the country, the improved living of the people, and every other circumstance, appears preposterously small. To these, however, he adds 1,100,000 for the cattle of Scotland, making the total number of head of cattle at this time in England about 5,220,000. The number in Ireland is unknown.

The total number of sheep and lambs, including 3,500,000 for Scotland, is estimated at 29,648,000, that is going upon the supposition that there has been no material increase since the year 1800, which, considering that the population has been nearly doubled, appears an erroneous notion.

Of the whole number of hogs we have no particular statement, but if we are to follow the rule prescribed respecting cattle, and calculate the number killed every year as one-fourth of the whole (and, considering how largely pork has lately entered into the consumption of the people, we cannot think that it is too large a proportion), we shall take the number as convertible property, according to the preceding statement of the annual value of farming produce at 2,220,000; a number which, when

placed in relation to the computation respecting horses, is considerably too high.

We have only to give a statement of the minor produce of the farms of England, to conclude this, we trust fair, however insufficient, sketch of the farming property of Great Britain.

One amongst the most important of these details, and perhaps the first, is the value of wool. The total annual produce of this is estimated at 524,000 packs per annum for the British Empire.

For the last thirty years, the quality of British wool is stated to have been deteriorated, in consequence of the great attention which has been given to improve the carcase, but of late considerable notice has been drawn to this point, and it is therefore hoped that the defect will be speedily remedied.

Owing to the increasing density of our population, and the unhealthy setting in which has been evident towards manufactures, we have been compelled to import a large quantity of our dairy produce from France, Holland, and Ireland, but still the amount of British produce has been very considerable, and no where has it been so excellent. It has been computed, that as many as 12,000 milch cows are kept for the supply of London alone, yielding upon an average nearly 40,000,000 quarts of milk per annum, and procuring a total return in this article of nearly £900,000. Of its value and amount elsewhere we have no certain data, but as London comprises about one tenth part of the whole population of Great Britain, and as there the use of milk is much more sparing than it is elsewhere, we may fairly calculate the yearly amount of milk in the country, exclusive of course of Ireland, as not less than 500,000,000 quarts a year.

Butter is very largely consumed in every part of the country, but in the metropolis it is a necessary to health as well as to comfort. Computing the consumption of every individual at the rate of half a pound per week,

we have an average of twenty-five pounds a year, which at the rate of one shilling per pound, would produce £1,750,000. Mr. Marshal estimates the produce of each dairy cow at 168lb. a year; so that above 200,000 cows would be required to supply London alone.

For the abundance and excellence of its cheese, England stands unrivalled in the world. Cheshire and Gloucestershire are the two most famous counties for its production, though Leicestershire, where the chief portion of "Stilton" cheese is made, produces to many palates an article superior to either. It is calculated that there are 92,000 cows kept in Cheshire for the production of cheese, having a yield per cow of at least 3 cwt. per annum. A considerable quantity of cheese is also made in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. The cheese produced in Cheshire alone is said to be worth £800,000 or £900,000, and we believe that, if properly calculated, it would be found to be worth much more. The total produce of the country cannot be worth much short of £4,000,000 per annum.

To throw these totals into an aggregate is unnecessary, in order to prove the extent of our national natural resources, and the interest with which, on reflection, they will be seen to be invested, and we only regret that want of space compels us to go so cursorily into the subject.

THE FOUR WINDS.

The North Wind.

Hail, thou foe to vessels slender,
Mighty Tenant of the sky,
Frighted seamen hope surrender,
When thy blast proclaims thee nigh.

But to me, old, weather-beaten,
Little do thy threats avail,
A gale or two my voyage sweeten,
At no storm my spirits quail.

THE FOUR WINDS.

Blow on, comrade, in thy fury,
Shatter frigates, men of war,
Shiver top-mast, jib, or jury,
My youth and fears alike are o'er.

The South Wind.

Hail to thee, so softly wafting
Perfumes culled from myrtle groves.
Hail to thee, love-dreams inspiring,
Where thy balmy spirit moves.

Dost thou love awhile to linger
'Mid fair bosoms warmed by thee,
Does thy gentle nature shudder
At these realms of liberty?

Let our beauteous maidens hail thee
As a long expected swain,
Breathe on us thy love-fraught softness,
Summer's harbinger, again.

The East Wind.

Hail, physician's best promoter,
Dentist's joy and profit too,
Dreaded by all suffering mortals,
Sure their tortures to renew.

I alone, a blythe exception,
Sound in teeth, and keen of ear,
View thy perils with derision,
Confident, with nought to fear.

Yet, a common benefactor,
Still a respite brief I pray,
Just to spite those thieves of doctors,
Turn thy blast another way.

The West Wind.

Hail, adored, delicious zephyr,
Lover's joy, the Poet's theme,
Murmuring with tenfold fragrance,
Tempering the sunny beam.

Sporting 'mid thy blythe adorers,
 Butterflies, so wild, so free,
 May thy breath, in summer hours,
 Love's sweet message waft to me.

Linger not, where darker beauties
 Tempt thee to a longer stay,
 'Mid our dew bespangled bowers
 Sport the fleeting hours away.

A CHAPTER ON STILES.

Jog on, jog on, the footway path,
 And merrily leap the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN a country like England, where almost every object of art becomes interesting to an observer, at least in the degree in which it happens to be striking or useful, it is not surprising that bridges, fences, and even gates have been frequently represented and described, while it may seem a little strange, that a humbler class of conveniences, namely, STILES, should have been mostly overlooked or neglected. Although there may be many persons in a great city like London who know but little of the country—the more the pity!—most of them will probably have some idea what is meant by a *stile*. If otherwise, and the reader takes up a cheap Johnson's Dictionary, he will probably find a stile described as steps into a field, a very vague definition certainly; for, however a stile may ordinarily contain steps, it is far from always leading "into a field." Todd's definition is perhaps unexceptionable. A set of steps to pass from one enclosure to another. The term itself comes from the Anglo-Saxon *stigan*, to ascend and descend, hence our ancestors had *stigel*, a ladder; and even *stee*, or *sty*, as we still sometimes hear the word pronounced by country people, were in good use a few centuries back.

A stile, in fact, may be said to bear in most cases a similar relation to a raised fence that a bridge does to a sunk one, or to a river: the former being most frequently a traject over, or through a wall or hedge, as the latter is usually a viaduct over a street, a stream, a road, or a valley. The simplest, though perhaps not the oldest contrivance for admitting persons through a fence, while cattle shall at the same time be prevented from passing by it, would be the insertion of one or more posts in an opening of the wall or hedge, as in some places may still be noticed.



In common language, this would be called a *stile*, by country people. In districts where walls prevail, these uprights are often stone pillars, not unfrequently placed so close together that bulky persons find it difficult, and occasionally impracticable to pass between them without risk. This is especially the case in various parts of the Peak of Derbyshire, where the contrivances for admitting pedestrians, and excluding cattle across the rugged stone fences are frequently exceedingly grotesque, and sometimes the horror, in no small degree, of bulky dowagers.

An improvement upon the simple upright wooden posts was the nailing on of short pieces, so as to complicate the passage; and, by and by, the happy idea presented itself of making a moveable cross-head to turn

horizontally on a centre-pin at the top of a single post, and which admitted a person through by passing within, and pushing about the arms. This was the *Turnstile*,



an ingenious contrivance, at one time in considerable vogue; and which by means of another cross lower down, and upright connecting bars, became the revolving gate, of which curious old wooden specimens may yet be seen in some country places; while the same design, much more perfectly carried out in metal, must be familiar to persons resident in London, as adopted at one of the exits from the Zoological gardens; at the town entrance to the Greenwich Railway Station; and in the ingenious journal wickets on Waterloo-bridge. The ancient existence and locality of one of the revolving barriers is still indicated in the heart of the metropolis, by the name of a well known passage out of Holborn, into the still pleasant and comparatively open Lincolns'-Inn-Fields, namely, "Great Turnstile."

In some districts, where the importance of restraining sheep within the prescribed range, appears to outweigh considerations of regard to the convenience of over-field-pedestrians, as in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, the stile is often merely a vertical series of short rails attached to posts at each end, and occupying an opening in the hedge, and over this barrier the foot passenger must

climb as well as he or *she* can. The exploits of the mounted foxhunter are sometimes enhanced in their interest by the boldness of the style in which he clears a "five-barred gate;" and certainly it requires no small amount of courage and agility in a lady, to clear with address, one of these "five-barred" stiles! There is a pair of cheap prints, well known in the cottages of the rural districts, in which the difficulty of this same barred stile-climbing is used to illustrate man's attention to the gentler sex, *before* and *after* matrimony. In the first picture the assiduous lover is handing the light-hearted maiden over the lofty stile with most becoming care; in the other sketch the husband, having first



climbed the formidable barricade, walks on, leaving his wife to clamber over unassisted, as best she may:—

“ Thus wedded Strephon now neglects his dame ;
Tumble or not, 'tis all to him the same.”

In some districts, however, the scansorial difficulty above alluded to is considerably lessened by the addition of one or more cross-steps to the horizontal bars. These steps are very frequently, especially in Yorkshire, used without the rails, and thus form one of the simplest

descriptions of climb-stile. In most parts of that county however, where stone is abundant, and wall fences are common; these are very often passed, either by means of stones projecting from each side, or by regular steps, more or less in number, as the case may be: in the immediate vicinity of Sheffield, old grinding stones are sometimes made use of for this purpose, and occasionally form very pretty accessories in the composition of those picturesque groups of ochreous stained workmen, and low roofed grinding "wheels," with which the artist delights to enrich his sketch book, during a ramble or a residence on the banks of the Hallamshire rivers.

The most complete form of wooden *stile*, and that which is perhaps ordinarily suggested by the term, is the chevron, or double inclined ladder.



This is either fabricated of light open carpentry, as shown in the figure; or with boarded stairs and hand-rail, the latter most complete specimen usually indicating proximity to some nobleman's residence. In the rural districts, the stile is the ordinary resting-place of the truant school-boy in his stolen rambles; of the old worn-out husbandman, who still loves to look out upon the

glorious and fertile fields, where, for half a century he toiled, "through summer's heat and winter's cold;" of rustic lovers, who are then embowered from remote observation by the profuse and wide spreading branches of the "milk-white blossomed thorn." How one's imagination realizes, as it were, the very spot indicated by Montgomery in the opening stanza of his interesting ballad—"The Vigil of St. Mark"—how much is told—how much more implied!

"Returning from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet romantic tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile."

But it is time to conclude this desultory sketch. To those readers who are resident in rural districts, the writer would hope it will not be altogether uninteresting, as calling their attention to a class of objects with which they will long have been familiar, and which, if they have heretofore only been recognised as impediments in the way of the hasty pedestrian, or regarded as obstacles by the toil-wearied homeward labourer, they may henceforth be regarded with a new and pleasant interest: while to the city Rambler into the country, the various kinds of stiles which may be encountered when attention is once directed to them, and their diversified scenic and other accessories, can hardly fail to present themselves with some claims to interest.

NEW YEARS' MORN.

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,
So if you're waking, call me, call me early, Mother dear.
TENNYSON.

Awake, my gentle darling, the glad new year is come,
And the sun is bursting brightly through the snow-clouds' passing
gloom,
The bells are chiming sweetly, and the music fills the air,
And I've come to call thee early as thou bad'st me, daughter dear.

The little redbreast twitters 'neath the ivy covered eaves,
And there's a fair young snowdrop just peeping from its leaves,
I've culled a ling'ring rose bud too, the last upon the tree,
But methought it drooped at parting, as I should do with thee.

Then waken up, my sweet one, the smiling morn is come
The winter's sun is peering through the curtains of thy room :
Thy mother's kiss awaits thee, and many friends are here,
To greet thy welcome presence and to wish thee glad new year !

Come, rouse thee from thy pillow, the breakfast meal is spread,
The fire blazes brightly and the morning chapter's read,
But thy father waits thy coming, dear, to join in praise with him
And blend the music of thy voice with his thanksgiving hymn.

Thou art the dove of promise and of blessing to our ark,
A star of gladness beaming where all beside is dark ;
Then waken up, my beautiful, my own kind loving child,
Thy mother's heart is lonely till thou hast looked and smiled.

And yet thou look'st so sweetly, and so happy in thy dreams,
'Mid thy visions of bright flowers, sunny skies, and sparkling
streams,
That it seems a sin to wake thee from thy paradise of bliss
And a world of blessed shadows to the colder joys of this. .

For so dearly as she loves thee, yet thy mother cannot fling
Around life's future autumn the joy that gilds its spring,
When I am gone, my beautiful, thou may'st have many cares,
'Tis woman's lot, and may be thine ; God keep thee from her tears.

Life's future, said I ? I forgot how frail a bud thou art,
But now it comes upon my soul an ice-bolt to my heart ;
Oh ! God, to think another year may find me here alone,
Bereft of thee, my loving child, my beautiful, my own.

Like the lily ere it open, or the dove within her nest,
Art thou, my gentle darling, in thy now unbroken rest ;
But ere the lilies blossom, or the young dove spreads its wing
Thou wilt lie in dreamless slumber, a silent, senseless thing.

Sleep on then, I'll not rouse thee from thy rest so sweet and brief
To wring thy loving bosom with thy mother's tears of grief,
Dream on, my loved and treasured one, I dare not break the chain
Of slumber, and awaken thee to sorrow and to pain.

R E V I E W.

Florigraphia Britannica, or the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Britain, by RICHARD DEAKIN, F.R.C.S.E., and ROBERT MARNOCK. Part I., Classes 1 to 4, 8vo., London; Groombridge: Ridge, Sheffield.

This is one of those useful scientific works which enrich the national literature, inform the general mind, and promote the branch of knowledge to which they belong. The Gentlemen who conduct it possess an ample fund of practical information to render their work useful, as well as the industry to add to their own stores, and the tact to render them agreeable to their readers.

The present volume contains the first four classes; Monandria, Diandria, Triandria, and Tetrandria, containing the grasses, perhaps the most interesting portion of the vegetable kingdom; and is illustrated by coloured—we wish they were as well executed as they are faithfully drawn—representations of the several species. The medium for conveying the notion of the plant to the reader, appears to be impressions of wood-cuts, coloured. Perhaps of all means the most decidedly injudicious that could have been conceived; for it is next to impossible to render wood-cuts bright images of flowers and leaves. The process is completely alien from any such purpose, and the illustrative plates are consequently altogether unworthy of the matter which they accompany. The latter, indeed, is everything that could be desired; and we rejoice to learn, that the publication is to be renewed in the course of next month, when, we trust, the defect which we have pointed out—a defect of no small importance in a work of this kind—will be remedied. With this exception, the work is everything that could be desired: the information contained in it being ample, pleasing and accurate; and with such commendation, we heartily wish the editors and the proprietor a satisfactory remuneration for their services to the public.

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA. No. III.

FRÉDERIC would willingly have continued longer in Italy, both to punish the rebellious Romans, and to restore order and tranquillity. But the time for which he had engaged the services of his vassals was now expired, and the German knights were impatient to return to their homes. He was, therefore, obliged to consent to terminate hostilities; the more so, as the extraordinary heat, and the disorders it had produced in the camp, had carried off numbers of his men. He himself was more than once in imminent danger of his life, and near Verona was obliged to force his way through a narrow pass. He, therefore, put all his prisoners to death, causing them and their officers to be hanged up. At length he again reached Germany, without having effected more—with the exception of getting himself crowned by the Pope—than laying waste several provinces, and sacrificing the lives of some thousand men. He still, however, did not give up the hope of subjugating Italy, at some more favourable opportunity.

Arnold of Brescia finished his part about the same time; falling a victim to his own enthusiasm. Scarcely had Adrian (who to the insolence of one who had raised himself from the lowest obscurity added great resolution in accomplishing whatever he undertook) ascended the papal chair, in 1153, than the Romans demanded from him, as they had from his predecessors, that he should acknowledge their constitution. This he refused to comply with, and on the other hand, commanded them to banish Arnold, the instigator of their seditions. So little disposed however were the adherents of the latter to comply with this order, that in their rage they attacked one of the Cardinals, and wounded him mortally. On this the Pope did what none of his predecessors had ventured to attempt; namely, he laid Rome itself under

a bann of excommunication. But as the populace became very tumultuous at being thus deprived of the sacraments of the church, particularly as the solemn festival of Easter was near at hand, the Senate thought it most advisable to make some concession; and Arnold was requested by them to quit the city. As soon as he had departed, Adrian rescinded the bann, and proceeded to the Lateran, there to celebrate Easter in person.

Arnold, in the meanwhile, sought refuge in the house of a Campanian noble, where he awaited to see how the Emperor would act with regard to Italy. To the latter, his Holiness despatched three Cardinals with renewed assurances of supporting his pretensions, in order to obtain in return a complete suppression of the popular struggle for liberty. The Emperor suffered himself to be persuaded that Arnold's heresy was pregnant with danger to the church, and did not scruple to enter into the views of Adrian: he accordingly caused the Campanian nobleman to be arrested until he should deliver up his guest. Arnold was in consequence given up as a prisoner to the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo, who was his personal enemy; nor was it long before he was condemned to suffer at the stake.

Previously to the sentence being put into execution, Arnold was summoned to appear before his judges; and was conducted to the hall of trial. He came before this tribunal with a firm and composed step, and with a countenance having no indications of fear, nor aught that could be construed into insolence, but rather marked with a melancholy composure.

Arnold heard his sentence pronounced with resignation; with looks fixed on the ground, yet without discovering either regret or terror. The sentence having been read, some ecclesiastics asked him if he would retract his opinions; to which he replied by saying, that as some of his doctrines might not have been understood he begged leave to explain them. On this his judges whispered among each other, and some said that it would be ex-

ceedingly dangerous to suffer him to repeat his heretical opinions; while others thought that he might be willing to recant. Permission being, therefore, granted to him to speak, he began as follows :—

“ Religion and civil society are two of the noblest gifts it hath pleased God to bestow upon us; for it is only by means of these that man is enabled to attain to the perfection and happiness to which he is destined. It is the latter that develops his faculties and powers, while the former offers him the only object which renders it worth his while to cultivate those faculties. It is society that civilizes us, and renders us men; but it is religion that renders man more perfect and more capable of happiness than the animal creation. It is necessary, however, that we should employ both these blessings, as they are bestowed upon us by the hand of God himself; else are they so far from being blessings, that they are rather productive of misery and evil. Most, indeed, of the wretchedness we experience on this earth arises from our having poisoned and corrupted these two sources, originally so pure and so excellent. God sent religion as a gift to the inner man, and when he appreciates and feels it the actions of the outer man conform themselves to its precepts.

“ Society, if it is to be permanent, requires order; but this order relates merely to the outward man, and to external actions. Both reason and experience inform us what order is the most expedient; nothing more, therefore, is requisite to induce us voluntarily to conform to it, than that we should listen to their dictates.

“ It is not necessary that religion should be supported by the arm of secular authority: nay it should rather not be so supported. Every heart left to its own feelings is sensible of the power of religion; but if once you attempt to force religion on it by human ordinances, you excite the suspicion that it is not of God, but an invention of man to secure obedience to oppression here, by the terror

of vengeance hereafter. Its necessity and utility are evident to the commonest understanding. Yet, if you attempt to abuse religion, and pervert the authority of God and his revelation, in order to secure reverence and obedience to civil authority, you inevitably excite the suspicion that you profess to be attached to religion, only that you may the better enforce submission from your subjects, and arrogate to yourselves undue power, in order that you may the better gratify your own passions and desires.

“Ye Priests and Princes of these times, you are guilty of both these offences against the decrees of God, and have thereby prevented the wise and benevolent plans of heaven. Ye have entered into a compact with each other, and have united both temporal and spiritual weapons; have so weakened and terrified the minds of men, that now, like irrational beasts, they willingly bear whatever burdens you impose upon them; go wherever you drive them, and content themselves with the stinted provision that your sordid avarice bestows upon them, withholding that which nature has so bountifully provided for them. Yet oppression, though carried to the utmost extremity, is not able entirely to suppress reason. This divine spark was bestowed upon all men, that properly fanned and cherished it may burst out into a brilliant flame, by the light of which they may discern truth; this spark is never entirely extinguished, even though it for a while lie dormant and apparently extinct. It will sometimes break forth even in the souls of the enslaved and debased. Do you imagine—or rather, can you make us imagine either that the present system of things is according to the intentions of God, or that one more just is not possible? Is it not rather the self-interested views of the few who have possessed themselves of dominion, that hinders the introduction of more equitable government? But believe me, this spark will not always remain what it now seems, impotent and contemptible. It will be silently and secretly nourished by God’s provi-

dence, until having collected sufficient force, it will break out into a flame—for the oppressors, a terribly avenging flame,⁶ that shall seize you like a sudden midnight conflagration; for the oppressed, the brilliant dawn of a new and enlivening day after a night of frost and darkness.

“ You who now condemn me to the stake because I dare to announce this coming day, and to predict the extension of a little spark into a majestic flame; you Cardinals and Bishops, above all thou, Bishop of Rome, and you proud Abbots, will do well not to slight my warning voice. The time will arrive when you must do through compulsion what you ought to do voluntarily, in obedience to the dictates of justice. Your princely domains, your enormous revenues will all, sooner or later, be wrested from you. Consider how the world will then judge you, for having condemned me to a cruel torturing death by fire, because I have ventured to preach those truths which you are not able to gainsay.

“ And thou, too, O Emperor, who sufferest thyself to be deceived either by thy own ambitious heart, or by the subtleties of others, so that thou seest not what would conduce to thy real greatness—thou wilt one time or other perceive that Arnold preaches no false or pernicious doctrines. But thou hearkenest not to thy better reason, because thou art solicitous of obtaining the imaginary honour of being crowned by a Priest; and because this Priest demands that I should be sacrificed to his resentment, for having uttered distasteful truths—truths that would be welcome and grateful to whoever is sincere in his professions of religion, but which to his haughty and corrupted heart are bitter as unmixed gall. Certain presentiments inform me, that you, Frederic, would gladly favour some of my doctrines, and that some of your successors *will* favour them. Yet know that he who desires to espouse the cause of truth must do so entirely and without reserve: for he who follows truth only in some things, and falsehood in others, will not only miss

his object, but entangle himself in a labyrinth ; and the failure of his designs will inevitably and severely punish him for his folly in having wished to be wise only by halves. The friends of truth will justly accuse him of culpable indifference ; the partisans of falsehood will, on the other hand, detest him, and whenever he falls, exult at his overthrow."

Such language excited the impatience of the assembly: Arnold's judges looked at, and whispered to each other; and at length all with one accord ordered him to be taken away. It was easy to perceive from their gestures and the expression of their countenances that they frequently misunderstood his words, and supposed his intellects to be disordered by the apprehension of death. One of them exclaimed: "Is it not pride and obstinacy in you to persist in choosing a most painful death, rather than recant? Do you not perceive that if your opinions were right, and the government of the church so contrary to the divine will, as you declare it to be, do you not perceive, I say, that God would have ordained it otherwise? Has he not from its commencement watched over his church? How then should those corruptions which you pretend to discover and to censure have crept in, and existed so many centuries?"

Arnold looked at his questioner with composure, then turning to the whole assembly said: "The objection you have now heard is one that dwells in the heart of many a conscientious man. That God governs the world I know well; but of the manner in which he governs it, I am ignorant. I know also, that finally all will be according to his pleasure: yet I, at the same time, perceive that much that now happens is contrary to it; and such I know to be the present state of the world and of the Christian church. But that either should be better than they now are, or attain that perfection to which God hath destined them, is impossible, until mankind be completely enlightened. Truth must be first of all generally acknowledged and received; but men

misled, oppressed, and corrupted as they now are, have neither ears nor hearts for Truth. In order, therefore, that they may desire to become acquainted with it, and may be convinced that their true interests and happiness are inseparable from it, it is necessary that, from time to time, there arise those who are willing to bear testimony to it, even though it be by their blood. Let him, therefore, who hears within himself a voice that plainly cries to him go and preach Truth, go forth and preach it, although he die a martyr's death. It is his duty not to seek destruction, but not to shrink from death in the cause of Truth; nor to retract what, for her sake, he has advanced."

While he was uttering these words, the countenance of Arnold seemed transfigured. There was no longer any expression of sorrow in his features: he now looked towards heaven not to complain at the harshness of his destiny, but with joy and gratitude at having been elected as a herald and a martyr in the cause of truth. Exultation, tempered by Christian serenity, was depicted in his face, and doubtless reigned in his heart; for he had throughout his own life been too sincere, both in his conduct and his words, to feign at such an instant what he did not feel. He was now conducted back to his prison: the next morning while all Rome yet lay buried in sleep, he was taken to the Porta del Popolo, fastened to the stake, with his face turned towards the city, in attempting the recovery of whose liberties he had risked his life.

On the pile being kindled he raised his voice, and broke forth in a hymn of triumph, in tones rather resembling those of an inhabitant of heaven than the last accents of an expiring mortal—

E'en now that solemn, glorious voice,
Unheard by all, I hear,
That bade me preach the God of Truth,
Announce his will, nor fear.

A beam of light ye cannot see
Discloses to mine eye
The coming triumph of that faith
For which I gladly die.

Yes, triumph sounds! the cause of truth
'Gainst hell shall still prevail;
And ne'er, by foul oppression crushed,
Again on earth shall fail.

Already totters to its fall
Proud Falsehood's baseless throne;
And, unborn ages! ye shall reap
The harvest I have sown.

With truth, too, freedom, justice, love
Shall bless the human race,
Then from their former curse released—
From tyranny's disgrace.

From heaven the God of mercy smiles,—
With raptures fills my breast,
And summons from this torture brief,
To realms of bliss and rest.

When the citizens awoke and beheld the flames of the martyr's pile, they rushed to arms, but were driven back by the soldiery of the papal troops. The defender of Rome's liberties was no more; even his ashes were scattered in the Tiber, in order to deprive his followers of the melancholy satisfaction of honouring them with any testimony of their gratitude and their esteem.

FLOWERS. No. IV.

“ I wove a wreath of rosy flowers,
 Whose blushing heads, with dew-drops crown'd,
 Seemed but to cheer life's lonely hours,
 To shade young love's and beauty's bowers,
 And shed their sweetest perfume round.”

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the flowers which have been considered as emblems, in some way or other, by writers of every class and age; the original causes of such emblematic titles have varied much. Some have arisen from the names of the flowers—some from the fables of the ancient poets—whilst not a few have had their birth in some trifling occurrence, or whim and caprice.

The *sun flower* has been considered the emblem of adoration, from its turning towards the sun; and also of constancy:—

“ Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the *sun flower* turns to her god when he sets
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.”

The *olive*, as an emblem of peace, needs no comment.

The *eglantine* is called the emblem of poesy; the eastern poets have been very lavish in their admiration and expressions of this flower; they compare it to a beautiful female, clothed in coarse attire, which shows her beauty to greater advantage, and heightens her natural charms. This idea seems to have arisen from the circumstance of the flower growing in rough thickets and rude places, ill according with its grace and beauty.

The *rose*, the emblem of love.

“ 'Tis said the rose is love's own flower,
 Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
 And winter on its bloom has power,
 But has not on its sweetness any.”

Ovid says, the first roses were white, and that they owe their colour to the blood of Adonis; other poets tell us, that Venus, hearing of her beloved Adonis being wounded, flew to his assistance; in her way she trod heedlessly upon some thorns, which lacerated her tender feet, and drops of blood falling upon some roses, they became red. Baudison sent his mistress a bouquet of white and red roses, and with them these words, "I send you two flowers, of very different colours, a white and a red one; the first will prove the paleness of your lover, and the bright red of the other will serve as an image of the flame with which your charms have fired my heart."

The *hyacinth* has been called the emblem of jealousy, from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. The following is the substance of the story: Apollo cherished an ardent and sincere friendship for Hyacinthus, the son of Pierus and Clio; Zephyrus, who was also considered and treated as a friend by Apollo, became so jealous of Hyacinthus, that he sought every opportunity to destroy's Apollo's friendship towards him; failing in this, he had recourse to a more desperate means:—

One day, observing Apollo and Hyacinthus at the game of quoits, he drove, with his breath, the quoit of the former against the head of his unsuspecting rival, and killed him on the spot. Apollo grieved much for the loss of his youthful friend, and, being unable to recall him to life, changed him into the flower which bears his name.

Madame de Chastney gives the following beautiful fiction upon the *agrimony*, or Nun of the Field, being an emblem of gratitude. "You ask me why the *agrimony* is the Nun of the Field? you fancy, perhaps, that this name is given it, because its blossoms resemble the little bells with which a recluse calls the devotees to their devotions; your observations may be correct enough, but as the *agrimony* is salutary and beneficent, I have rather thought that gratitude bestowed this name on it, in honour

of some kind, gentle, and hospitable female. Some sick person no doubt was restored to health by such a one, who did good in secret, hiding herself like the humble plant in the hedges; she was beautiful, devout, charitable, artless, and she gave the name of the Nun of the Field to the useful simple she had culled, leaving to those whom she will one day meet again a lasting monument of the virtues of her heart."

The practice of strewing and planting flowers on the graves of deceased relatives and friends is very ancient. The Greeks took the custom from the Persians, and the Persians from the Medes. The Romans, particularly the Patricians, were buried generally in their gardens. After decorating the monuments with various flowers, they bade the deceased farewell in these pathetic words: "Vale, vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permiserit cuncti sequemur." The urn of Achilles was decorated with amaranth, and that of Philopœmen covered with chaplets. The epitaph written by Simonides upon the tomb of Sophocles, is as follows:—

"Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung."

A happy life is said to be strewed with flowers, an unhappy one to be encumbered with thorns; indeed almost every period of our existence is expressed in floral language. Infancy is called the bud of life, girlhood is named an opening flower, a family is often compared to a tree, and when a mother and her infant die, we lament them as the blossom, and the bud too early severed from the parent branch.

THE VAUDOIS.

THE dreadful sufferings and persevering constancy of those salt of the earth amidst darkness, superstition, and degeneracy, give comfort to the heart, when reflecting on the prostration of our nature, under the raven domination of the Romish Church, and set, at the same time, a high example of the love, and protection of civil liberty. The feelings in the breast of every one of our readers, will, we are assured, respond to our own in contemplating the representation we extract from an interesting little work called the *Valley of Clusone*.

On a cold dark night in January, when the doors and windows could scarcely exclude the piercing wind which blew from the surrounding Alps, the pastor came home after visiting one of his people who had been sick, covered with sleet and snow, and shivering as if he had taken cold. His wife and daughters rose with dutiful solicitude to take off his wet clothes, and attend to his comforts, when they were surprised to see the unusual weakness with which he seemed affected, and the deadly blanching of his cheek. Marie tenderly enquired what was the matter. Ariette rubbed his cold hands, and drew off his snowy mantle, and Thelestine busied herself with preparing a warm drink, while the rest of the family gathered round him in fearful wonder. At length he roused himself sufficiently to explain the cause of his distress: while abroad, he had heard that the Edict, called the Order of Gastaldo, had just reached the vallies, commanding every person who professed the Reformed Faith to quit the territories of Piedmont within three days, or submit to the authority of the Pope: no allowance was made for the time of year, or any other impediment; nor reason to hope that any mediation would even prolong the short respite, much less produce a change of purpose. The poor pastor, as he furnished this brief, but cruel intelligence, sunk back on his chair, while his eye glanced wildly from one member of his family to

another, as if he had an internal anticipation of the sorrows that awaited them.

"Oh! my children," said he, "look out at the storm, for you will soon have to endure it without shelter; look upon the snow, it will be your only place of repose! You all tend me kindly to-night; your sweet cares have already lightened the chill from my heart, and spread a calm over my spirit; but oh! whither shall a few days scatter us, and where shall we be gathered again?"

"My love," returned Marie, "we shall be gathered by the true Shepherd into the ark of everlasting love—let not your heart and your faith fail at the first onset, for then how shall we stand the battle? Rouse, my dearest husband, and set us an example of courage, as you have always done, of persevering adherence to every duty—let us remember, that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings—and that 'though he was a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered.' It is a royal way, my children, to the kingdom of God, let us not then shrink to tread it: we must not look for purple robes, or for garlands, for that which the Lord Jesus wore was stained with his own blood, and his diadem was twined with thorns. Let us help your father by our united prayers, and now show him that his Christian advice and example have not been in vain; that, as he has taught us all to cultivate a martyr's spirit, and look for a martyr's crown, so we shall meet death with firmness; yea, with rejoicing, if so it be that the Lord is calling us to this high honour of suffering for His sake."

These animating words raised the heart of the poor pastor, and he said, "My love, you are a help indeed!" Then exerting himself as much as he was able, he endeavoured to enter into conversation with his family, and to consult with them as to the measures which ought to be pursued under this emergency. They all agreed in recommending a plan which, it is well known, was tried without

success, by the poor persecuted Waldenses, on this memorable occasion. It was to petition the governor of the province for a respite, at least till milder weather, and opportunity for arranging their affairs, would enable them to become exiles, with less danger to life and property, than possibly could be the case if the ruinous decree was now enforced. The pastor met his brethren next day, and the form of their petition was drawn up, signed, and forwarded by the hands of two deputies; but the governor refused to receive it. It was then asked, whether he would permit them to address the duke himself; but he consented only on condition that he might draw up the form, and this they could not agree to. The consequence was, that no redress remained, and as the soldiers of the Marquis of Pionesa, commander-in chief to His Serene Highness, were now pouring into the valley, it became high time for Theophile and his family to think of providing for their own safety, the period having just expired in which they were permitted to fly. Under any other circumstances, the pastor's separation from his flock would have been a sore affliction to the inhabitants of the Clusone; but now every individual was suffering equally with him, and almost in the immediate expectation of death. Many of them quitted their habitations on the same day that he did, and put themselves under his guidance—his determination being to give way before the storm, and not to contend, feeling that as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, he would rather *be slain* than *slay*. Those who thought differently remained in their houses to the last moment, providing for defence in the best manner they were able; but, as with these my story has little to do, I shall proceed only with the particulars that relate to the pastor, and those connected with him.

The night in which he quitted his peaceful home was calm, cold, and moonless; he was accompanied by his wife, two daughters, and two sons, his sisters Kezia and Josephine, with their husbands and children, and five or six other families. Their hope was to travel through the

mountain passes with which they were well acquainted unnoticed by the soldiers, and getting thus out of the territories of the duke of Savoy, make their way to Antibes, where they intended to embark for England. Some of the stoutest men of the party went forward as an advanced guard, to give notice if there was any appearance of an enemy, in order that the women might have time to conceal themselves.

Theophile himself remained among the latter, to be their guide and consolation. There were several very weak persons in the party, one or two extremely old, one lame, and five or six infants altogether unable to walk; their progress was therefore slow and mournful, and they knew that though they were escaping from danger in one shape, it was waiting to assail them at every turn. They dared not sing any of those melodies which had been wont to raise their hearts to God; nor to unite in the outward form of prayer, lest some of their foes should be unseen witnesses, and make it a new cause of accusation. They therefore travelled on in silence, concealed in some measure by the darkness of the night, and relieving one another by turns of the burden of their children. At length, after some hours weary march, in which the women were beginning to grow faint, and require a little repose, St. Jean, the pastor's son, who was accompanying the first detachment, came flying back in haste to meet them, saying, that the pass in the Alps to which they were hurrying was already occupied by the troops: that they seemed to be closing the vallies in on every side, and that a few hours before they had taken possession of Angrogna and Bobbio, and had put all the inhabitants either to flight or to the sword—a fugitive from one of these towns had met them, and given this intelligence.

What to do now, they knew not: it seemed equally dangerous either to proceed or remain where they were—the approach of day would reveal their situation to the soldiers, who were now likely to be on duty in every di-

rection, and they must take some means of concealment, until darkness again favoured their retreat. The pastor advised their retirement towards a cavern of some magnitude, in the district of La Torre, where, he said, they could be sheltered for a day or more, according to circumstances.

It was two or three leagues from the place where they were at the time ; but as their lives depended upon their line of retreat remaining unknown, they felt the necessity of endeavouring to reach it. Their lame companion was soon overcome with fatigue, and sat down on the snow, saying, that it was in vain for him to contend any more, for destruction was inevitable to all parties, and it would only reach him a little sooner than the rest.

The snow was now pouring in driving torrents from the mountains, the faint cold dawn was just commencing, the younger children of the group began to weep bitterly with cold, and the scanty covering of their mothers even added to their own, seemed quite insufficient to protect them. Two or three entreated to be left behind ; for to go on was impossible. They were lifted on the backs of some mules which had been brought to convey a little baggage, and, supported on each side by their nearly equally fatigued parents, were with difficulty made still to accompany the march. The advanced guard now approached the entrance of the cave where they were to halt. The aperture being small was completely closed by the drifting snow, and was cleared with much labour and difficulty before the feebler travellers arrived. Then waited the fathers, brothers, and husbands in deep anxiety for their approach, fearing lest any mischance should occur to prevent their ever meeting together again, or that morning light would betray their place of refuge. However, the blinding sleet, which put their lives in peril on the one hand, threatening every moment to overcome their strength, or bury them underneath its eddying wreaths, was, in other respects, their security ; for the soldiers themselves were glad to suspend pursuit,

and get into shelter till the storm abated. At length the wearied party arrived, wanting however only two of those who had set out with them—the invalid before mentioned, and a woman advanced in years.

The sight of the cavern, bleak and chill as it appeared, was yet reviving to the hearts of the poor sufferers who crowded into it, and, with the food and blankets that had been stored upon the mules, endeavoured to make one another comfortable. They tried also, by raising their hearts to the Lord; and praising him for his mercies in bringing them so far, to strengthen and build up their faith for whatever was to come, knowing the present state of their affairs could not last long, their supplies being insufficient for more than another day. Most of the individuals in their little company were also quite unfit for travelling, not likely to endure its hardships for many hours longer, if exposed again to the inclemency of the weather. It was a trying season indeed; several poor children lost their shoes in the snow, and, with naked and swollen feet, were crying to their weeping mothers to bring them home, and shelter them from the cold; others, a little older, and more robust, were trying to make the best of their painful situation, and to gather sticks for to light a fire; but it was judged prudent to prevent this, lest the smoke should betray their retreat. Some hours passed away in this manner, when one of the sentinels gave them notice that the snow having ceased to fall the air was clear, and he could perceive the distant villages enveloped in smoke, and that he heard the firing of a *harquebus* at intervals, which proved the enemy could not be very remote. This latter report they found to be too true; for, in a short time, the firing approached so near as to sound like thunder over the roof of the cavern. The sentinels then thought proper to retreat, and barricade the entrance as securely as possible, assuring their companions that two men were quite sufficient to defend it from a thousand assailants. Under this impression their fears quelled for a considerable time, neither at first

did the approaching enemy seem to suspect there was a horde of the Waldenses so near; but after some time the soldiers discovered the aperture, and meeting with immediate resistance on attempting to explore it, they made a fierce attempt to force the entrance.

At the first thrust from the lance of one of the assailants, the pastor's son, St. Jean, was mortally wounded, he being one of the defenders of the pass; the moment he fell back, however, another stepped into his place, and the defence was conducted so gallantly, that the soldiers seemed discomfited, and for a while withdrew. In the mean time St. Jean was carried back into the cavern, where his mother and other friends immediately rendered him what assistance lay in their power: they staunch-ed his gushing blood with part of their own raiment, and wetted his parched mouth with a little wine mingled with snow water; but the lance had pierced his lungs, and the blood flowing out at every breath he drew, quickly put an end to his sufferings; his mother neither heaved a sigh nor shed a tear. She said to him, "My son, you are dying, do you regret life?" He shook his head. "Where are your affections set, with whom would you wish to be?" His dying lips just uttered, while he feebly pressed her hand, "MY Lord and MY God!" and expired.

The suffering family were still bending over the lifeless body of the young St. Jean, when they perceived a great sense of suffocation throughout the air of the cavern, and a strong smell of burning sulphur. The pastor started up in horror and astonishment, and soon perceived the fearful device of their persecutors, to compel them to surrender; for a large quantity of straw had been forced into the mouth of the hollow rock, with other inflammable materials, and had been set on fire by the soldiers without; large volumes of smoke were now rolling themselves onward towards the dismayed group, some of whom shrieked in the acuteness of their anguish, and others swooned for want of air. What measure to take

was now the distressing question ; some were for rushing at once on the spears of the soldiers, and others were content to lie down and wait to die. The heroic Marie was still self-possessed, and capable of exhorting her children and friends still to trust, and not be afraid—" though," said she, " I think our conflict is nearly at an end, my dear husband, my dear daughters, and thou sweet child," pressing her youngest son, and the *only one* left, to her bosom, " faint not at this trial, only believe."

The heat and vapour now became so intense, that their minds were quite bewildered, and some of the party seemed scarcely to know what they were doing. Several of the women rushed towards the entrance in a frenzy, and threw themselves on the weapons of the soldiers, who stood waiting for and expecting that their prey would soon be thus captured. Amongst others the pastor's eldest daughter Ariette, in the agony of suffocation, made a plunging rush towards the air. Her mother perceiving her intention, sprang after her to prevent it ; but, alas, became only a partaker in her fate.

The instruments of death were in a moment buried in the hearts of each. Ariette struggled a moment, and becoming entangled in the burning straw, is supposed not to have suffered another pang before she breathed her last ; and that her body was consumed, for no trace of it was ever seen more. But Marie was dragged back into the cave, where her sorrowing husband and the weeping Thelestine, supported her in their arms, and received her last breathings. " I thank thee, O Lord," said she, " I thank thee, that thou hast counted me worthy to suffer for thy name. I thank thee that thou didst call me into being to know thee, and to love thee, and that it is now *thy good pleasure to give me the kingdom*. Blessed Lord Jesus ! soon shall I behold thee whom my soul loveth, soon shall I be like THEE ! for I shall see thee as thou art." Here her countenance became divinely illuminated, and her utterance failed. For a minute she

ceased to speak, till feeling the warm tears of Thelestine trickling on her hands, and the heaving sobs which her weak state rendered her unable to restrain, she said, "God bless my child, and strengthen her, and bring her safe from among these wolves to her everlasting rest, and bless my little Carloman, and grant that, young as he is, he may be a true soldier of the cross. My kind sisters, too, Kezia and Josephine; and you my own love," stretching out her feeble hand, damp with the dews of death, to the afflicted pastor, "fear not, only be strong in the Lord. We shall soon meet in Emmanuel's land, to part no more for ever, farewell all—all—He beckons me away—I come! I COME!" and her eyes fixed upward, expressive of exalted rapture, and gently closed, and all was still.

This part of the story Theophile was never able to relate, I had it from Thelestine, who, however, was much affected while she spoke. According to her account, it appeared, that by this time the sense of suffocation had greatly abated, partly through the efforts which many of the victims had made to escape, and by means of which a considerable current of air had been admitted into the cavern, and partly through a hollow passage with a very low and narrow entrance which seemed to lead somewhere through the other side of the rock whither the smoke and vapour were forcing their way.

This circumstance suggested the idea of escape to the survivors, "though," said Thelestine, "my sinking heart would gladly have lain down beside my mother and brother, and have died with them; but I felt my duty to my father required me to make an effort, and I believe his own sentiments were the same with respect to me, though we did not speak to one another at all; indeed our hearts were much too full of bitter grief to utter a word. I therefore pressed forward, and, stooping down to explore the passage, entered, and crept forward a few yards, though suffering severely from the smoke with which it was filled. Not venturing, however, to go far without my

father, I returned to bring him back with me, and re-entered the cavern, the sepulchre of the living and the dead. I found him hanging over the remains of my dear mother, quite insensible of every thing that surrounded him, and apparently wrapt up in the visions of another world. I took him by the hand, and urged the necessity of his immediate retreat, if he valued his own life or mine; but he was like one who heard me not. At length, however, a sudden tumult was heard at the entrance; the narrow passage was forced, all who were capable of defending it being either murdered, or suffocated in the burning heap; and the disorderly French soldiers, who had thus, by base stratagem, and the overwhelming power of numbers, overcome our brave people, now rushed into the interior, where no one remained but a few feeble women and children, and my father."

Here Thelestine covered her eyes with her hands, and seemed scarcely able to go on with the recital. "Spare me," said she, "the scene that followed; it is enough that I saw blood shed, blood of babes mingling with the crimson stream that flowed from the mother's bosom: I heard the groans, the sighs of some of those whose lives were most precious to me, yet I shed not a tear. Was my heart marble that it did not break? I stood awhile nearly immovable with horror; and tremble at this moment to think that my eyes were once polluted with such a sight: but the remembrance of my father, and that he too would be a victim, if I did not instantly make an effort to save him, roused up my torpid soul, and immediately I drew him towards the aperture I had discovered. A cloud of smoke, at the same time, separated us from my only brother Carloman, and favoured our retreat. We pushed into the narrow passage with all haste and following its windings for a few minutes, soon found ourselves at the further end, opening to the air, but nearly three-fourths closed up by snow and frozen earth: the hot smoke which had preceded us had partly melted away

this barrier, and it remained for us to break it down still further, to enable us to get out. This was soon effected; and just as we were emerging into the air, my father recollected his youngest child, and was going instantly to fly back for him, but I forcibly withheld him from his purpose, knowing that to him it would be certain destruction, and that it would probably be quite too late to save my brother's life.

Thus sadly circumstanced, therefore, we once more entered into day-light, the chill snow beating on our bosoms, and chiller sorrow wringing our hearts, having in the last few hours been deprived of all we held dear in the world except one another."

THE REFORMATION.

When Popish tyranny o'erspread the world,
And kings from thrones by Popish pow'r were hurl'd,
When saints were worship'd as we worship God,
And sins forgiven by a pontiff's nod,
When those who hunger'd after righteousness were fed
By priests who gave them stones instead of wholesome bread,
When ignorance and superstition, hand in hand,
As all-subduing conquerors, from land to land,
Went forth to devastate the human mind,
And bravest, best of men with chains did bind.
With hell-forged chains whose links more heavy far
Than ever yet were fram'd by Russian Czar,
Fetter'd the human soul, and bound her to believe
She ne'er could heav'nward soar without Pope Leo's leave.
" Oh dreadful age of darkest mental night
Who shall recall thee to the blissful light,
Who shall arise, with Christian faith and hope
To shake the power of Satan and the Pope,
To spread the hidden word of God from pole to pole,
And ev'rywhere proclaim the freedom of the soul."
Thus true religion sadly thought, yet dare not say,
So close her lips were seal'd beneath the popish sway.
Yet God's own will prevail'd,—Germania's child,
Bold Martin Luther, came, and true religion smiled.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S CLERK. No. VIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE BAZAARS.

THERE are a few objects which almost universally occupy the attention of travellers to this city at the earliest moment possible after arrival, and after the mosques, perhaps, the Bazaars may be considered the lions of next degree. All these visitors go for curiosity, or to make a book; and Herculean would be the task to read, much, less to reconcile, the conflicting statements of travellers from Pocock and Tournefort, with their quaint but elaborate descriptions, down to Sir Grenville Temple, or any other superficial sketcher of our day. Let a clerk, then, who merely hurried through on a first visit with an eye to business, give his rude impressions.

On jumping into a caique, one is apt to bless his stars, that the rate of passage across from Galata to Constantinople is fixed (the charge being 20 paras, or about 1½*d.*); as in all longer trips a bargain has to be struck. In that case, the most awful asseverations, beating of the breast, pulling the beard, and stamping of the feet, are regularly gone through before an arrangement can be completed, and about half the original demand acceded to. As there are some five thousand of these ferry boats afloat, it is sometimes a work of time before you can get to the landing place. Stepping ashore, if you are *green*, and not accompanied by a broker, your steps are dogged by numbers of poor Jews, some speaking a few words of English, all anxious to be your *chaperones* through the bazaars. Getting clear of these harpies as well as you can, the route is through a series of narrow passages near the water-side, emerging at length into the street of the coppersmiths, where, as every article is beaten out, the din is most deafening: but pursuing the line of streets, rising by a gentle inclination, we come at length to the entrance gate of a range of buildings, surrounded by a

thick stone wall. Entering, your eye rests on a series of arcades diverging in all directions, the roofs arched, and fire proof; the grated windows over head being supplied with rolled iron shutters. The Bazaar is inexplicable to a stranger, forming a labyrinth, though the Armenians, Jews, and other natives, thread the attractive maze with facility. The first avenue on landing from Galata is that for fruit.† Being winter, the display was meagre in the extreme, and I must say the dried fruits, as figs, &c., were far inferior to such as are sold in England. Whatever fine fruits remain in the country are monopolized by the wealthy and great, who are the cultivators of it. The few grapes exhibited had been preserved from the autumn by dipping them in a ley of wood ashes to keep the skins sound; but, like the Portugal grapes, the process is performed when the fruit is scarcely ripe, and the flavour is consequently lost.

In the drug street, or quarter, a considerable taste is apparent in the disposal of articles for sale; in front of each is a large wooden mortar, and a servant waiting to pound any article. Here also are sold seeds and bulbous roots; and at this season the specimens in flower not only relieved the eye, but were a grateful set off to the olfactory nerves against rhubarb and ipecacuhana. The species of narcissus, hyacinth, anemone, tulip, &c., appeared to differ little from those displayed at our nurseries. In spring great quantities of flowers are sold in the streets of Galata; the children, both Greek and Frank, having a practice of twining them gracefully in the hair.

The number of quarters I have no conception of, but when it is considered that in this Babel, almost every trade has an entire avenue, the space of ground which it occupies must be very great; indeed, two or three days might be passed in unceasing novelties, by any person possessing curiosity and strength enough to see all. As there are comparatively few retail shops in Constantinople out of the Bazars, the ascertaining if an article can be

purchased is not generally difficult. The shops are extremely narrow, or rather shallow, being seldom deeper than two yards, so that a man's stock in trade can be generally handed down from the shelves without his rising from his carpet; though all the shops have a little recess in the wall for the bestowal of valuable articles. There are no windows, and the place is closed by letting down a shutter which is kept aloft by a long pole. Locks, bolts, or bars are not of much use, as no one remains at night except the watchman. The majority of shopkeepers are Jews or Armenians, though there is a fair sprinkling of Turks and Greeks; certain articles, as cloths, brocades, silks, &c., require not only a larger place of business, but greater energy in the tradesman, as customers here come to spend a deal of time and very little money. Brilliant and shewy patterns in Cashmeres and shawls from Persia dazzle you for two or three hundred yards, succeeded by muslins of every shade and pattern: those for the heads of the women are quite plain, and white; but all classes vie in the tawdriness, if not richness of their pocket-handkerchiefs; and certainly those which are presented to superior people are ornamented in gold embroidery and tasteful device, that does them credit. The shoemakers are here, as everywhere, a numerous class; and the countless phantasies in design were highly amusing; black, green, red, yellow, and white in leather; every shade in silk, satin, and brocade; some beautifully *petite* and *à la Frank*, some with the toe turned up, and others again with the high-heels of our grand-mammas, arranged in groups, festoons, and drapery the most grotesque; and the back ground bristling with a phalanx of a sort of seven league boots, in which the men entase their legs (pantaloon included) during the winter season. Only think of a pair of monstrous Hessians with iron heels, and all for five shillings! To be sure you may take up a pair of Cinderella looking slippers, with bullion fringe, and of the richest workmanship, for which the shopkeeper would think it no sin

to ask you more than as many pounds. The *legal* colours for slippers are, for a Turk, yellow; Armenian and Greek, red; and Jew, slate colour or black. If, however, a Jew or Armenian receives any appointment under government, he is permitted to wear the yellow slippers, and a high privilege it is considered.

In pipes equal diversity prevails; from the common cherrystick and bowl of red clay to ivory and precious stones. The mouthpiece is generally amber, but the difference of the quality varies the price, from a piastre to four or five thousands. Some of them are studded with gems, forming flowers and mottos from the Koran. Every Turk of fortune has a slave who carries his *tchibouk*, and attends to the changing his rose or orange water when he chooses to smoke the *narghily*, or Persian pipe, which has a long flexible tube of leather.

No range of shops pleased me more than the tobacco-shop. The back part of each is occupied by small bales of Latachia or Syrian tobacco, open at the ends. Before the dealer, who sits squatted on his rich Turkey mat, runs a handsome counter of polished walnut wood; at one corner is his desk and money drawer. Except a small space for serving customers, the counter is occupied by glass globes, with every variety of cut and roll tobacco. The ceiling of the shop is a series of mirrors, slightly inclined; in winter hung with festoons of coloured paper, but in spring and summer redolent with the perfume of choice flowers, disposed in garlands, and as bouquets. The air of neatness and comfort is really quite enticing.

The cloth merchants require deeper premises, and have a long counter to display cloth on. The Jews in this quarter have generally a *barker*, like our auctioneers, who almost pulls you into the shop, and exclaiming "Neh istersin"—"what do you wish?" The measure here is a *peek*, about 27 inches English. But to particularize the half of the quarters would be a repetition of eulogy, and I am sure I never saw the whole. There

are avenues of turbans, of shawls for the waist, embroidered cloth of gold, swords and arms, lapidaries, workers in gold, and scores of others. One attraction, which those only can duly appreciate who have been half roasted under an eastern mid-day sun, I cannot pass unnoticed. The corner shops, where the avenues diverge, are devoted to the sale of cooling drinks, or *mehlibeh*, an article made of rice, not unlike *blanc-mange*, served on china plates with sugar and cream, and a double portion only costing a piastre, (about two-pence halfpenny); on the centre of this retreat a jet of pure water plays into a marble basin, around which are ranged orange or myrtle trees; the ceiling is festooned with vines; and around, on marble divans, the weary take their pipe and a siesta.

Every pleasure has its drawback; and though the sights are so novel and striking, there is a set-off. Except in the drug quarter, the avenues are narrow, and the footpath being worn and slippery, you are apt to slip into the kennel, which runs down the middle; and, whilst you are gaping at some wonder, you may chance to be felled to the earth by a bale of goods supported on the brawny shoulders of four, or perhaps eight, porters. To be sure, in London you may encounter a chest of drawers or a butcher's tray, if you are not circumspect.

Owing to the plague, the Bazaars are more thronged in spring than in summer; and I counted thirty distinct national costumes, from the splendidly attired Albanian chief down to the Nubian slave; and from the Sultan down to the water carrier, who jostle each other in the most independent spirit. Turkish women, attended by an eunuch, spend much time here, more in gossip than in purchases; and so dangerous had the practice become lately, that a decree issued from the Sultan that no shop-keeper's assistant should be under thirty years of age! But my limits are passed, and I must leave the subject with this brief and imperfect sketch.

THE CORSAIR'S BARK.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
 Her white wings flying never from her foes;—
 She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.—BYRON.

Bright and beauteous, fearless and free,
 Speeds on my gallant bark,
 On stormy winds, o'er the cresting sea,
 Through dangers drear and dark.

On, on she glides in her eager race,
 With the children of the wind,
 In vain shall we seek her eddying trace,
 For she leaves no wake behind.

But glorious in power, with form of light,
 She flits o'er the briny foam,
 And laugheth to scorn the eagle's flight,
 As he wends to his mountain home.

The spray is dashed from off her prow,
 As she surges o'er the wave;
 The billows rise, now high, now low,
 As she braves the tempest's rage.

The stormy-petrel's boding scream
 Is borne along the main,
 While the lurid flash of the lightning's gleam
 Streaks the sky with deathly stain.

Her sails with one loud crash are rent,
 Or e'er an arm can save;
 Her spars like boughs of aspen bent,
 Or willows o'er a grave.

Yet, onward, onward, is the word,
 No fear alarms a crew,
 Whose homes for ever on the flood,
 Such scenes full oft renew.

With agile step and hearts of oak
 They mount the tap'ring mast,
 Prompt at command the blow is struck,
 While moaning howls the blast.

Far on the lee, away, away,
 The streaming canvas flies,
 As, soft, the moon's bright silv'ry ray
 Is thrown across the skies.

But whence that bark that thus doth urge
 Her course through danger's hour?
 Comes she from out proud Albion's surge,
 Or Athens' classic towers?

Her's is the land of the distant West,
 Where sweet perfumes exhale;
 An isle upreared on ocean's breast,
 And fann'd by sportive gales.

Their's is a life of joy and ease,
 Rocked on the wide, wide sea,
 Borne on the wings of softest breeze,
 To many a far countrie.

Down sinks the wind—from every pole
 High let our white kites swell,
 Darkly beneath the long waves roll—
 Ere morn we reach the dell.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

"My Father's grave:" I heard her say,
 And mark'd a starting tear,
 Oh! no! I would not go away,
 "My father's grave is here."

Some tender tears in silence start,
 When Spring's gay birds I hear,
 For all things whisper to my heart,
 "My Father's grave is here."

Pleasure may shine in colours gay,
 And brighter scenes appear;
 But no! I would not go away,
 "My Father's grave is here."

BOLOGNA.

As our little work is not intended as either a school-book or a gazetteer, we shall not attempt to give any strictly geographical account of the subject of the frontispiece of the present volume, further than to remind our readers that it is considered the second city in the principality of the Papal See. Like most of the places where the traditions of Rome are accepted in the place of Christianity, it is richly embellished with ecclesiastical structures of varied beauty, the interiors of many of them being adorned with all those appliances of architecture, sculpture, and painting, for which Italy will ever be celebrated. Its population is from 70,000 to 75,000, many of whom are distinguished for the most independent carriage and greatest mental power among the inhabitants of the Peninsula. The city is defended by walls in which there are twelve gates; the streets are wide and most of them are provided with low arcades for sheltering the passengers from the rain and heat. About the centre of the place are the towers represented in the engraving, and which form two of the principal features of Bologna.

The loftiest of the two is termed Asinelli, from its founder, and it is about 320 feet high; Grisenda is the name of the other, which though neither so lofty nor so beautiful as its companion, is yet more remarkable. In consequence, it is supposed, of the sinking of the earth beneath the foundation after it was completed, the tower was thrown out of the perpendicular about nine feet. This inclination is very finely alluded to by Dante in his extraordinary poem of the "Inferno." The town itself, as seen from the neighbouring hills, has been whimsically described as bearing a resemblance to a vessel; the taller tower, Asinelli, being supposed to represent the mast, while the other inclining to it seems like the chains.

Learning has ever been esteemed in Bologna, and its University is one of the most distinguished in the country,

having enjoyed considerable reputation even since the twelfth century. Its library is extensive, amounting to 8,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts. Galvani is numbered among its professors; but its most strange distinction is the enrolment of ladies in the list of grave instructors, some of whom have evinced the possession of great talent. The last was Clotilde Tambroni, professor of Greek, who died in the year 1817. Besides the library of the University, Bologna also possesses another for the public, containing, it is said, 83,000 volumes. But, alas! its high reach in intellectual attainments is unaccompanied by any corresponding moral grade. The people being, as is too frequently the case, under the influence of the Romish heresy, but little remarkable for virtue.

With respect to antiquity, the city of Bologna has high pretensions, the date of its foundation being unknown. It was formerly the chief place of the Etruscans, and was by them called *Felsina*. In the year 191 B.C. it fell under the Roman yoke, and by that people its name was changed to *Bononia*, and with little intermission it has remained a dependent upon Rome ever since.

But one of the most distinguishing characteristics is its school of painting. Though inferior in conception and general execution of its works to some others of the celebrated schools of the middle ages, there are yet very distinguished names on the list of its great artists, and Guido, Dominichino, and the Carracci, were men well able to justify its pretensions to high estimation.

The engraving, by which a portion of this celebrated City is represented, is itself an admirable specimen of art, and is well fitted, both by its intrinsic merit, and the interest of the associations it excites, to close our series of pictorial embellishments, and we only regret that our limits prevent us from giving a brief history of the rising art by which it is produced.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

I go, my native land, far o'er
 The solitary sea,
 To regions where the very stars
 Of heaven will strangers be.

In some untrodden wilderness
 Of Australasia's land,
 A home, which man has here denied,
 I seek at God's own hand.

I have a mother, ill and poor,
 A father, too, in years;
 And have no parting gift for them,
 No, nothing, save my tears !

I leave them in a busy town,
 Where pale mechanics toil
 In irksome manufactories,
 Pent from the sun and soil.

Fair visions, yet, my native land,
 Will o'er my lone heart come,
 Whene'er I think of friendship's haunts,
 Or childhood's peaceful home,

Or love's delightful wanderings,
 Where she who shares my lot
 First pluck'd from 'mong the violets
 The sweet forget-me-not !

And oft the beauty of such dreams
 Will radiate o'er my heart,
 Till bitterly I weep, to think
 We thus were forced to part.

And Heaven two sinless infants lent,
 Whose graves are told with thine ;
 They came and went so angel-like,
 I dare not call *them mine* !

But mem'ry, when her mystic chain
Back o'er the past she flings,
Nothing so beautiful as they
From all its treasures brings.

For their sweet sakes, my native land,
Ev'n if I loved not thee,
My heart would hover o'er thee still,
Choose where my home might be.

Where will my home be?—'tis in vain,—
I would not now be told!
Enough, to know 'tis God who will,
In all, my being hold!

I go : my native land, farewell!
To linger longer now,
Would make all else on earth less loved,
Less beautiful than thou!

Oh, many are the glorious charms
Beaming about thee yet,
Which hold the wanderer's parting gaze,
Where want and wealth are met.

I do not know what lovely flowers
May deck the New World's vales,
But, though the brightest bloom around,
If spring no primrose hails,

Its absent beauty I shall mourn,
For I have loved that flower,
And my heart's friend has lov'd it too,
From childhood's earliest hour.

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